Wife for Sale a new novel by **KATHLEEN NORRIS**

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July 30, 1932

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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JULY 30, 1932

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The King was in the Parlor Checking out his "Honey"

. . . and why not?

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heart-break. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

*"She was sleeping * * *
All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * *"*

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty-two years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.

"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others.

Listerine instantly overcomes mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. This has been proved again and again by laboratory tests.

Listerine is most effective against halitosis because of its double action.

Because of its germicidal power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the quick deodorant with the pleasant taste

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THIS SOFTER, SAFER NAPKIN

now lowest priced!

MODESS

... for less than the regular price of any other leading brand

AMERICA'S LUXURY NAPKIN—the only napkin that millions of particular women will use—why offer it at less than other well-known brands?

To get *you* to try it—to see for yourself why Modess is preferred!

Just for a few weeks now, Modess is being sold at a new low price. Less than the price of any other leading brand—46% less than the price of Modess last year.

Prices vary in different stores depending on location and service. But for these short weeks, the top price for Modess anywhere will be twenty-five cents.

A BRAND-NEW TYPE NAPKIN

There's no other sanitary napkin anything like Modess! You have to try it—wear it—to know real protection—comfort—inconspicuousness.

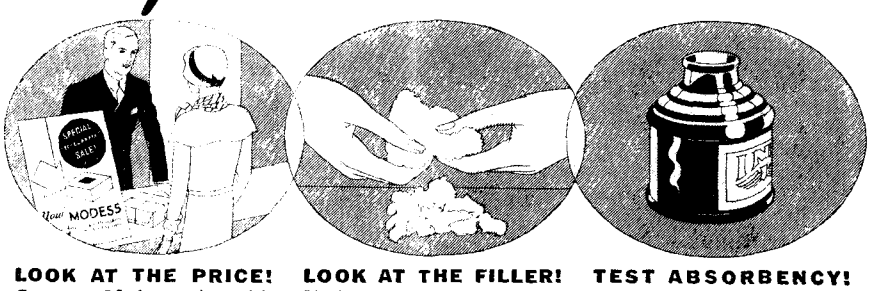
Modess never reveals itself—even under your thinnest or most closely-fitted frocks. You scarcely know you have it on—no one else could even suspect! The secret is the filler. So fluffy, so delicate and pliable that it molds to the body at once—naturally! No layers of sharp-edged paper—no stiff ends to outline themselves under soft fabric.

This same downy filler makes Modess the most comfortable napkin you can wear. Modess can't chafe you—can't "pack" or stiffen. The gauze is treated on an entirely new principle. It's as soft as the filler—and the softness *lasts*.

Modess gives you much greater security. The side next to you is more absorbent—the outside isn't absorbent at all. Moisture can't possibly get through it. Wear Modess on the hottest day and be comfortable, cool, free! Modess is deodorized. Disposable. Surgically safe. Made by Johnson & Johnson, experts in surgical dressings.

This sale is your opportunity to buy new comfort and sanitary protection for months to come—and save money!

try-it-and-see!



LOOK AT THE PRICE! Compare Modess price with other leading brands in any drug or department store. Now's the time to get the best—and save!

LOOK AT THE FILLER! Notice the fluffy, gentle texture. Just compare it with the others in comfort—in the pliancy that means so much in appearance.

TEST ABSORBENCY! A bottle of ink poured on a Modess napkin will be absorbed—but won't go through the moisture-defying back.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"IF EFFORTS succeed in again making prohibition a big, insistent national question, then we shall see a hundred years of national conscience rolled into one indignant act that shall silence the question for all time." Those words are Henry Ford's. In an article called "My Views on Liquor and the Law" Mr. Ford affirms his unaltered confidence in prohibition and his conviction that the American people want it and are going to keep it. Whether you are a wet or a dry, you will be impressed by this vigorous assertion of Mr. Ford's loyalty to his own ideas.

DUSKY-HEADED, violet-eyed, chubby at six, lanky and shy at fourteen, April Gilmore became at nineteen, in a fawn-like but definite way, most distractingly, impishly beautiful. At that point she left home for the great, wicked city of St. Louis. She took the city by surprise and shocked it—in the person of Lee Sherrell—into a condition of alarmed Puritanism. April mistook that attitude for something extra insidious in the way of wickedness and barged blithely ahead. She very nearly barged onto the rocks—or whatever else it is "The Primrose Path" leads to. But not quite. Stephen Morehouse Avery shows you by how narrow a margin she missed.

FROM the Middle West, just for variety, we take you to Central China. There you will find Jimmy Sparks caught between the barbarian violence of Tibetan bandits and the very embarrassing gratitude of a Manchu lady. Jimmy saved her life in the sack of L'anfei and thereby inadvertently acquired a harem. The question the Manchu lady put to him in Mary Candler's presence was one of precedence. It proved upsetting to Jimmy, who had a very definite idea whom he wanted for his "Number One Wife." Sidney Herschel Small tells the story.

CLYDE BEATTY, who plays tag in the arena with a mixed company of lions and tigers, bears and leopards or what have you in the way of disagreeable pets, describes some of the more sensational of his many "Close Calls." Bill Cunningham writes about the "Texas Flash"—Mildred Babe Didrikson, who has broken or can break every record in the Olympic track and field events for women. Harris Dickson, K. S. Crichton, Clinton W. Gilbert and others will be present, bearing gifts. "Hot Water" explodes in a final burst of merriment; and Norah Oliver, Kathleen Norris' lovely heroine, receives the offers of those interested in a "Wife for Sale." We warn you there's going to be a rush.

This Week

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●

Any Week

FAR be it from us to take issue with Mr. Blaine Huffman of Lawrenceville, Illinois, who says "we are burdened with a curious lot of narrow, self-centered individuals who have suddenly discovered a passion for generous public service for themselves and their relations."

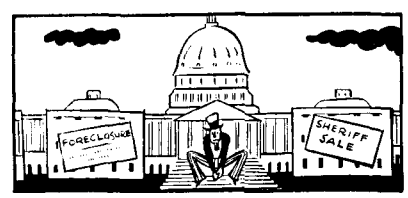
"YOU don't have to believe it," says Mrs. G. Lopez of Pasadena, California, "but I have just come from a meeting which was addressed by one of our handsomer male movie lovers who told us this nation should hang its head in shame for allowing the movie producers to cut the salaries of the movie stars 'who have given their all to brighten the lives of us Americans in our hours of trial.'"

AND Mr. Gordon Jones of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, demands a bonus. Says he: "I served the country faithfully as a Boy Scout during the war and feel entitled now to a substantial bonus, especially considering I am now of voting age. Can't you do something about this?"

"OUR State Federation of Garden Clubs," writes Mr. Tom Sanderson of Salem, Oregon, "is inaugurating a roadside beauty show. It is a little late because all the boys with flivvers have been running that show ragged for years."

COMMENTING freely on Mr. John B. Chapple's daily accusations that "atheism, communism, free love, sex and immorality" are being taught in the University of Wisconsin, Miss Joyce Mittenthal of Madison winds up with: "We also have a pretty good English course."

THE day we dreaded has come at last. We were wondering what we'd say when some reader asked us what would happen if the Federal government, following in the parade of individuals, towns, cities and states, went broke. Mrs. Isaac Hoffer of Denver wants someone to tell her.



"I HAVE always longed for the sensation of realizing that none of the great economists, financiers, editors and government experts knew any more about running the country than I, a radio salesman, do," says Mr. Edward E. Gourdine of St. Paul, Minnesota. "It makes the depression almost worth while."

WHILE we're on the subject of what's the matter with America, we bow to Mr. Nathan B. Williams of Washington, D. C., who disagrees with us about our national lack of leadership. We have, says he, too many "leaders."

"The press is largely responsible," writes Mr. Williams. "You must have the personal interest appeal in your stories and discussions of all subjects. This produces a personal press and literature instead of a discussion of principles and policies. It is what the demagogue feeds and grows upon."

Mr. Williams then cites General D. H. Hill's famous endorsement to a soldier's application for transfer to the band: "Denied. What this army needs is shooters, not tooters."

MR. WALTER W. MARRS of Burlington, New Jersey, cries: "Vote for Hoosis. Nothing to Drink and Nothing to Eat."

EVERY day we receive word from readers that they could balance the budget in five minutes by levying taxes upon liquor and refusing to pay pensions to veterans not suffering from service-connected injuries and sickness. Yes, and have a little left over.

WE ARE nominated for the Vice Presidency by Mr. W. D. Bewley of Anderson, South Carolina. The rest of his letter is friendly enough.

MR. E. K. ALVERT of Waialua, Hawaii, sends us a clipping from the Honolulu Star-Bulletin. It informs its readers that Franklin D. Roosevelt came out "for a dry platform" and moves Mr. Alvert to expect to be informed "that Al Smith is really behind the Anti-Saloon League."

MR. LEONARD GORODESS of Seattle, Washington, is recovering from the nervous breakdown he acquired reading "the volumes of fine old graybeard advice to graduating classes, including everything except instructions on what to do now that they're out of college."

"AND please," begs Mrs. Mary E. Robins of Jacksonville, Florida, "vote for Mr. Henry W. Hayssen of Lake City, Florida, for President. Mr. Hayssen seeks to promote temperance by providing free liquor so that we will all get very sick of it. His slogan is 'Elect a poor devil to the White House.'"

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Most of the 5000 people who died last year from one particular form of cancer could have been saved if they had been warned in time of their impending danger — *and had acted without delay*

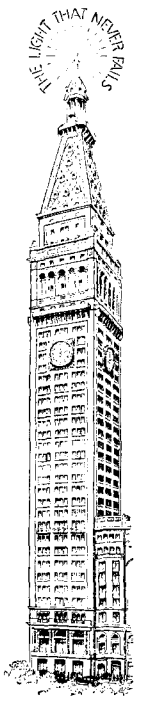
LAST year in the United States alone there were more than 5,000 deaths caused by rectal cancer. Had these cancers been discovered in their early stages, a large majority could have been operated upon successfully. Almost all of them could have been found by competent physicians making *thorough* physical examinations.

Either false modesty on the part of a patient who should be utterly frank and truthful with his physician, or disinclination on the part of a doctor to urge his patient to have only the most complete and searching examination possible — one or the other — may cause suffering and tragedy.

There are thousands of cases of unsuspected rectal cancer. In the beginning, they are usually painless. The first slight symptoms are often disregarded. They may be so similar to those of other ailments that only by a conscientious local examination can any doctor determine whether or not a cancer is present.

Irregular or abnormal conditions should be reported to and investigated by your doctor without delay. The discovery of rectal cancer in its early stages should not cause undue alarm. In most cases such a cancer can be removed with entire success.

The United States Army and Navy Medical Divisions, leading newspapers, magazines, the foremost doctors and health officials all over the country urge complete, periodic physical check-ups. It would be impossible to estimate correctly the amount of suffering such examinations prevent and the years of life they add.



A partial examination is valuable as far as it goes. But it is, after all, a compromise not to be tolerated if you wish to guard yourself in every way possible from needless loss of health due to unremoved growths or uncorrected impairments.

Everybody should have a health examination at least once a year—and it should be *complete*. Get the protection which medical and surgical science can provide.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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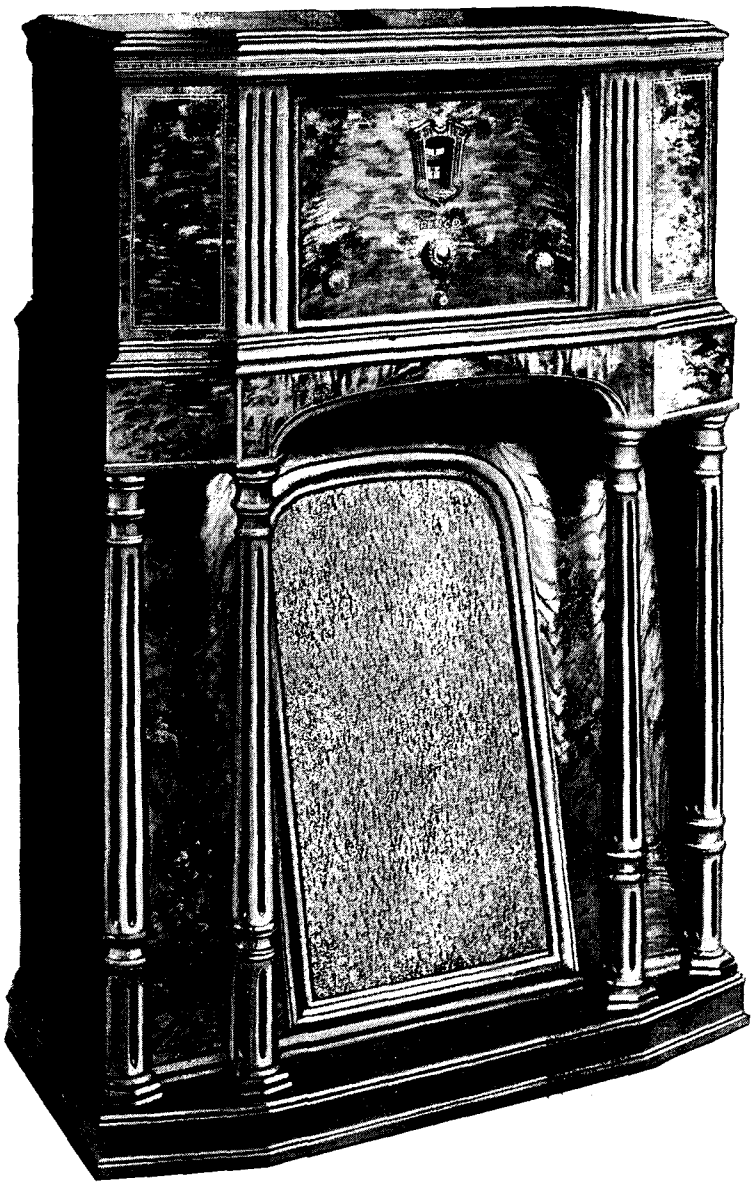

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- Distance Switch
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- Illuminated Grille
- Cabinets of world's finest and most expensive furniture woods
- *Every* Cabinet hand-rubbed

NEW PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES

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Philco Transitone Radio for motor cars and boats $49.95, including tubes. Installation and Tax for cars equipped with aerial averages $20.

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A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown at left, $150 Tax Paid. 1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone. (Patented)

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WIFE FOR SALE

Beginning the daring adventures of a girl who needed a husband, and set out to get the right one in an exciting way

By Kathleen Norris

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NORAH OLIVER closed the door of her mother's bedroom noiselessly behind her, and looked vaguely, disconsolately, about the little apartment-house kitchen. She crossed to the table, sat down at it, with her elbows on the oilcloth and her chin cupped in her hands, and for a long while stared into space.

The prospect within her immediate line of vision was anything but inspiring, but Norah saw none of it. She was completely unaware of the actual scene about her; her mind was many miles away.

It was four o'clock on a winter afternoon; in the kitchen dusk had already descended. The kitchen window commanded an irregular airshaft, whose shape was determined by rising tenement walls and jutting angles of fire escapes and neighboring kitchen windows. Garbage tins, old brooms, and dangling lines of washed clothes variously decorated the prospect, and beyond them and above them hung a heavy roof of dark sky.

By dangling out of the window anyone in the Oliver flat could see the flooring of the shaft carpeted deep in old rags, rubbish, papers, tins, five flights below. Noises were usually ascending from this area: voices, crying, phonographs, the hissing of running water, the sizzle of frying food. Odors often mounted too; the Olivers knew when the Hungarians on the second floor were frying onions in oil and when the Reilleys were having boiled cabbage.

Neither noises nor odors disturbed Norah today. She was sunk in despairing thought. Life had never been particularly easy for her, but somehow she had always taken it serenely enough until just lately, until this last year or two. Now it seemed to be getting harder and darker and more puzzling day by day. Norah felt tired and bewildered. She spoke aloud in the silent kitchen, "I don't know what to do!"

A hurt and angry expression gradually took possession of her face; her eyes filled slowly with tears. She made no effort to wipe the tears away, but let them run down her cheeks, and continued to sit at the table, with her elbows on the oilcloth and her chin in her hands.

"I FEEL—beaten!" she finally whispered. And then, bestirring herself and getting to her feet, she added sensibly, "This doesn't do any good! I might as well get to work!"

An invalid's tray with tea, gray and cooling, in a cup and a remnant of cold buttered toast upon it was standing upon the table. There were unwashed dishes in the sink and packages from the grocery were piled upon the sinkboard: a box of eggs, three cans of tomatoes, bread, potatoes that had rolled from their bag and left earthy streaks upon the drain board.

All these demanded Norah's too familiar care. She attacked them patiently, if wearily. Dishes and dishes; they never were done. Why weren't there wood-fiber dishes in pretty designs that could be burned after every meal? Her active brain, as she cleared the tray and arranged it for the next little meal, played with the idea. Mother's doctor had said "light nourishment every three or four hours." She had had tea and toast at two o'clock, at six she might have—she might have the rest of the soup—and crackers and cream cheese—

When her mother was ill Norah loved to take care of her, and washing dishes for an invalid was the least one could do.

But seriously, why

For a long while Norah stared into space

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"No, I won't leave you all this to clear up," she persisted

shouldn't dishes be pretty and firm and yet cheap enough to be destroyed daily? Every household would have to have an incinerator then; "and of course," Norah reflected, "it isn't only the dishes. It's putting things away, and washing lettuce, and saving the ends of butter—"

She filled the heavy kettle and put it on the stove, lighting a gas flame under it. There never was much hot water on Mondays because all the women in the house washed on that day. Something had been spilled on the stove tray; no use to let it stay there and begin to sizzle and smell. Norah carried the tray to the sink and added it to the confusion there.

The potatoes were tumbled with a little rush of earthy dust into a box on the fire escape; Norah reserved three to bake. Keith would eat one, Eve would eat part of one—better make it three, for Keith might be extra hungry. The rest of the dinner would be the stew.

She took it in from the ice-box; it looked frozen and grease-flaked; it smelled bleakly of cold onion, cold turnip. If it were made very hot, of course, or if she made a nice, fluffy crust with which to cover it—it could bake while the potatoes were baking—

"Why doesn't someone invent a canned pie crust? Pastry is such a pest!" Norah thought idly, resentfully. She reviewed the menu for the evening meal unenthusiastically: "Stew, baked potatoes, bread, tea, doughnuts, and there are prunes if anyone wants them, and there are oranges."

Disgusting, gloomy afternoon; disgusting airshaft, all noises and smells; disgusting apartment house in a slummy street. What a horrible world this world could be! And if Norah Oliver, twenty-four years old, thought so, how much more horrible it must seem to the sick persons in the house and the mothers with lots of children to bring up—

Mrs. Flynn had made this smelly, stiff, cold stew on Saturday, when she had come to clean the house. It had been a pot roast then; both Eve and Keith had approved of it. Yesterday it had been a re-heated pot roast, but Mother hadn't wanted any; Keith had been away of course, with Anne; Larry Carter had taken Eve off for dinner, and Norah had been satisfied to share the second-day meat with Uncle Rodney, who had turned up, as usual, just about dinner time.

NOW, awaiting its third appearance, it seemed to Norah positively revolting.

"I wonder what Mother would do with this? She always has things so nice—"

And Norah determined that when her mother called her she would ask the question. Presently Mrs. Oliver did call, feebly and thickly, from the adjoining bedroom, and Norah went in.

Darkness was in the sickroom, and the odors of flannel and medicine. The form on the bed stirred.

"Awake, darling?"

"I was only drowsing. What time is it, Norah?"

"About five. Any pain?"

"Just—" Mrs. Oliver laughed feebly. "Just comfortable pain!" she said. "It's nothing after yesterday. I'll be up tomorrow."

"Yes, you will!" the daughter scoffed affectionately. She straightened covers, snapped up a light. "Hungry?" she asked.

"Well, not entirely indifferent to food," the sick woman admitted cheerfully. "And I feel very guilty," she added, "keeping you away from your job in these times with jobs what they are."

Norah made no comment upon this; she was putting a neat stack of magazines on a table shelf.

Her mother looked at her sharply as the girl turned again toward the bed.

"Norah. You've been crying?"

Norah sat down on the edge of the bed, and laid her hand over the older woman's frail one.

"Don't you know that you oughtn't to notice things like that, my dear child?"

"What's making you blue?" her mother countered by way of answer, in a concerned and tender tone.

"Nothing special," Norah answered composedly, after thought.

"Is it David?"

The girl, looking down, raised her eyelashes for a quick look:

"Partly, maybe."

"Where is he now, Norah?"

"Where is he, Mother?" Norah was honestly surprised.

"Yes. Is he right here—at home, I mean, over on Park Avenue?"

"Why, I suppose so. I don't know anything to the contrary."

Mrs. Oliver considered this for a moment of silence; her anxious eyes did not leave her daughter's face.

"Funny!" she presently said unhappily.

"Is it?" Norah asked. "Aren't men always doing that—rushing girls—liking them for a while, and then wondering how they can ease it off most quickly and most completely?"

"You didn't quarrel, dear?"

"Ah—if we had!" Norah half laughed, half wailed.

"It was Daddy's death, it was our moving to this dreadful place," the mother said restlessly. "You were in mourning; you were working when most of the girls David knew were just having a good time—"

"I was working when I met Dave."

"Yes, I know. But Daddy was living then, we had a so much nicer place."

Norah sat silent, rubbing her mother's hand with her firm young thumb.

"You don't think David—cares any more, dear?"

The girl spoke steadily in a voice of pain:

"I'm afraid I know he doesn't, Mother. I'm not going to—to die of it. I like him—tremendously, better than any man I've ever seen. But I've done all I can to—let him know. I've telephoned—I've telephoned his house—and gotten his mother, very polite and clear and cool! I've written him little notes, on one excuse or another, and I sent him a book we had talked about—"

A silence. Then Norah added:

"I can't do any more than that, can I?"

HER mother was silent; her delicate, sensitive face full of trouble.

"If we could have him here and have a nice little dinner in the dining-room—" she began, and hesitated.

"The last time he came," Norah recalled, "Keith was to be here and balance the table, and Keith had to work and didn't come home. Old Mrs. Francis came, and we had to keep her for dinner. It was the hottest May night since the weather bureau began keeping statistics. And the Reilleys' phonograph and the Andulian baby had their semi-finals down the airshaft!

"No," Norah ended, as her mother, distressed, did not speak. "I'll get over it and a lot of other things, and everything will come out all right. If a man doesn't want to stand by me in hard times, he isn't my man after all. David's young, and he's popular—everyone is making a fuss about him—it's natural enough. I've just got to put him out of my mind, that's all!"

"It's all so hard for you," the mother mourned. "If you had pretty gowns, and could accept nice invitations—

"But as it is," she added, "I don't see how we dare move. Keith was talking to me so seriously yesterday; he says that Baker and Bayne may have to lay off more men—he doesn't say for *long*, of course, but I could see it worried him."

"Did Keith say that?" Norah asked in an odd voice. But she waited for no answer. With a cheerful reference to soup and crackers she abruptly rose, and her mother could presently hear her humming cheerfully as she busied herself in the kitchen.

After a while she heard the outer door slam, and Keith's voice, sonorous, magnificent:

"Come, my good girl, this sort of shilly-shallying will get you nowhere! What's that intended to be?"

Norah's answer came tremblingly, obsequiously:

"It's a meat pie, Your Worship. I thought Your Worship might relish some of our country beef."

"Look to it then, wench!" Keith said sternly. "And mind you keep a civil tongue in your head!" And crossing to the bedroom doorway he went on, "Hello, how's the good old slacker tonight?"

"KEITH, that's exactly what I am!" the mother protested with a deprecatory laugh.

"Better, huh?" he asked, kissing her.

"Why, I'm perfectly well! And Norah came home at noon to take care of me—made me so ashamed—"

Norah, in the kitchen, could hear the affectionate murmur rise and fall; then Keith went on to the bathroom, and was to be heard ejaculating, "Damn Monday!" after a brief trial of the hot-water faucet.

Other familiar sounds echoed through the house. Men were coming home tired; children were skimming off on last errands to the grocery. Phonographs droned and radios were starting up

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everywhere. The Cahill children in the kitchen next door went into spasms of whooping, and downstairs somewhere there were angry words, a crash of pottery and a wild gush of sizzling—burning—steaming.

"Now look what you done, Joe!" a woman screamed. Mrs. Oliver heard it, and she looked into Norah's eyes as Norah put a tempting little tray before her, and gently shook her head.

"We'll be glad to get out of *here*," she said.

Eve came in, tired and jaded and drooping. She was very pale tonight, and said that the subway had given her a sort of headache, she thought. Like the others, she paid her mother a brief visit; dinner was served immediately.

"We eat in the kitchen?" Eve asked wearily, indifferently.

"Keith's going out. He's dressing."

Norah called, "Keith, hurry up!" as she put the meat pie on the table. Eve poured herself a cup of strong tea.

"You're dead tonight, aren't you?" Norah asked sympathetically. The younger girl's eyes filled; she raised her head proudly.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered airily.

"I WAS wondering," Norah said, as she went to and fro, "why we don't turn the sitting-room into Keith's room, and have the dining-room and sitting-room in one. I saw a darling place in Country Homes today, and they had their meals at the end of the drawing-room, with a fireplace and windows and everything!"

"And you think our dining-room might be made like that!" Eve tried to say scornfully. But she was too tired to achieve it; her voice faltered into silence and she devoted herself to her tea, looking as if she wanted to cry. Eve was fair and pretty and fastidious at nineteen; Norah's heart ached fiercely when she saw Eve's blue eyes redden and heard Eve's voice thicken, and realized—as she had had to realize so often of late!—that Eve was unhappy.

No, Norah knew their wretched dark box of a dining-room could not ever look like that California bungalow in the magazine, and she felt discouraged again. Luckily, as she sat down to dinner, Keith came out and the conversation became general.

"You came home early?"

"About one."

"Want to go to a picture with me and Anne?"

Norah's face brightened; she had always adored her brother, and to have him so especially nice to her was heartening.

"Hadn't you better ask Anne?"

"No," Keith said, grinning, "we'll take a chance on Anne."

"I'm going to stay home anyway," Eve volunteered, and she and Norah presently had almost a fight about the dishes. Eve said, "Oh, do, for heaven's sake, go on, Norah, there's nothing to this;" and Norah persisted, "No, I won't leave you all this to clear up!"

IT WAS a little after eight when she and Keith were down in the street walking toward Anne's house. Anne taught school; she was an idolized only daughter, who lived with her parents and grandparents in a much nicer neighborhood than the Olivers'.

They went past the shabby apartment-house doorways and the lighted little cheap shops, along the dark wintry sidewalks. When they got to the public library Keith said, "Come in here a minute, Norah. I want to talk to you without Mother hearing us."

Norah entered with him the big warm room that was so pleasantly sheltered after the unfriendly streets, and they sat down in a secluded corner. Keith's manner by this time was causing his sister vague uneasiness, and she looked at him expectantly, and even with a little apprehension.

"What's the matter, Keith?"

"Nothing's the matter," the boy said, with a reassuring laugh. Nothing ever really frightened Keith; Norah had complete faith in him. "But here's the thing," he said. "I've lost my job. This is the—what is it, the sixth? I go out on the first of December."

Norah's gray eyes widened; she turned a little pale.

"Keith! You don't!"

"Old Bayne told me last week, but I wouldn't tell Mother. I've only been there two years. It's all right—shucks, I'll get something else," Keith said easily.

"But listen," the girl said. "I didn't tell Mother either, or anyone. But I'm fired, too."

"For help's sake!"

"So, Keith," the girl said anxiously, "what shall we *do?*"

"Fired, hey?" Keith mused. "Who said so?"

"Mr. Locox."

"What'd he say?"

"Oh, the usual bunk. They all liked me, and I had been entirely satisfactory. I notice they didn't fire Yvonne!"

"She's the girl friend?"

"Well," Norah modified it, a little ashamed, "we think so."

"Ha!" Keith exclaimed. "The plot thickens. When do you get out?"

"Today. With one week's pay—twenty-two dollars. Oh, I don't blame them," Norah said, "I know how things have been going. But when I think of Mother—"

"Oh, Mother won't care! She's a good old trooper," Keith said, unalarmed.

"Yes, but you too now, Keith. Neither one of us working! What'll we live on?"

"We won't starve," he said, thinking.

"I don't know why not," Norah said in her soul. Aloud she said nothing, but continued to look at her brother intently and expectantly.

"My forty-five a week and your twenty-two came out sixty-seven," Keith mused. "Eve gets—?"

"Sixteen."

"Help!" he ejaculated faintly.

"And rent sixty," Norah offered.

"Rent sixty. And Mother sick."

"Mother," the girl pronounced, "ought to have care and rest and nourishing food for weeks. It was *almost* pneumonia."

"Righto," Keith agreed absently. He was deep in thought again.

"Keith," Norah asked impulsively, "what's the matter with us?"

He looked at her scowling. Keith was often impatient with Norah; she suspected that he thought her visionary and sentimental and everything that he was not. Quailing a little, she repeated her question.

"I mean—something must be the matter!" she went on, a little flatly. "We're decent and we work hard and we just—just can't get along."

Tears came into her eyes.

"Other people get along," she submitted timidly.

Keith suddenly smiled his nicest smile, and she realized that he was in his lovely mood, and her heart rose.

"You poor kid!" Keith said, kindly. "Don't worry, we'll get along. Everything will be swell—three months from now. I'll—I'll—" His own tone grew a little vague. "I went to see a fellow today," he ended.

"About another job?"

"Yep. He asked me if I'd go to Guatemala."

"Guatemala!" Life was suddenly roseate to Norah for a dazzling minute. "You couldn't?" she asked, her face falling as she read his expression. "You said no?"

"It was only a hundred a month and expenses. I couldn't take Anne on that, and I couldn't leave her."

"Ah—Anne." Norah was conscious of a little chill of fear. If Keith once assumed the obligation of caring for Anne, then who would look out for Mother and Eve and Norah?

Keith, looking at her, asked suddenly in a somewhat self-conscious voice:

"All off with you and Dave Howard?"

Norah returned his stare steadily; her elbows were on the table again, her round, firm chin in her palms.

"In so far as it ever was on, yes," she answered, outwardly unruffled. But her soul within her was sick.

"Don't see him any more?"

"No."

"So that he's out of it," Keith mused. Norah would have given ten years off the end of her life to have been able to say honestly, "He wanted to marry me, Keith, and I couldn't!" or at least, "He feels very badly." She said nothing.

"WELL," Keith presently resumed, "what now? There's Mother needing care and freedom from worry—there's Eve, she hates her job, and she only makes sixteen a week; there's you and there's me. Gosh—if we only had an uncle or a bank account—"

"There's Uncle Rod!" Norah reminded him, and giggled youthfully. Keith looked at her again and saw her prettiness and smallness and courage suddenly; her fine pale skin and gray eyes, her smart little hat, and the even line of her square teeth.

"You're awfully game, Nono," he

(Continued on page 40)

EDGAR WALLACE

The man who, until his death a few weeks ago, shared with Sax Rohmer and E. Phillips Oppenheim the honor of being the world's greatest master of mystery, wrote one final thriller

The Frightened Lady

BEGINS IN COLLIER'S FOR AUGUST 13

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Cook me Another

Stuff giant sweet potatoes with quail and bake them long and tenderly. Your mouth will water and so will John J. Raskob's if he's within sniffing distance—that's his pet dish. Or try roast banana à la Chase S. Osborn, Michigan's former governor, and discover a new taste sensation. In fact, ask any great man and he'll tell you a great dish—food's that important

By James C. Derieux

Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

A CYNICAL woman once told me that she always suspected the motives of men who talk about cooking. They like to eat and they wish their wives to stay at home. Consequently they advertise the advantages of the kitchen. Of course men like to eat, but most of those who are excited by the pleasures of the table—and some famous men among them—are quite willing to demonstrate their own accomplishments around a stove. They know good cooking and they like to demonstrate it even to their wives.

One day not long ago, when politics was hot and John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was much in the public prints, I had a walk with him on Fifth Avenue, New York. Several friends saw us together and later they were eager to know what he had said.

"Who is his candidate?"

"What does he think will happen about prohibition and how soon?"

"Who's going to put up the money for the campaign?"

Such were the questions, but I had no answer to any one of them, for Mr. Raskob, in the course of that stroll, had not mentioned politics at all. Our conversation had been about cooking. He told me how cabbage may be shredded, dropped into clear boiling water and left there for about twenty minutes, after which, he claims, it is fine. Moreover, if cooked in this manner it does not advertise to all the neighborborhood that you are having cabbage for dinner. Personally, I do not think cabbage fit to be eaten in any form except raw, so I've never tried the Raskobian dish. But there is another item of sustenance he sometimes serves which is a "piece of resistance," as I once heard a picnic hostess say.

Very few men or women have eaten this dish, which for them is unfortunate. Its rarity is due to ignorance on the part of our cooks, not to scarcity of the ingredients. It is not even costly, but its preparation does require a considerable respect for food, and a dash of artistic sentiment as seasoning. So far as I can learn this dish had its origin in the hunting camps of the South. The first time I heard of it was on a hunting expedition along one of those deep, silent rivers which unwind patiently through cypress jungles. The man who told me about it was a rare cook, of the type one sometimes is lucky enough to meet in the open. He was not a professional cook, but one who cooked for art's sake. His sole claim to distinction lies in his ability to prepare a few things extravagantly well. There are many such men. Often they are semi-loafers most of the year; in and around their own homes they are useless as providers or helpers. But two or three times each year they attain to greatness over a camp fire. Give them a good fire, with plenty of carefully selected wood, the proper ingredients and immediately they become men of vast dignity and importance. Ritualists, engaged in the artistic creation of something.

And now for a description of that great dish as they prepare it, and as Mr. Raskob served it to an assembly of astonished and delighted guests:

First, acquire in one way or another a number of large sweet potatoes, the number being determined by the list of your guests, and each potato about the size of a big cantaloupe. This is not so difficult, for mammoth sweet potatoes are easy to grow. Also they may be shipped anywhere. Do not peel the potatoes, but slice each in half, deftly and with a sharp knife. Scoop out these halves until the meat of the potato left is about the thickness of cantaloupe meat. Next, take some quail, or the breasts of chicken or pheasant, or hunks of white turkey flesh, season this, wrap in bacon strips and lay inside the hollowed-out halves of the potatoes. Pin these halves together, being careful to match them properly, with toothpicks or hickory pegs, place the restored potatoes in an oven or in hot ashes and leave alone for several hours, the length of time depending, naturally, upon the degree of heat. But be sure to cook long enough. Serve each guest with one of these stuffed potatoes, green peas on the side, but be sure to keep one back for yourself, the biggest one if your manners and your conscience will permit. The result will be many exclamations, followed by sounds of deep contentment, and then by reverent silence as all hands give themselves over to earnest and sincere eating.

Ability to cook well, imagination in creating foods and artistic appreciation of palatable concoctions aren't at all rare among men, you know, and I'm not speaking of chefs, either, but of ordinary, garden-variety men. There are thousands of us who can cook one thing or another very well indeed, and we like both to cook it and to boast about it. Turn the entire meal over to us and it will be awful, for we are specialists.

A friend of mine, Chase S. Osborn, ex-governor of Michigan, world-famous iron hunter and colorful character extraordinary, is himself quite a cook. He claims one dish, at least, as his very own, and this he discovered by accident. He was prospecting in Africa and while preparing his supper one night a banana fell from his hands into the red coals. After a time his nose told him something good to eat was in the vicinity. He found his lost banana cooked black, in the skin, and proceeded to eat the best banana he ever had eaten. Roasted bananas are easy to prepare.

Select ripe ones, and by ripe I mean ripe, their skin showing black splotches. Put them, without breaking the skin, either in an oven, in hot ashes or in a pan over hot coals, and leave them for twenty or thirty minutes. The inside should be thoroughly broken down, soft and of somewhat watery appearance. Serve them in their skins.

The Hon. Calvin Coolidge let the world know, when he became President, that he liked sausage, wheat cakes and Vermont maple syrup for breakfast, but he never told the world that he, himself, can do a trick or two over the stove. Bruce Barton says Mr. Coolidge is an expert chocolate maker, and on one occasion he saw Mr. Coolidge prepare his bed-time cup and partook of it with him. The former President, he says, cut up pieces of chocolate into a pan. Water and milk and sugar were added, and slow, serious stirring began as the mixture heated.

"No international treaty or senatorial debate ever received more earnest attention," declares Mr. Barton.

And why not, for isn't food of as great importance as these other things?

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"Well," said Julie, giving him the old eyelash flutter, "some of my friends say I'm sort of nice." "Do they?" said Burnsy

Illustrated by John Gannam

No Way to Win a Girl

Burnsy was a Big Leaguer, but it took chloroform to make him a Great Lover

By Richard Connell

SOME sports writer had referred to Rusty Tracey as "the doyen of major-league right-handers," and Rusty came to me with fire in his eye to find out if he could sue for libel.

"Here I been, twenty-one years in the big time," he growled, "throwing my best and winning my share, and some goggle-eyed swab that was teething when I was fanning Hans Wagner calls me a 'doyen'!"

I had to show him in the dictionary that "doyen" means "dean" and was a tribute to his long service, before he was convinced that no insult was intended.

"Guess I'm a doyen, all right," said Rusty. "But a fellow ought to say what he means and say it plain. No more. No less. Y'know, sometimes it's as bad to say too little as to say too much."

He contemplated his big, freckled knuckles thoughtfully.

"There was a lad once in our league—" he began:

This lad was called Burnsy. His name was Paul Burns; but we called him Burnsy. He turned up at spring training in Florida one year with a job-lot of other rookies. The Old Man was mad to cop the flag, and was buying bushers in bunches, like bananas. Nobody seemed to know anything about Burnsy. I guess some scout found him in a seed catalogue or won him in a raffle. Anyways, there he was—a wiry little towhead in a baggy unie he could have took roomers in. He looked kind of like a rabbit, only not so fierce. Hailed from some dinky league in the cotton country, somebody discovered. For three or four days the Old Man didn't give him a tumble, and then he noticed there was a guy inside the unie, and he called Burnsy over and barked:

"Who, or what, are you?"

"Well, I'm a ball player," mumbled Burnsy.

"Anybody else think so?"

"Couldn't say."

"What's your name?"

"I'm called Burns," said Burnsy.

"Then that probably is your name," said the Old Man.

"Probably is," admitted Burnsy.

"What do you do?" the Old Man asked.

"Well, I play the outfield," answered Burnsy.

"The whole outfield?" said the Old Man. "That's just ducky. We can use you and save the salaries of the two other blokes."

"I don't guess I could play the whole outfield," said Burnsy, and he wasn't kidding. "Y'see, if I was standing in center, and the batter lined one down the left-field foul line I might not be able to hustle over in time to catch it."

"Oh, sure you could," said the Old Man. "You're pretty fast, ain't you?"

"Medium," said Burnsy.

"Too bad," said the Old Man. "A medium fast man couldn't cover more than two fields at a time."

"I guess you're right about that," said Burnsy. "Most generally when I play right field, I just play right field; and when I play left—"

"I get it. I get it," said the Old Man. "And when you bat, you bat. Is that the idea?"

"I try to bat," said Burnsy.

"That's to your credit," said the Old Man. "How did you hit in your league?"

"Sometimes right-handed, sometimes left," said Burnsy.

The Old Man looked at him hard; but Burnsy was dead serious.

"What did you hit?" asked the Old Man.

"Sometimes fast balls, sometimes curves," said Burnsy.

"That's right," said the Old Man. "Don't play no favorites. But what I'm trying to get at is: How did you stand in the batting averages?"

"All right," said Burnsy.

"Who led your league last year?"

"Well," said Burnsy, "according to the figures, I did."

"What was your percentage?"

"Over .300."

"Exactly what did you hit?"

".389."

"Aw, go out and shag fungoes," grunted the Old Man.

He turned to talk to another new player, a rangy, beaky bird who came from St. Joe and was named Schlosser, only after the first day we christened him the "Big Wind."

"And who might you be?"

"DON'T you read the papers?" came back the Big Wind. Long as I been with the team, and valuable as I am, even I wouldn't dare be that flip with the Old Man. But the Old Man likes a cocky player, and all he said was:

"How did you get in the papers? Murder somebody?"

"Sure," chirped the Big Wind. "The pitchers in the Western League. I'm Schlosser the Slugger, and you got to keep me."

"Oh, have I?" was all the Old Man could gulp. "Why?"

"On account they won't let me play on the Western loop no more," said the Big Wind.

"I don't doubt that," said the Old Man.

"I killed too many customers, banging homers into the bleachers," s the Big Wind. "That was when

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topping the pill. When I met it square, I punctured silos in the next county."

"What did you hit?" the Old Man asked.

"Oh, around .400," said the Big Wind.

"Meaning just what?"

".361," said the Big Wind.

"Can you run as much as you can talk?" asked the Old Man.

"Anything I do, I do good," said the Big Wind. "I'm so fast I run into myself. I often came in from center to field a bunt. Any time I got to first, the scorer just chalked up one run for our side. He knowed I'd get home. One game in Tulsa I stole everything but the catcher's girl, and after the game I stole her. When a fly ball is hit in the same state with me, the batter just slinks back to the dugout, because I'm sure death—and when it comes to pegging! Say, I throw runners out at first on line singles to left center—"

HE WENT on like that for a spell, but the Old Man had stopped listening, and was watching Burnsy out in the pasture. A long, swift fly was hit way over Burnsy's dome. It would have cleared the fence, but there wasn't no fence on that park. Burnsy started after it and he burned across the grass like ball-lightning. Nobody, even Cobb, ever traveled any faster. A cop on a motorcycle couldn't of caught up with the bulb; but Burnsy almost did. Before it rolled far he grabbed it and cut loose with a heave to the plate. It was a sweetheart of a chuck.

"Nice try and nice peg," said the Old Man.

"If I'd been out there," said the Big Wind, "I'd have camped under that pop, and had time to get my hair cut before it came down."

"Go out there and catch some," rumbled the Old Man, "or you'll get more than your hair cut."

The Big Wind wasn't as good as he said he was; nobody could be that good; but he was fast, and a ball-hawk. When it came his turn to hit a few, you could tell by the way he swung that he was a natural-born fence-buster. He hit at anything and missed plenty, but he pasted plenty, too. When I tell you he smacked one of my fast ones halfway to Cuba, you can see he was no clown.

As for Burnsy, he had a stance at the plate like Aunt Tilly bobbing for apples. He crouched over, choked his stick, and dabbed at the ball like he was dotting an i. He was one tough baby to pitch to, for he never bit at a sour ball; he looked 'em over, picked out one he liked and patted it on the nose, not very hard, maybe, but it went where he wanted it to go. He placed 'em as pretty as Keeler.

"We need a lead-off man," said the Old Man. "Had any experience?"

"A little," said Burnsy.

"How little?" said the Old Man.

"Five years."

"Well," said the Old Man, "a smart fellow might pick up a few pointers in five years. You might do. You got a speedy set of dogs. Ever steal bases?"

"Some," said Burnsy.

"How many last season?"

"Seventy-three."

I SAT next to Burnsy in the hotel dining-room that evening.

"You put in a hard day," I said. "You must have an appetite like a sea lion."

"Oh, no," said Burnsy. "All I want is just a snack."

He tucked away a dozen clams, two helpings of pea soup, a brace of steaks the size of a first baseman's mitt, about a peck of fried potatoes, three side dishes of onions, all the tomato salad they had in Florida, three hunks of custard pie, a couple of pots of Java, and I gave up counting after the first dozen hot biscuits.

"You won't be able to keep your strength up, dieting like that," I said.

"Oh, I never go heavy on the vittles," said Burnsy. "I got a weak stommick."

Afterwards in the lobby I chinned with him a while. He was tapering off by eating a pound of caramels. Burnsy didn't talk easy; but when he see I was friendly and wasn't trying to rib him, he opened up a bit.

"Got any family?" I asked.

"Not to speak of," he said.

"Sisters?"

"Four."

"Brothers?"

"Five."

"What do they do?"

"Can shrimps on Mobile Bay."

"Do your brothers play ball, too?"

"Yeah, they all play some; only Jed, the oldest, ain't quite as spry as he used to be."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Lost his legs."

"How come?"

"Well, Jed was in swimming, and he met up with a passel of sharks. You know, sharks can be mean. There was a rookus, and they sure did pester poor old Jed."

"How?"

"Bit off his legs. But they only just nibbled his arms."

"Poor devil," I said. "That was rough on him."

"He didn't like it much," said Burnsy.

"Is there much coin in canning shrimps?" I asked.

"Not a lot," said Burnsy. "My dad, who started the factory, left each of us children fifty thousand—"

"You're well fixed then," I said.

"Not exactly," said Burnsy. "I give my dough to a friend to invest. He wasn't what you'd call honest. He ran away with the money."

"That was a nasty blow for you," I said, trying to sound sympathetic.

"Well," said Burnsy, "I was put out."

The last I saw of him that night he was sitting in a game of penny ante with some of the other hired hands. There must of been all of sixty cents in the pot, and the Big Wind kept raising till they all dropped out, except Burnsy. Finally, Burnsy called. The Big Wind laid down a pair of queens and a pair of treys.

"Guess I got you beat," said Burnsy, and all he had was a straight flush, jack high.

We opened the regular season with the Big Wind in center, and Burnsy in right. The Big Wind was a gaudy sort of player, making easy flies look like circus catches. He was a spotty hitter, but when he did hit, he hit 'em far. We soon got hep to the fact that the Big Wind was dame-brained. He was no beauty, having a pan like a carp; but that didn't keep him from buzzing every jane he met. Girls seem to go for a man that tells them they are the only love of his life, even if he only picked them up a few minutes before at a soda counter.

The Big Wind was an artist at smearing on the old apple butter; and girls fall for that, the chumps. Burnsy didn't pay much attention to the skirts; but he played a lot of baseball. He was steady in the field, got on base often, pinched a pile of bags, and chopped out singles when we needed them most.

On the opening day of the season I was laid up with a touch of lumbago and couldn't go to the park. So I didn't know how we made out against the Pirates till Burnsy blew into the hotel.

"Who won?" I asked him.

"We nosed 'em out," said Burnsy. "The score was seven to two."

"Did you have a good day?"

"So-so."

"What did you hit?"

"Four for four."

"Well, kid," I said to Burnsy, "you ought to feel mighty pleased with yourself, making good with a bang. How do you like being a big-leaguer?"

"It ain't so bad," said Burnsy.

NOW with our club, as coach, was Kid Gannon, and if I'm a doyen the old Kid is a couple of 'em. He was playing back in the days when they used cobblerocks for balls, and a railroad tie for a bat. Strangers sometimes tossed peanuts to him, thinking he was a baboon; and his wife was no cold-cream ad, either. Somehow, though, their daughter turned out to be a beaut, one of those little, sweet, round, peaches-and-cream girls; and Julie was just as nice as she looked. She and her ma started to travel with our club just past midseason, and right away all the bachelors began to get fussy about their finger nails and suitings.

That season we were going good, and it was a three-cornered battle between us, the Cards and the Giants for the gravy.

We were in Cincy for a series. I ate dinner with Burnsy one night.

"How you feeling?" I asked.

"Puny," he said.

He had just put away a double portion of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, and was destroying a slab of liederkranz.

"Sorry to hear it," I said.

"I got the appetite of a bird," said Burnsy.

"Sure," I said. "Ostrich. Looks to me maybe you're in love."

With that Burnsy turned the color of chili sauce. He was looking past me. I turned my head and saw a pair of broad shoulders in a suit you could play checkers on. It was the Big Wind. Across the table, listening to him rave, was Julie Gannon. Burnsy's eyes were like those of a hungry pup standing outside a butcher shop.

"Pippin," I remarked.

"Who?" said Burnsy, in a daze.

"Well, I don't mean the Big Wind," I said. "I was referring to Miss Julie Gannon. One fine girl, too."

"I don't doubt it," said Burnsy, and he picked up a cracker loaded with cheese and tried to put it in his ear instead of his mouth. He had it bad. It didn't take no microscope to see that.

"Lucky the guy that wins that little lady," I said. "She'll make somebody a mighty nice wife."

"She might, at that," said Burnsy. He spilled his iced tea all over his vest.

On the train bound for St. Louis I noticed him moping in a seat.

"There's a young lady out on the observation platform," I said to him. "Name of Gannon. She looks lonesome."

"That's too bad," he said.

"Go out and talk to her," I said.

"Aw, all I know about is baseball and shrimps," said Burnsy.

"Fine." I said. "She's crazy about shrimps. I just heard her saying to herself, 'Oh, I wish that nice Mr. Burns would come out and tell me all about shrimps.' "

"Golly, did she say that?" said Burnsy. I led him out to the platform, plunked him into a seat next to Julie, and started him on shrimps. He got warmed up and told the life story of the shrimp from the cradle to the can, and it was interesting, if you care about shrimps. When I left them he'd got round to his brother Jed and the sharks, and the last thing I heard him say was:

"After they chewed off Brother's legs,

Across the table, listening to him rave, was Julie Gannon. Burnsy's eyes were like those of a hungry pup

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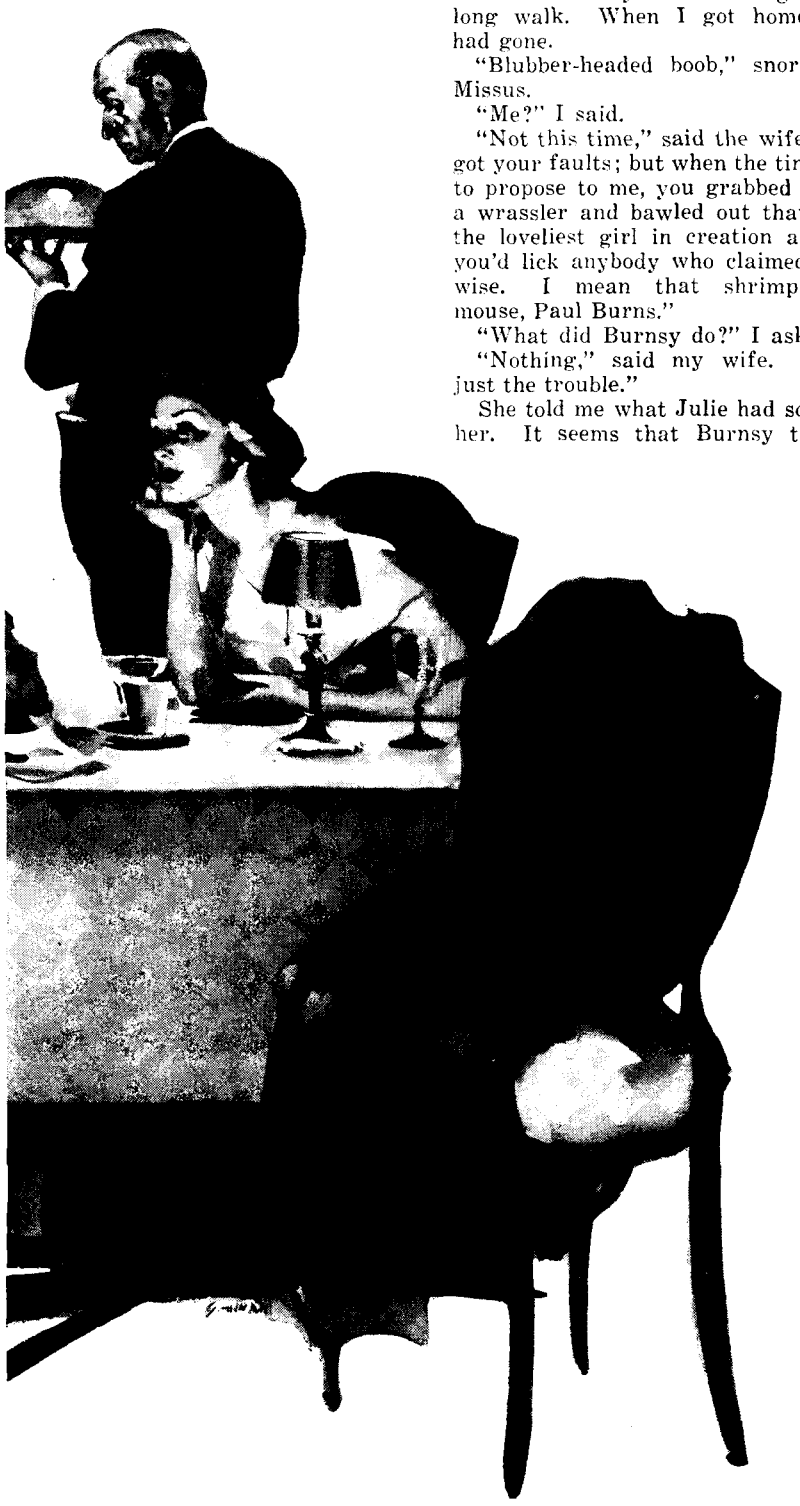
he never could abide sharks any more."

They had dinner together that evening. I never see anybody put away so much mulligatawny as Burnsy did. He looked as happy as a lifer that's just got a pardon. Next day in St. Louis he hit everything but the ump's whisk-broom, and he stole home twice. We won.

He and she went around quite a bit together after that. The Big Wind was still in the running; but the Missus tipped me that Burnsy had the inside track. Y'see, Julie confided in my Missus, like women do; so when I see him haggling with Diamond Joe, who peddles rocks to the players, I knew he was about ready for the big question. When my smoke ball loses its zip, and I can't fool 'em any longer, and I become a manager, give me a team of young lads in love and I'll burn up the league. You never see, or heard of, such playing as Burnsy did on that trip. He'd been pretty good before; now he was great. He was clouting around .500 and, thanks to him, we were out in front when we came back to the home lot. With Burnsy clicking on all sixteen, our chance to grab the rag looked bright.

"Let's have 'em up to supper," said the wife to me. "The poor dears don't get much privacy, living round in hotels. I'll fix up some chicken and dumplings, and you feed him some of your elderberry wine, and maybe he'll speak up."



So Burnsy and Julie came to our house one night, and I tilted plenty of elderberry wine into him. It tastes innocent but it gives you grand ideas. We ruined a pair of chickens, and sat around and chatted a while, and then the Missus said to me:

"Dear, remember we got to see Mr. Porter about that new sedan at nine. Sakes alive, it's nearly nine now. I guess the young people will excuse us for an hour or so."

I WAS just about to say I'd never heard of Porter or any new sedan when the wife gave me a wink you could almost hear, so I went out with her and we sat on a bench in a park and held hands and talked over our own courting days till ten-thirty. Then we came home and made a rumpus opening the front door.

Julie was sitting on the sofa, where we'd left her, but Burnsy wasn't there. Julie was sitting very stiff, with her chin out. Her eyes were red.

"What happened to the boy friend?" I said.

"Mr. Burns went home," said Julie, and she looked like she was going to cry again.

"Dear," said the wife to me, "you forgot to get those cigars," and she gave me one of those noisy winks. So I went out and took myself and a cigar for a long walk. When I got home, Julie had gone.

"Blubber-headed boob," snorted the Missus.

"Me?" I said.

"Not this time," said the wife. "You got your faults; but when the time came to propose to me, you grabbed me like a wrassler and bawled out that I was the loveliest girl in creation and that you'd lick anybody who claimed otherwise. I mean that shrimp-minded mouse, Paul Burns."

"What did Burnsy do?" I asked.

"Nothing," said my wife. "That's just the trouble."

She told me what Julie had sobbed to her. It seems that Burnsy talked a while about a new process he was working on for canning shrimp, and then Julie somehow steered him round to the subject of marriage, and what did he say but—

"I guess marriage wouldn't be so tough, if a fellow had a real nice girl."

"Well," said Julie, giving him the old eyelash flutter, "some of my friends say I'm sort of nice."

"Do they?" said Burnsy, muffing his cue.

"What do you think?" said Julie.

"Oh, I've seen worse than you," said Burnsy.

"Indeed?" said Julie, "It's funny, but I had an idea you liked me."

"I guess I sort of do," said Burnsy.

Now I ask you! Here's a swell girl, all ripe to fall into a guy's arms, and his play is to grab her and holler that she's his dream girl and he's goofy about her, and what does he do but pull a flabby one like that. No wonder she got sore, she being red-headed and one of the fighting Gannons. She handed Burnsy some hot ones, told him he had the soul of a shrimp, and that she hoped she'd never lay an eye on him again and would he do her a last personal favor and go and jump down a manhole? The yap didn't even argue. He just blinked, said he was sorry he'd spoiled her evening, and marched out.

We took on the Philies next day and Burnsy was as much use in the field as the town pump. He batted like a halibut with the charley-horse. We lose.

"I'm a wee bit off m' game," he said.

"A wee bit," bellowed the Old Man. "You're off from here to Hong Kong. Listen, mug. I don't mind if you sleep out there. But don't snore. It keeps the other boys awake."

"I wasn't asleep," said Burnsy. "Honest."

"Well, snap out of your fog, then, or I'll trade you to Crab Apple Corners for a pint of corn licker," said the Old Man. "How'd you like that?"

"It would upset me some," said Burnsy.

But he didn't snap out of his fog. From being our spark plug he changed to a flat tire. He gaped at fly balls like they was some new bugs that might bite him if he touched them; grounders went through him like a ferret through a pipe; and at the plate he was as much use as a unie stuffed with tapioca pudding. We tossed off three games to the Phils, and that year they didn't figure to beat an Old Sailors' Home. Why, they beat even I. I had 'em whitewashed going into the ninth, and with the sacks loaded their catcher boosted up a soft one a schoolgirl could of caught in her apron. Burnsy juggled it, dropped it, booted it around and then threw it over the moon. They win, 3 to 2. We began to go down the slippery slide to the bottom of nowhere.

Julie began to go places with the Big Wind. Burnsy just brooded around.

"What ails that tramp?" the Old Man asked me. "Pip?"

"Worse," I said. "Love."

"If I had my way," said the Old Man, "I'd put all the dames in the world in a cage in China or some place and only let 'em out during the winter."

Just before our last home game with the Giants, I saw Burnsy huddled on the corner of our bench. The Big Wind came over and squatted beside him.

"Listen, Burnsy," I heard the Big Wind pipe, "you bought a sparkler from Diamond Joe, didn't you?"

"Yeah," said Burnsy, in a heavy voice.

"Want to sell it?"

"What do you want with a ring?" Burnsy asked.

"I got a use for it," said the Big Wind, and he looked up at the box where Julie was sitting and grinned. "What'll you take for it?"

"Nothing," said Burnsy.

"I'll give you what you paid for it," said the Big Wind.

"You can have it, free, for nothing," said Burnsy. "I reckon I'll never have no use for it now. It's in the hotel safe. Tell the clerk I said you could have it—"

That's all I heard, for Burnsy had to go to bat then. He let three strikes sail across his belt without taking a cut at one of them. He didn't make any bobbles in the field that day because nothing was hit his way. At the bat he just waved at the ball like a tired brakeman flagging a slow freight.

I WAS working on the mound, and as usual was poison to the Giants. They got a couple of lucky runs, and we were five to the good going into the ninth. I eased up a little, and the batter beat out a bunt. I bore down on the next man and he whiffed, and I made the third foul out. Up came the guy who was a terror to most pitchers but usually noodles for me. Through some fluke, he got hold of one and pickled it high and far for a home run. It didn't matter much, as we were still three ahead.

Burnsy came out of his trance and started with all his old speed toward the concrete wall in right. We all yelled "Let it go," but he tore right along with his head down. Smacko! He bashed head-first into the wall, and went down in a heap. They carried him off the field. I ended the game by blazing a third strike across and we win.

Over at the hospital the docs had taken twenty-seven stitches in Burnsy's scalp. They said he had a remarkable skull; it had a lump on it the size of your fist but was otherwise oke, and Burnsy would recover in time. They wheeled him back to his room where I was waiting. He looked like a chalk mummy. Of course he was still unconscious, for he hadn't come out of the ether yet. I heard a little sniffling noise behind me, and there was Julie, pale and scared-looking. Pretty soon Burnsy began to moan. Then he began to come out of the ether. He started to talk, you know how people do when they first come to, sort of thick and wild, so we couldn't understand him; then pretty soon his voice got louder and clearer, and Julie and I could hear him plain enough and so could everybody in that part of the town. His eyes were still closed and he was making funny grabs at the air with his arms and he was saying, over and over:

"Oh, Julie, Julie, my own darling, adored Julie, I love you so, I love you."

Then he groaned some more, and he shouted:

"I love you, Julie, with all my heart, I love you. You are the most beautiful, sweetest angel in the world. I love you more than shrimps and baseball and everything. I'd give my life for you. I don't want to live if I can't have you. Oh, my precious, precious Julie—"

Then his eyes opened, and he saw Julie, and he grinned in a silly sort of way, and said:

"Hello. You here?"

"Oh, Paul," cried Julie. "Oh, my poor darling, how do you feel?"

"A little indisposed," said Burnsy.

I tiptoed out and left them together.

Well, I near pitched the old soup-bone off, and we win the pennant by half an inch. I don't need to tell you about the series. Burnsy's bean healed up in time for him to bust in, and even the fire department couldn't put him out, so we grabbed the big end of the series.

Burnsy and Julie got themselves married right away, and went off on a two-months cruise to the West Indies. I saw him just after he got back.

"Married life is pretty grand, ain't it?" I said.

"Oh, I don't mind it," said Burnsy.

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How Bootleggers Stole the War

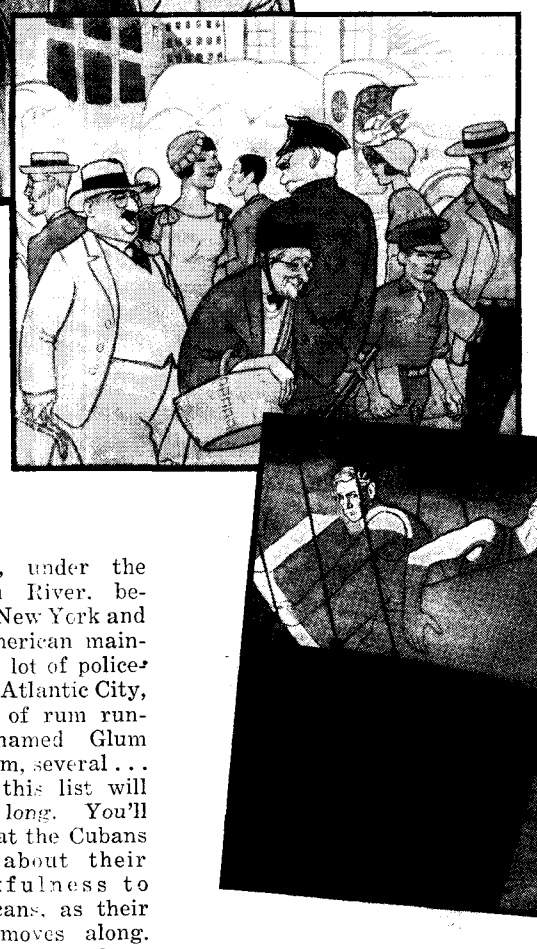
Here's the story of a revolution that set out from New York and ended in Atlantic City. It was a life-size revolution, brimful of zest and high spirits, but its leaders didn't know the right people. Bootleggers furnished the equipment (including an anti-aircraft gun) and bootleggers gummed the works. It's an amazing story

By William G. Shepherd

Illustrated by Conrad Massaguer

"We drilled with rifles in apartments or rooms. Steel helmets? The rum runners picked up a lot of them at thirteen cents each"

"Have you a cigarette?" the leader asked the policeman. "A few," he said, "and they're yours"



"Two huge trucks carried the ammunition through the streets of New York. But those 750,000 rounds were thrown into the ocean by the rum runners"

TELEPHONE bells began to jingle in various swell night clubs in Atlantic City along about one o'clock one morning last August.

"Hello," the proprietor or manager would say. And the voice at the other end would reply, excitedly, something like this:

"Jim, if you've got any good friends there that you'd like to do a favor to, tell 'em to jump into a taxi right away and hurry over to the armory. There's a show goin' on here that you can't buy with money. Don't send over a lot of people. Just the real ones. And come yourself, mister, come yourself."

It wasn't always the same voice at the other end of the wire, either. Wise night owls along the boardwalk, always looking for something new, had heard of the post-midnight doings at the state armory and rushed the word along to their friends. So the midnight whisper passed among the wise ones, through the blare of orchestras, the soft shuffling of dancers, the gurgle of bottles and the rush of waiters.

In the armory—well, sure enough, there was a show afoot there that would have emptied all the night clubs in town, if everyone had known.

Eighty Cuban men and boys were the backbone of the show. Some of them lay around on the armory floor, as if they were stretched out in some sunny patio at home. Some were sleeping. Others were sitting on their haunches or standing in the shadows up against the walls. It was all impromptu. No one had deliberately planned the show. It just happened. Out in the center of the floor there was a rumba dance, straight from the sugar-cane districts of Cuba, where it was born. And Cuban farmer boys were dancing it, while others made throbbing, pulsing rumba music on instruments which had been lent to them. Someone was singing all the time; a dozen men or fifty, all depending upon the popularity of the particular number that the musicians played.

People in the crowd threw them coins.

They were all dressed in very old and shabby clothes but more than one woman guest, in her evening clothes, danced with the brown, big-eyed Cuban youths that morning and was surprised at their gentleness, poise and social graces.

Little wonder! Young men from some of the finest old families in Havana, educated for the most part in universities of the United States or Europe, were in that tatterdemalion crowd of aliens.

"Oh, just a fishing party," they would say. "We went out to sea but our boat broke down. And when we came back to shore we were all arrested."

"Are you all arrested now?"

"Si, señorita," a young man would say to his dancing partner. "They arrested us today but we think they will let us all go tomorrow. You see, they have no other room for us, except here in the *cuartel*."

"But what were you fishing for, you eighty men?"

"Ah, señorita. We were after one very big fish. *A blue shark!*"

There was no scandal at that huge, impromptu, Cuban dance in the armory. Daybreak found the crowd gone. The young men, guests of the state, stretched out on benches or on the floor and slept. And in the afternoon two special busses carried the young men over the superhighway to the great city of New York. In that sheltering city, safely away from their homes in Cuba, they lost themselves in the friendly crowds.

An Unorthodox Revolution

And that's where I have found some of them recently. I wanted to hear from them the story of that Cuban revolution of last summer, when, with a rush of full-page newspaper headlines, of radio bulletin news flashes and of grinding moving picture machines, and one seemingly huge battle in the Cuban town of Gibara, the Cubans failed to put President Machado on the run. That rumba dance and the ball were the wind-up of the revolution for most of them.

"President Machado!—he was the blue shark we wanted to catch," the Cubans told me. Wherefore, after having myself participated as a reporter in several revolutions, I shall here set down the most astonishing story of a revolution that I have ever heard.

First, I have been asked by an impromptu committee of the revolutionists to thank for their kindness and sympathy several park policemen in Central Park, New York; several bus drivers at 42d Street and Broadway, New York; a batch of interested policemen at both ends of the Holland Tunnel, under the Hudson River, between New York and the American mainland; a lot of policemen at Atlantic City, a pair of rum runners named Glum and Slim, several . . .

But this list will be too long. You'll see what the Cubans mean about their thankfulness to Americans, as their story moves along. They lost, anyhow. And the chief reason for this, they think, was that they ran up against a problem that, in all Cuba's stormy history, no revolutionists have ever had to face before. *They asked American bootleggers to help them!*

Now this is not saying that the bootleggers did *not* help them some. That ship, they say, that landed at Gibara, Cuba, with arms was secured for them with the aid of rum runners. The arms had been secured by bootleggers—over $500,000 worth. Why, the Cuban revolutionists wonder, should America have an Army and a Navy, when it already has such well-prepared forces of land- and sea-going bootleggers?

The story was told me by one of the leaders in the presence of his associates and has been approved by a committee of the revolutionists now in America:

"In New York City, in the winter of 1930, there were about three hundred Cubans who had been warned out of Cuba by the friends of President Machado. They included students, lawyers, doctors, engineers, working men and all sorts of people from all walks of life.

"Why shouldn't we Cubans in America expect a revolution to succeed? In Cuba, dozens of leaders favored it. The people were ready to arise but they couldn't get arms and ammunition there. They would need machine guns and sub-machine guns. These sub-machine guns are the kind your gangsters use in the United States. They weigh only nine pounds but for shooting speed they turn one man into twelve. The men in Cuba expected that Machado's airplanes would get after them, so tney

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sent word to us, their American associates, to include an anti-aircraft gun. They wanted hand grenades, steel helmets and one million rounds of .30-30 ammunition. All this had to be bought and shipped on the sly.

"But the leaders in Havana gave us an even bigger order than this. They told us to secure a ship, put the ammunition on it and bring the whole lot and ourselves, fully trained for revolutionary leadership, to Cuba.

It would not be right for me to give the names of the two professional American revolutionists with whom we first came into contact. They were ex-army officers. They were gentlemen and their word could be depended upon absolutely. They found eighty-eight Americans who were willing to fight beside us.

"Why didn't we stick to these men and let them help us? Instead, very foolishly, we turned from them to American rum runners. That's why our revolution wound up with a dance at Atlantic City instead of a battle at Havana. It was a great mistake.

A $600,000 Error

"We had to drill quietly in our rooms in New York. Such drills! Some of us lived in fine hotels. Others in very good apartments. Still others lived in furnished rooms and some of the workingmen lived in basements in the Spanish district. But New York doesn't pay so much attention to what you do, after all. A machine-gun squad would meet in some hotel room. One of the American experts would give lessons in machine gunnery. Other squads would drill with rifles or sub-machine guns in apartments or in Lenox Avenue rooms.

"Pretty soon the revolutionists in Cuba began to call on us for more speed. They wanted to fight, soon. One day, to our secret headquarters, came a young man fresh from Cuba. He was from a very fine family, a family that had been in the liquor business for a very long time. Everyone in the world knows the liquor that family makes.

"'Señores,' he said, 'I have been sent here to help you. You need speed. You need more money too, perhaps. Well, here I have $200,000.' He showed us the draft for the money. He also showed an order from the Cuban revolutionary committee that we were to make him our treasurer and business representative.

"President Machado afterwards guessed that we had spent $500,000 on the revolution. His guess was $100,000 short.

"And now what did this young man do next? He upset all our plans with the professional revolutionists. He knew very many rum runners and bootleggers, so he got on a train and went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the rum runners congregated with their ships.

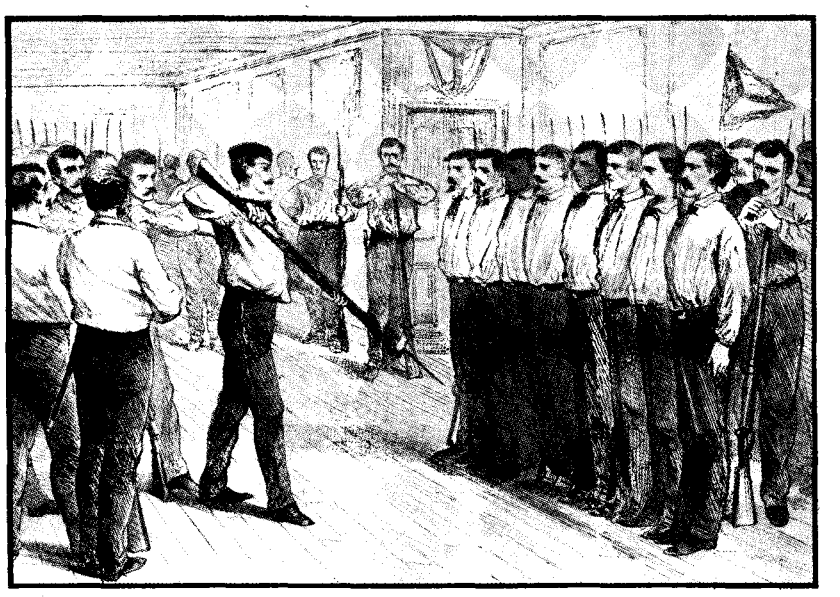
"We never asked these rum runners for one thing that they couldn't find within a few days. Marvelous men! Every one of you Americans amazed us — but these rum runners! We did not imagine there could be such men in the world.

"Surely, they could find us a ship! Not the least trouble. At that very moment, in the harbor at Havana, there was a steamer called the Isle Volmeur. They sent to Cuba for it, so that we could look it over. We could buy it for $25,000 cash, the money to be paid when the ship with its crew anchored eighty miles out in the ocean off Atlantic City. The crew would go with it.

"That ship came and lay out there for ten weeks. We had to send two barge-loads of coal out to her. All the meat and ice and food and fresh vegetables and tobacco and newspapers and so forth were carried out to that ship by rum runners from the New York district. They would go in their boats down the Hudson, from Manhattan Island, through all the New York shipping.

"It's little wonder that the bootleggers could work fast. They had a secret radio set somewhere in New England that could send messages out to the ship. The fact is that they 'declared themselves in' on our business. Yes, they 'muscled in.' Surely, that is a new thing for American revolutionists to experience.

"We had to take their help, you see, because the only way to carry arms out to our ship was by the rum runners' schooners or yachts. One yacht was very fast; it had a radio set and could talk with the Volmeur or with the secret radio station in New England. Another yacht was about as fast but it had no radio. The two schooners went by sail power with the help of small engines.



Harper's Weekly

Cuban revolutionists secretly drilling in a New York hotel in 1869

"Several weeks went by getting arms onto the ship. As soon as the rum runners would buy a consignment of arms they would notify our treasurer.

"He would take his car or a train and go up to New England to the bootleg radio station and talk to the ship and tell it to be ready to meet a shipment at some certain place.

"The bootleggers never took a shipment out to the steamer unless they were accompanied by at least two revolutionists, who were equipped with cash to pay them. A pair of us from the New York band would go down to the foot of 161st Street, pay for the shipment and from some spot along the Hudson go out to the steamer with the load. All of us who went out to the steamer remained on it. In this way, thirty-six revolutionists, in all, got aboard that steamer.

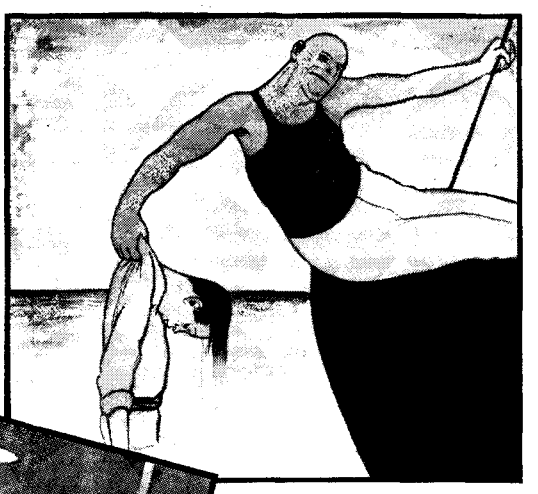
"Colonel Rosendo Collazo, a very experienced soldier, was to be the director of the expedition. He was about fifty years old; very rich. He loved luxury. He and his staff went to a very fine hotel to live, until it would be time for them to go on the ship.

"He sent word to the Cuban revolutionists, 'Just as soon as I cable you, in code, that our ship has sailed, begin your small revolutions in various places. Six days after we sail we shall be in Cuba with thousands of rifles and machine guns and with 750,000 rounds of ammunition. We will have about seventy professional American revolutionists and about one hundred and fifty Cubans, all ready to take leadership wherever they are needed.'

"Now, everything was beginning to look very good. Finally all the arms and supplies—everything but the ammunition—were out on the ship. We had asked the wonderful rum runners if they could get us an anti-aircraft gun.

"Such a gun, of the latest pattern, shooting maybe a mile high, costs $17,500."

"'Sure, we can get it for you,' they said. And, within only a few days three of our New York band went down to the river with the cash and got into a yacht with the rum runners and took the big gun out to the ship.



"He would grab a man, lift him with one arm, and dip him into the sea"

"The busses were ready for us at 42d Street and Broadway. In the tunnel, someone began to sing a Cuban song"

200,000 Rounds a Week

"Steel helmets? Could the rum runners get them? Certainly. They picked up a lot at thirteen cents each. We paid them as low as seventeen dollars each for rifles of the newest pattern, with the sliding sights. Machine guns cost us only sixty dollars each and sub-machine guns, that used to sell for over one hundred dollars, were sold to us for less than fifty dollars. We wanted to put the ammunition aboard at the last minute, jump aboard ourselves and be off.

"'We can't get your 750,000 rounds of ammunition for your rifles and machine guns as easily as we got the arms,' the rum runners told us. 'We can't get more than 200,000 rounds a week, without arousing suspicion. And it will cost you sixty thousand dollars, payment in advance. We can't buy ammunition on the cuff!'

"Well, of course our treasurer told them to go ahead. He gave them the money. Just as soon as they had collected the ammunition in New York and were ready to send it out to the ship they were to give us the word and we would all be ready to go out to the steamer.

"Finally, one day the word came. We were to be ready within two days. Everyone quit his job, collected his pay

(Continued on page 44)

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Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

U. S. SENATOR OPAL (a pious "dry") writes a letter to his favorite bootlegger. The missive goes, in error, to Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge, a Napoleonic person who is plotting to make her husband Ambassador to France. The senator *must* recover that letter. But how? . . . Mrs. Gedge (ensconced with Mr. Gedge in the Château Blissac, in France) invites the senator to visit her. He does so—accompanied by his daughter Jane and his valet (one Blair Eggleston, secretly engaged to Jane). Henceforth, a small safe in Mrs. Gedge's bedroom, where the lady keeps the letter *and* her jewels, is a focal point of drama. . . .

The "Vicomte de Blissac" (in reality, Packy Franklyn, a young American who, although engaged to the beauteous Lady Beatrice Bracken, is determined to recover the letter—for Jane) arrives on the scene. Likewise the "Duc de Pont-Andemer" (in reality "Oily" Carlisle, who is planning with the aid of one "Soup" Slattery, a safe-cracker, to cop Mrs. Gedge's treasures). Observing operations with hard eyes is Miss Putnam, Mrs. Gedge's secretary. She *is, it appears, a detective hired to watch* the jewels. Coöperating with Mr. Carlisle is an old flame: Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid. . . .

Exposed by Miss Putnam, the "vicomte" informs his hostess (confidentially) that he is a sleuth sent by an insurance firm to protect her jewels. . . . Mr. Carlisle informs Medway that the big moment has arrived. "Have a car waiting for me late tonight," he whispers. "I'll cop the ice, and we'll beat it to Paris." Packy also has plans for the evening. "Soup" Slattery (whose friendship he has won) will, he feels sure, open the safe for him, around midnight. Disillusionment awaits him, however. Mr. Slattery dislikes the senator. He declines to coöperate. . . . And then—Lady Beatrice Bracken arrives on the scene and Mr. Franklyn and Lady Beatrice Bracken are no longer engaged!

XI

STATISTICIANS who have gone carefully into the figures—the name of Schwertfeger of Berlin is one that springs to the mind—inform us that of young men who have just received a negative answer to a proposal of marriage (and with these must, of course, be grouped those whose engagements have been broken off) 6.08 per cent clench their hands and stare silently before them, 12.02 take the next train to the Rocky Mountains and shoot grizzlies, while 11.07 sit down at their desks and become modern novelists.

The first impulse of the remainder—and these, it will be seen, constitute a large majority—is to nip off round the corner and get a good, stiff drink. Into this class Packy fell. The imperious urge to put something cold and stimulating inside him swept over him within ten seconds of his perusal of the opening sentences of Beatrice's letter. Two minutes later he was in the cocktail bar entreating the kindly Gustave to come to the aid of the party.

He was not surprised to see Senator Opal. To the other's thin story about having come to the Hôtel des Étrangers to dispatch a cable he had attached little credence. He was perfectly aware that if he entered the cocktail bar one of the first sights which met his eye would be the great Dry legislator with his foot on the rail and his head back, restoring his tissues. All he felt on perceiving him now was merely that well-marked sensation of nausea which comes to broken-hearted young men who see would-be conversationalists making in their direction. He had no wish to chat with the senator, and only the intense desire to get outside a Gustave Special immediately held him where he stood.

Before proceeding to the more vital agenda, Senator Opal had a word of warning to impart.

"There was a girl out there just now, asking about you," he said. "I stalled her all right, but better keep out of the way."

Packy's Gustave Special had arrived. He drained it without replying and asked for another. The kindly Gustave, who could read faces, had foreseen the repeat order. He filled it instantaneously, and Packy snatched at the glass like a frightened child reaching for its mother's hand.

"I don't know who she was. She knew you all right. But I told her you were the Vicomte de Blissac, and she went off quite satisfied. You go out by this door here, and she'll never see you."

HAVING disposed of this minor matter, Senator Opal came straight to that other, which was nearest his heart:

"Well, have you fixed everything up?"

Packy, now dealing with his third Gustave Special, stared with no human sparkle in his eye. The senator's choler, always near the surface, began to rise.

"What the devil," he demanded, "are you goggling like a fish for?" A faint mauve, the first beginning of that royal purple which was wont to suffuse it in his berserk moments, came into his face. "Are you doped?" he asked sharply. "Can't you talk? You went up half an hour ago to arrange things with that man of yours. What happened?"

With an effort, Packy contrived to bring his mind to bear on the question.

"Oh, that's all off," he said.

The senator was now completely purple.

"All off?"

"Yes. He says he won't do it."

"Why *not*? He's a burglar, isn't he?"

"Yes. But apparently when he was doing some burgling the other night you planted him out on a windowsill and he didn't like it."

"Gosh!" The senator paused for a moment, aghast. "You don't mean that was the fellow?"

"Yes."

"And he's sore?"

"Very sore. He says if you're drowning he'll throw you a flatiron, but outside of that he doesn't want anything to do with you."

SENATOR OPAL fermented silently. Packy welcomed his silence. It enabled him to turn his mind to his own troubles. He was brooding on these, when an insistent noise at his side brought him to earth and with considerable annoyance he saw that the senator was still there. And not only that, but he had begun to ask questions again.

"But what'll we do?"

"I don't know," said Packy. He was relieved to find the conundrum so simple and easy to answer.

The senator appeared dissatisfied. Observing that his young friend had fallen in some sort of a trance or daydream, he secured his attention by the simple expedient of kicking him sharply on the right ankle.

"Ouch!" said Packy, and ceased to dream.

"We must do something," said the senator fretfully. "We've got to have that letter."

"Oh, the letter?" Packy could put this straight, and he did so. "I got that."

"You *got* it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Just now."

"My letter?"

"No, not your letter. Beatrice's letter."

The senator moaned a little.

"Are you mad?"

"I'm not any too well pleased," admitted Packy. "You see, it's the bird."

"What's a bird?"

"The letter."

It was possibly his presence of mind in clutching his temples at this point that prevented Senator Opal's head from coming apart. He snatched at the vanishing skirts of sanity.

"Somebody's got to open that safe," he said, returning to the one aspect of the matter about which there could be no argument or misunderstanding. "Can't you open a safe?"

"No."

"Why not?" said the senator querulously, as if it were one of the things which every young man ought to know.

"It's a very complicated business, opening safes," said Packy. With a little difficulty, for Gustave of the Hôtel des Étrangers mixes a pretty potent Special, he detached himself from the bar.

"Good-by," he said.

"Here, wait!"

BUT Packy had gone. He had passed to where beyond these voices there was peace—or, if not peace, at any rate uninterrupted leisure for musing in solitude on his fractured heart. As he made his way back to the jetty where he had moored the motorboat, he wondered a little why Senator Opal should have been so interested in Beatrice's letter. Putting it down to mere idle curiosity, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

He started the motorboat and, laying a somewhat zigzag course, drove it to the Château Blissac's boathouse. He was now completely distrait and unable to contemplate any mundane phenomena.

This was the reason why the faint gurgle which Blair Eggleston, lying tied hand and foot in a dark corner of the boathouse, contrived to cause to filter through the gag in his mouth made no impression on his consciousness. If he heard it, he gave it no attention. He moored the motorboat and walked up to the house, brooding.

Several hours later, when darkness had settled upon St. Rocque, a lissom form might have been observed emerging stealthily from the Hôtel des Étrangers and making its way with equal furtiveness toward the harbor.

Enforced detention in his room had long since started to prey upon the nervous system of Maurice, Vicomte de Blissac. But at last he had had an idea—quite the brightest idea he had ever had in his life.

Why should he not steal off under cover of darkness to Packy's boat and in the name of their ancient friendship implore Packy to up anchor and take him over to England out of the jurisdiction of the gendarmerie of St. Rocque?

The more he contemplated the idea, the better it looked. He wondered why he had not thought of it before. There would, of course, be a certain amount of danger in the passage of the streets that led to the jetty, but he scoffed at danger.

So here he was now, sidling with infinite caution through the crooked little streets that wound down to the harbor.

LUCK was with him. No stern official voice bade him halt, no hard official hand descended on his shoulder. He reached the jetty, found a boat, climbed in, loosened the rope and rowed off. It was a task of some little difficulty to discover the Flying Cloud among all the craft that rocked at anchor on the incoming tide, but he managed it at last.

He called Packy's name cautiously, but there was no answer. Packy, it seemed, was on shore. He decided to go aboard and wait for him.

Arriving on deck, he recollected something very vital which he had learned on his previous visit to the yawl—the location of the closet where Packy kept his whisky. He made for it at his best speed. His whole soul was crying out for a restorative.

It was some moments later that he discovered that he was not the only person on board who had been thinking along these lines. The first thing he saw as he charged into the main cabin

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Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

Mr. Slattery parted the heavy folds. Over the safe was bending a figure

was a little man of tubby build whose fingers clutched a brimming beaker of the right stuff. His back was to the vicomte, but at the sound of the latter's footsteps he sprang up in a flurry of arms and legs, spilling the contents of his glass over the canned tongue which had constituted his modest dinner.

The vicomte found himself looking into the protruding eyes of J. Wellington Gedge, the man whom, he had been informed by a usually reliable source, he had murdered three nights ago at the Festival of the Saint.

IT WAS some four hours later, when the hands of a watch which he had stolen in Cincinnati were pointing to twenty-five minutes after midnight, that Soup Slattery's better self, which had been stirring uneasily within him ever since Packy's departure, suddenly sprang to life and took charge.

He saw now that he had been within an ace of committing the sin which had the distinction of being almost the only one which his elastic code recognized as such—the unforgivable sin of refusing help to a buddy in trouble. A pal had given him the distress sign and he had ignored it.

He burned with shame and remorse. In spite of Packy's statement that only the purest altruism animated him in his desire to assist Jane Opal, he had read between the lines and come to the conclusion that love was the motivating force. Packy, he was convinced, was that way about this squab, and he, Soup Slattery, just because he was at outs with the squab's old man, had been planning to throw sand in the gear-box. As he put on his trousers and reached for his little kit of tools, Soup Slattery was groaning in spirit.

It was with the inward glow of a penitent, the quiet elation of one who at the eleventh hour has seen the light, that he left the hotel some ten minutes later and started to walk up the hill to the Château Blissac.

This time, he knew, there would be no open window waiting for him, but he anticipated no difficulty in climbing onto that balcony which had so immediately won his approval on the occasion of his first visit. Nor did he find any. The thing might have been placed there purely for the convenience of the visiting heist-guy. He negotiated it noiselessly in a matter of seconds. And it was as he stood there, breathing a little heavily, for he was past his first youth, that he noticed that the window of the room was open.

This puzzled him. Packy had assured him that the Venetian suite would be unoccupied that night. He crept closer and was further mystified to see that there was a light behind the curtains. Odd, felt Mr. Slattery, and parted the heavy folds sufficiently to enable him to inspect the interior.

There was an electric torch lying on a table, so placed that its rays fell on the safe. And over the safe, fiddling with the handle, was bending a figure.

PACKY FRANKLYN had retired to his room early that night. But he had not gone to bed. To one in his state of mental upheaval sleep was out of the question. At the advanced hour when Mr. Slattery was setting out with his little bag of tools, he was still in a chair at his open window, fully clothed, gazing over the moonlit grounds with a pipe between his teeth and in his eye that strange, goofy gleam which had been its predominant expression ever since Beatrice had terminated the engagement.

In that world-famous brochure of his, to which we have already referred, Schwertfeger of Berlin writes as follows:

"Having round the corner nipped and the good, stiff drink taken," says Schwertfeger—he is still on the theme of the young man disappointed in love—"the subject will now all food-nourishment refuse and in 87.06 per cent of cases will for a long and muscle-exercising walk along the high road or across country at a considerable rate of speed and in much soul-agitation go."

How true this is. It was what we saw happen in the case of Gordon Carlisle, and it had happened with Packy. Immediately on his return to the château, he had started out on a walk which, lasting as it did for several hours, had caused him to absent himself from the dinner table. The dinner hour had come and gone without his noticing it. If he gave it a thought, it was merely to let his mind rest for an instant on the idea of food and then wince disgustedly away again.

And now, in the small hours, sitting smoking at his window, he was surprised and a little revolted to find that the agony had abated to so noticeable an extent that it was only by prodding his wounded soul that he could still succeed in feeling adequately miserable.

This change of mood puzzled him. It would not have puzzled Schwertfeger.

"The long and muscle-exercising walk concluded," writes Schwertfeger, "and the subject having to his room in much physical exhaustion returned, it now frequently happens that he will in a chair with his feet up sit and a pipe light, and in 65.09 per cent of cases examined it has been established that at this point he will with clarity and a sudden falling of scales from the eyes the position of affairs reëxamine and

(Continued on page 42)

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For My Lady

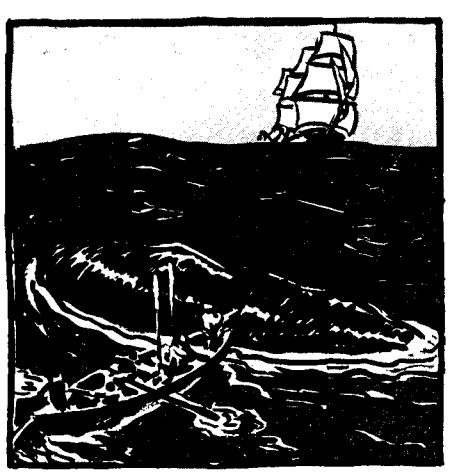
A curious and fascinating drama of the sea

By Albert Richard Wetjen

THERE were three of them fighting, and two of them hoped to eat the third. The thresher shark, one fork of his tail enormously elongated, leaped clear of the sea and brought that tail down with a crack that could be heard three miles away. There was a tremendous flurry in the water and into the thick of it the swordfish charged with all the fury and velocity of a shell shot from a gun, a white and bubbling wake streaming out behind him. His aim was true but the trouble was his target did not keep still. Instead of the pointed lance plunging home in a vital spot it met the blank wall of a mighty head that could have been solid India rubber for all the impression that was made. The sword glanced off. There was another flurry and then a pair of massive jaws sheared together and the swordfish was gone. He had been well over fifteen feet in length but that did not matter. He was little more than an appetizer.

The thresher shark turned to flee as disaster overtook his companion, but behind him there came in wrath and thunder some one hundred tons of vindictive sperm whale, seventy feet of energy, power and hunger. The chase spread over six miles of ocean. It went down to a depth of two hundred fathoms, came up again, twisted and turned and cork-screwed. And then at last, with a final desperate effort, the thresher, slender as a torpedo, flung himself clear of the sea, his steel-gray body glistening in the morning sun.

There was a roar as of a cataract behind him as the sperm breached too. The terrible jaws sheared together in



mid-air and the thresher fell in two halves. With a crash that shook the world the sperm struck the sea again, swallowed twice and then wallowed comfortably in the foam of his own commotion while he caught his breath, a feather of spray lifting at regular intervals from the S-shaped hole in the top of his head.

He was a remarkable creature in many ways, this whale. An eon or so ago his ancestors had run through the primeval forests and they had been very small. Now he was the biggest living thing in the world, black on top and shading imperceptibly to brown beneath; with a head that occupied fully one third of his body; with a long narrow under-jaw set with fifty conical ivory teeth; and with a cavernous mouth capable of swallowing two men whole. Inside that mouth myriads of tiny molluscs and other sea life made their home, just as innumerable of their relations made their home in the wrinkles and sea growths of the giant's skin.

That skin, too, was something to talk about. In places it was two feet thick and beneath it there was an incredible layer of solid and important fat, important and famous for many reasons. It not only wrapped the giant sperm with a blanket of protection that kept him warm and safe, but on that fat cities had been built and even nations. In the search for that fat far islands had been discovered, new coasts, new seas, new rivers, new harbors. Untold thousands of men and countless generations had been nourished upon it. The cachalot, the sperm whale (*Physeter macrocephalus* to be exact), was a creature of consequence.

JUST now he was hungry in spite of the ton or so of fresh fish he had just consumed. He had a lot of bulk to keep up and he was usually hungry. It is a peculiar curse of nature that the more food any given creature must eat to keep itself alive the more energy it must expend to catch that food. And the more energy it expends the more food it must catch. It is rather involved but true, a very vicious circle. And so, after his little business with the swordfish and the thresher shark, our sperm was still hungry.

He decided to do something about it after a while and with a flick of his tail started off at a steady ten knots towards a feeding ground he was well acquainted with, and which he would never have left had it not been for a certain lady whale. In fact our sperm had been resting upon the surface of the sea after a hard fight with another bull when he had been attacked, during which process the lady had departed with the defeated rival, which was strictly against all the rules. He now dismissed that matter from his mind, however, and settled down to a steady passage that would take him across five degrees of latitude—a trifle for the cachalot, which ranges the world.

He did not pause to rest. When a whale is making a passage he holds a course as steady as if his brain possessed a compass and weariness appears to be a stranger to him. So our sperm

At last they shot to the very surface,

drove on, hour after hour, his flukes boiling the sea and his mighty tail lashing his wake to foam. Towards evening a low but persistent pulsing caught his acute hearing and then the water ahead of him began to riffle and churn as if a great fire had been lighted under it. He checked his passage then, stopped and solemnly sat on his tail, lifting his massive head some twenty feet in the air and while in this position slowly revolving so that his little weak eyes, when he had completed the circle, had embraced the whole horizon.

He located the source of the noise and the direction of the disturbed water and, satisfied, he resumed his normal horizontal position, dug in with his flukes again and proceeded on his course. As he progressed a vast shadowy mass loomed closer and when he was near enough he could see it was a school of mullet, millions and millions of them, and millions and millions more, showing the careless prodigality of nature and the inexhaustible fertility of the sea.

From the vanguard of the school to the very rear was a matter of a full mile. In width the school ran perhaps half that distance but from the surface down to a depth of a hundred fathoms the mullet were packed so closely it seemed incredible they could swim. The air above was dark with vast flocks of screaming, diving birds, while the sea astern was dotted with countless other birds sitting on the water, too gorged to rise again. Upon the flanks of the moving mass swarmed hundreds of blue pointer sharks, several gray nurse sharks, a few killer whales and one gigantic tiger shark strayed far from his normal haunts. They were all eating with the tireless voracity of their kind, and how many they had consumed may not be known, but they had certainly made no appreciable inroads upon the mullet school. The mullet themselves were quite indifferent, swimming steadily forward to some definite rendezvous, oblivious to the ravenous swarms that beset them from above and below and from all sides.

The sperm did not like fish generally. He would not have gone out of his way by a hair's-breadth to search for them unless he had been literally starving. But since here they were, right in his path, he did not see why opportunity should be lost. So he opened his cavern of a mouth and plowed through the heart of the school, swallowing mullet by the hundredweight in an absent-minded manner, much like a man who has set himself the task of eating his way through a not particularly tasty watermelon. He did not check his speed nor did he deviate from the line of his passage, though he had to redouble the thrust of his flukes to force himself ahead against the solid wall of fish.

HE BROKE clear at last and the school flowed on behind him as if he had never passed through it. A gray nurse shark, a little excited with so much going on, so far forgot himself as to try to tear a chunk of blubber from the sperm's flank as he passed, and he died rather appallingly under one flip of the mighty tail to toss, bottom-up, a bloody pulp in the cachalot's wake.

The night fell and the sperm swam on. The moon, hanging a golden ball in the star-filled sky, glinted on the somber marble of his back and flung warm lights along his sides. A string of porpoise swerved to give him passage, although they were warm-blooded mammals and the sperm never ate his own kind. A ton-size batfish, bad-tempered and vicious at being awakened, flicked his whip-like tail that could cut another fish well-nigh in half. It rasped harmlessly against the sperm's great flat-fronted head and the next instant a fluke took the batfish across the back and sent him broken and dying towards the ocean floor.

With the dawn the whale birds came

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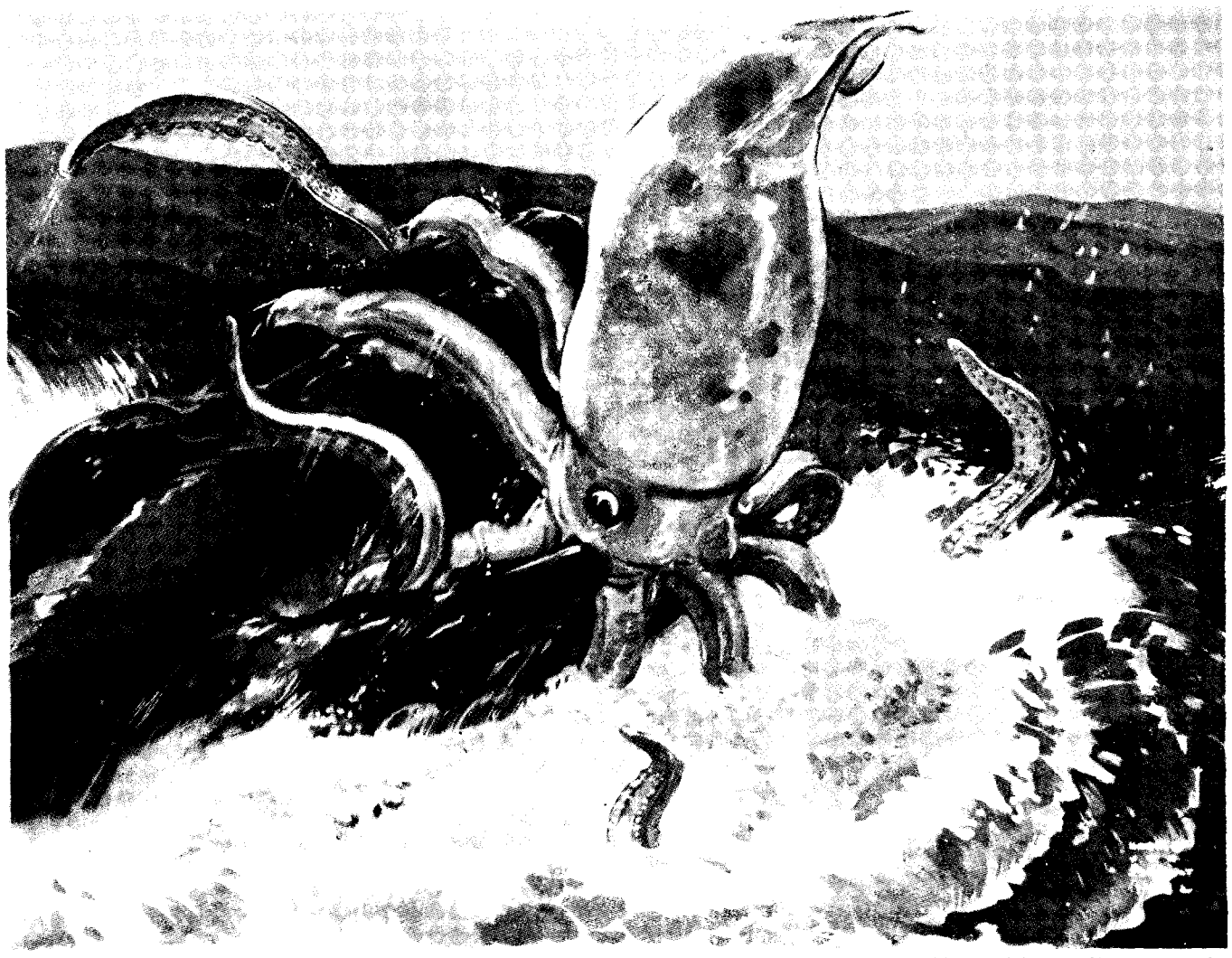

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

where the bright sun looked down upon the nightmare from the depths

winging in the sperm's wake. There was always food where the whale was, fragments from his own feasts or good pickings upon his vast back when he finally condescended to lie motionless on the water. The birds could descend then and peck around the sea growths that clustered the skin or dig out the tiny crustacea from the thick wrinkles, for a whale supports more life on his hide than a dog does fleas.

It was afternoon when the sperm checked his steady gait. A spout appeared ahead of him, then another and another. The sea was covered with whales, old scarred bulls, young bulls, ancient cows, young mothers, here and there calves gamboling and diving and spouting. On the far horizon loomed the purple line of a coast. Above, the sky was clear blue. The sea was satin-smooth and green. The wind was too light to lift the ripples. And below, far below, there were the feeding grounds. The sperm drifted into the whale city and stopped. He was enormously hungry but he was also a little tired now. In an hour or two he would eat.

DOWN, far down, nearly five hundred fathoms down, there was another world. The darkness was a solid thing. Not a ray of green seeped down from above, not the ghost of a ray. Everything was black and icy cold and in this blackness and this coldness nightmares lived and moved, such nightmares as the mind may not even conceive. There was utter, unconscious and impartial cruelty. There were appetites so incredible that all the food in the world could not suffice them. Five hundred fathoms down nature had gone completely mad.

There were small fishes with immense eyes and no appreciable mouths. There were big fishes with no eyes and mouths that literally split the body. There were some shaped like balloons, some like sausages, some like cones and some as flat as a sheet of paper. There were fishes with lights along their sides, like the portholes of a vessel, spots of glowing phosphorescence. There were other fishes with clear lamps hung from the top of tall stems that grew from out of the head, a lure and a trap for prey. There were fishes that could swallow things larger than themselves and others that fastened upon their prey and leisurely ate it, a piece at a time, while it lived and went about its business. There were great gray snakes with manes like those of horses; and pallid white snakes that writhed in the ooze of the sea floor. But all of these lived beneath a terror greater than they were themselves; beneath the shadow, had there been shadows in that inky darkness, of an enormous nightmare with a soft yielding body, with a great rending beak like the beak of a parrot, with awful glassy goggle eyes and immense arms.

He drifted like a vast cloud through that cold and darkness, his strange body colored beautifully green and purple and glossy black, with splotches of sick gray between. He could, when he wished, move with lightning rapidity, spurting out a jet of water from an opening under his head, and he could move either backward or forward as he chose, but mostly he preferred to drift. Two of his arms were over fifty feet long, always moving about in the darkness, always probing and searching. And as soon as they touched anything eight other arms, forty feet long, leaped to aid them, to wrap around and draw the frantic prey towards the gaping parrot beak. Such arms they were!—fitted with suction cups fringed each with claws so that once they took hold they never let go. At the bases, where they joined the bloated egg-shaped body, they were as thick as a man and there was incredible power hidden within them.

They were seldom at rest, those terrible arms. Always and ever they itched for the feel of food and never was their owner even remotely satiated. He possessed the most powerful digestive juices in the world and from the time food passed through his beak until the time it was completely digested was a matter of minutes alone. He was nothing but a huge stomach, incredible and foul—a living horror. His name was *Architenthis* but all men called him the deep-sea squid, the lord of the lower depths. And he *was* such a lord as long as he remained there, and until the whale came.

THE sperm had sounded after his rest on the surface of the water, had gone down with one immense flip of his tail and plunged straight through the light green depths that changed to dark green, to a somber slatey hue and then grew dark and black. He did not go clear to the ocean floor. The pressure was too great for him there, and he straightened out after a while and swam slowly ahead, listening for a pulse in the water or for any other sound that would warn him that life was about. Below him, he knew, far below there were those luscious, soft and jelly-like squids upon which he doted, but they were too far down for him to venture. He had to search and wait. Sometime, sooner or later, one of those monstrous shapes would come spurting upward to the higher depths in search of food, for the sea floor never afforded enough to satisfy the stomach of a squid.

For an hour the sperm ranged up and down. Occasional shoals of smaller fish brushed by him; once a massive white shark cut in front of him, forty feet of viciousness looking for a squid himself; once a tremendous swarm of black eels wriggled by on their way to their spawning grounds, and behind them undulated a great gray sea snake steadily swallowing up the rear guard. The sperm took no notice of all this. He was intent on squid, the principal and favorite food of the cachalot. But at the end of an hour, having located nothing, he began to ascend, rising up like a balloon with hardly a movement of his flukes. He had to breathe. Once every hour or so when he was under the sea he had to breathe again. He broke the surface with a washing of water that sounded like the combers breaking on a reef and his spout blew white and high. He rested for some minutes, filled his lungs with air and then went down again.

HE WAS more fortunate this time. *Architenthis* the squid had caught the rhythm of a shoal of great red schnapper passing above and, forgetting everything except his insatiable hunger, came upward from his depths, the water jet spurting from the hole beneath his head and his arms all trailing along after him.

He shot into the schnapper shoal like a monstrous cloud and his arms sprayed out, gathering the big fish towards him. They could not escape. From fifty feet away his arms fastened on them and brought them in; and the parrot beak opened and closed and opened and closed unwearied.

The squid was really so busy and the schnapper were disturbing the water so much he did not sense danger. The sperm had caught the rhythm of the passing shoal and the following disturbance and came shooting along to investigate. He did not need to come very close to tell what was happening. There was a vague muskiness in the water, the steady blur-blur of a water jet as the squid propelled himself, and so the sperm drove in.

The first thing the squid knew one of his arms slipped against a massive bulk that was certainly not a schnapper and then that arm was sheared off and was gone. Thereafter madness broke loose. The squid dived frantically and as he dived there shot from him a vast cloud of sepia to blacken the already black water in an effort to confuse the sperm. But the sperm was hunting by sound and not by sight. He caught the squid by the side of the head and furiously backed. The squid just as furiously went ahead and there was a tug of war for a while. The sperm knew and the squid knew that if they reached another fifty fathoms down the pressure would be too great and the sperm would have to abandon the fight. And so they were locked.

Shaking his captive as a terrier shakes a rat, the sperm suddenly plunged ahead as if to go down with the squid, but instead of doing that he came up in a long arc and against the full forward thrust of his flukes and his tail the squid battled in vain. Up and up they fought, the mighty arms threshing about to get a hold upon the sperm and the sperm shaking savagely. And at the last they shot to the very surface of the sea where the bright sun looked down upon the nightmare from the depths. The sperm closed his jaws tight, wrenched a huge chunk of the jelly-like flesh from the squid's side, bolted it and plunged into the fight again before the squid could go down.

The squid had twisted to face his foe, to bring his arms into play. They closed about the sperm like a living net and the parrot beak scraped and rasped against the thick India rubber head, scoring grooves in it but doing no other damage. The sperm's mighty jaws sheared together and two arms were cropped clear, to lie writhing and twisting like living serpents on the swells. He paid no attention to them but, taking a fresh grip on the pulsing, jelly-like body, just beneath the great goggling black eyes, the sperm calmly commenced to eat his way through it in the same absent-minded manner he had exhibited when he had eaten

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his way through the mullet school the day before.

The whale birds gathered overhead in flocks. A young sperm calf with its mother came cautiously closer and bolted the two cropped arms. With a crash of his mighty tail the sperm warned them off and went on with his meal. In an hour it was over and there showed on the surface only a big greasy patch, a few fragments of squid the birds were occupied with and the sperm, full fed at last, lazily settling himself to sleep.

He spent many days thus with like companions. Sometimes he would be successful in finding one of the great squids, sometimes he would not. The feeding grounds were getting exhausted or the squids were growing more cautious. Fewer and fewer ventured into the upper levels where food was more plentiful and, since no living sperm could go deep enough to force them up to the surface, the whale city slowly broke up, small pods of bulls and calves and cows leaving every day to seek fresh grounds.

Our sperm would have gone with them eventually but he was taken sick as all sperms are periodically.

Of all of the squids he had eaten he was unable to digest the terrible pointed claws that fringed their arm suckers, and the terrible parrot beaks that guarded their mouths. These sat in his stomach and irritated it, passed into his intestines and irritated them. And so he was sick and in pain while mysterious processes inside him created layer after layer of fatty phlegm about these masses of beaks and claws, wrapping them in a covering that would protect the sperm's organs from their points and hardness. It was, in a measure, exactly like the oyster creating coat upon coat of nacre about some torturing substance that had found its way into its tender body, forming at last a pearl.

ON THE fourth day of the whale's sickness there came a strange thing across the sea. It had a long, gray-painted body and three tall masts clothed with white sails. The sperm lay upon the swells, feebly moving his flukes, while the long, gray-painted body moved close to him. Then something terrible happened. A long spear of fire struck him in the side and then expanded to blow open his whole body. He reared up, the sting of the bomb-harpoon waking him to action, and then with a tremendous flurry he went down, fathom after fathom of line snaking out behind him.

Down and down he went. He had never gone so deep before and the water seemed to close about him as tight as an iron band. He had to come up then, his lungs full of blood, and he shot from the sea twisting in agony, to fall back in the bloody welter which he threshed to bloodier foam. Twice more he attempted to sound but could not, and then he drifted with the swell, the foam subsiding about him, his flukes still making little feeble twitches until he died. Boats came out to secure him and dark-skinned Kanakas walked on his back.

On the poop deck of the whaling ship Gunross her two owners leaned on the rail and watched. One man was tall and lean, with a lantern jaw and fierce dark eyes. The other man was of medium height, broader, with a pock-marked face and a mouth that twisted up at one side.

"He must have been pretty sick to lay there and wait for us," said the tall man reflectively. His companion grunted:

"Hope he was sick enough."

The other man seemed to comprehend that strange statement.

"Hope so," he agreed.

They watched then until the last of the bloody foam had subsided and the boats were towing the sperm alongside, and then the tall man uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed.

"There's some!" he said, his voice tight.

THE shorter man straightened with a sharp oath and then both of them moved simultaneously amidship where they launched the dinghy and, ignoring the questioning looks of their native crew, pulled rapidly to that spot where the sperm had died. They pulled steadily, with an air of tense excitement, and when they checked the boat they stared overside, awed by the several lumps of what looked like dirty tallow bobbing on the surface.

"Five pieces," said the tall man after a while.

"I've never seen so much together," agreed his companion. Their voices were hoarse and shaken. They reached over and lifted the stuff into the dinghy, grunting with the weight of it. And when they had done they stared down at the stuff as it lay oozing on the bottom boards.

"More'n two hundred pounds," said the tall man. He stared bleakly at his companion. The shorter man bent down and dug his fingers into one greasy mass. He brought them out again holding between them several squid claws and part of a parrot beak. He put them to his nostrils and closed his eyes at the sweet, earthy odor.

"It's ambergris all right," he said. "That whale was pretty sick."

The tall man still stared at him with bleak eyes.

"Worth fifteen dollars an ounce," he said thinly. "Maybe more. We're in luck this voyage."

The other nodded but said nothing. He seemed to be thinking. They got out their oars and pulled back for the ship. The native crew was already cutting into the whale and the try-works amidship were already blazing, while over the ship began to drift the sickening, acrid reek of whale oil. When they came to cut open the sperm's stomach in search for more ambergris they found another thirty pounds. For them the dream of all whalers had come true. They had made their fortune with one catch.

For two days the try-works flickered and blazed and the great drums in the holds were filled with oil. Then the decks were cleaned up; the native crew was sent below to rest. It was early night and the tall man and the shorter man walked up and down the poop, smoking their cigars and thinking. At the wheel a native peered intently at the glow of the compass bowl.

"We'll sell that stuff in 'Frisco," said the shorter man. "We'll be rich."

"Yes, we'll be rich," agreed the tall man. They paced up and down and then the short man went to the rail and looked over at the water. The tall man came and stood behind him.

"I guess I'll quit the sea and get married," said the shorter man reflectively. The tall man looked this way and that way along the dark deck.

"I guess I'll quit the sea too," he said, and he struck hard with a belaying pin he took from the rail. There was a faint splash then, lost in the booming of the wind in the sail, in the slatting of lines and the rattling of blocks, in the wash of the water along the hull. The tall man walked aft towards the helmsman, his cigar glowing contentedly between his lips.

"Seen anything of my partner?" asked the tall man idly. The native stared up at him and shook his head, the whites of his eyes bright in his face. He had been very busy steering. He had thought the white men had been together. No, he had seen nothing.

"That's what I thought," said the tall man cryptically, and he went below for a drink with a thin smile upon his lips.

THE leading perfumer of San Francisco was extremely glad to obtain the large supply of ambergris the whaling ship Gunross brought in. The stuff was rare enough and the clever chemical substitutes science had produced were still not worthy of the best scents. So, in the course of time, the squid's beaks and the sucker claws were weaned from the mass; and many strange and mysterious transfusions took place. Until at last a lovely woman stopped before a window and desired a little green bottle that was worth more than its weight in gold.

This lovely woman wore furs about her shoulders and pearls about her throat; soft and sensuous warmth, transluscent beauty born out of sickness and of pain. She did not think of this, nor did her companion when he bought her the little green bottle. Why should they connect a little green bottle with a beautifully colored nightmare five hundred fathoms deep, with one hundred tons of sick whale resting upon a purple sea, with sweat and blood and death? And why should they care?

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Until recent times, Europe believed that animals had sufficient intelligence to be responsible for their acts and therefore brought them to trial in courts of law when they caused the death of human beings or cattle. Sometimes their sentences were commuted on the grounds of relative youth or reputation for respectability.

Throughout many European countries, millions of persons not only celebrate their birthday but also their "name day," the day which honors the saint after whom they were named.—*By G. A. Johansson, Worcester, Mass.*

The use of red ink, contrary to general opinion, has decreased considerably during the past two years. —*By Mrs. L. P. Damswood, Santa Ana, Calif.*

The Chicago World's Fair will be opened by the light of the star Arcturus on the night of June 1, 1933, irrespective of weather conditions. If cloudy skies prevent the use of the direct rays, "canned" light of the star—previously gathered by a telescope, absorbed by a phosphorescent substance and frozen in liquid air—will be substituted.

Despite the numerous flavors on the market, approximately 65 per cent of all ice cream consumed in this country today is vanilla. — *By B. J. Atchison, Washington, D. C.*

The fastest-running animal in existence is the cheetah or hunting leopard, which has been known to attain - for short distances — a speed of 80 miles an hour.—*By G. X. Allen, Bay City, Mich.*

At least half of the marriages taking place throughout the world today are not preceded by courtship or inspired by mutual love. They are family alliances arranged by parents.

Aphids, or plant lice, the majority of which are females hatched from unfertilized eggs, have been known to give birth to 94 successive generations without the intervention or birth of a single male.—*By P. R. Taylor, Wellesley, Mass.*

African ranchers, when driving herds of cattle through the dangerous tsetse fly belt of northern Rhodesia, sometimes protect each animal with a closely fitting suit of khaki and smear its only exposed parts—horns, eyelids, nose and hoofs —with wagon grease.

Bamboo grows to such height and strength in Ceylon that it is used for masts on sailing vessels and in bridge construction. One kind is taller than a 10-story building and more than a foot in diameter.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York

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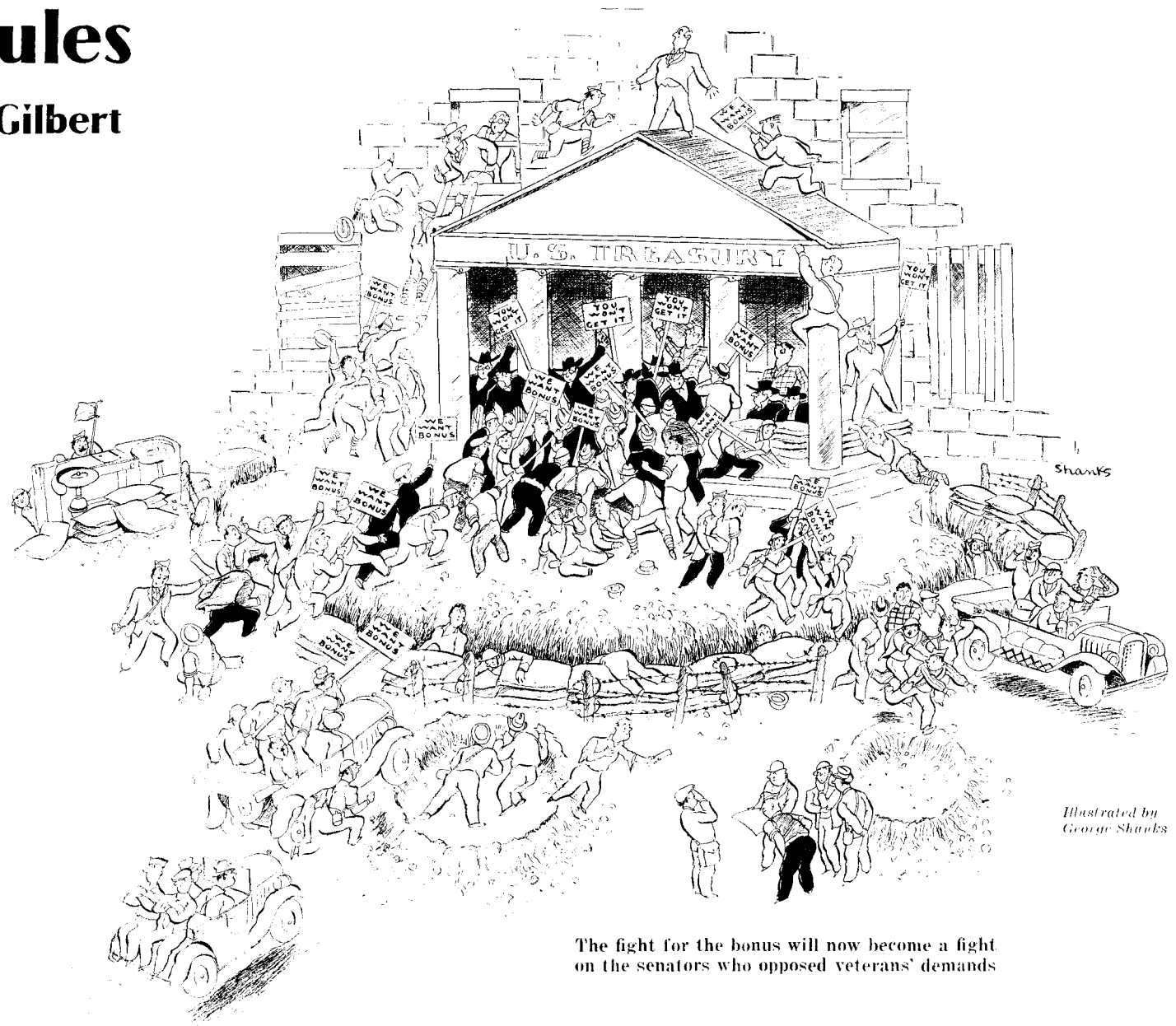
Fright Rules

By Clinton W. Gilbert



Illustrated by George Shanks

The fight for the bonus will now become a fight on the senators who opposed veterans' demands

THE country is facing a crisis in the legislative branch of the Federal government, especially in the more popular part of the legislative branch, the House of Representatives. Representative government, as the framers of the Constitution conceived it, was almost in dissolution in this session of Congress. And in the next Congress this process of dissolution promises to be carried much farther. When the next House turns up in Washington one hundred or more new members will be responsive chiefly to minority rackets in their various districts.

These rackets have found a way of perverting the whole theory of majority rule, at least so far as a good part of the House is concerned and to a less extent the Senate, which is elected from larger units of population and for longer terms. Instead of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, we approach a government of the rackets, by the rackets and for the rackets.

Machine control of the House which, in the past, has enforced in a body dominated by localism a certain sense of national responsibility, broke down in this session of Congress. It broke down partly by reason of the narrow Democratic majority but mostly because the average member of the House now fears the minority rackets in his district more than he does the power of the House machine.

What has been witnessed in this session in the House merely reflects what has taken place in the districts. A voting racket differs from the more familiar racket of the cities only in that the racket in the cities uses the terror of machine guns and sandbags; the voting racket uses the terror of defeat.

A member of one of the party committees having to do with the election of representatives in Congress told me the other day that a curious change had taken place in the requests he receives for information to be used in the primary elections.

"Opponents of the sitting members used to write me," he said, "for party material, for platforms, for speeches or statements that had been made setting forth the party position on the issues of the day. Now they want to do spy work. Has the member got his wife on the pay roll? How did he vote on some bill that some minority is interested in? If there is no record of that vote, was the member present when the bill was up for vote? Did he do anything to further or prevent its passage? Politics in the districts has become mean and personal. Nobody cares whether the member has been a good and regular party man. The aim is to beat him by an appeal to some minority."

The variety of the minorities is amazing. A former congressman from Pennsylvania told me the other day that several Republican congressmen from his state were defeated in 1930 by the Eagles. The Eagles, I understand, are a benevolent order, non-political in their general activities. But they advocate old-age pensions. The Republican congressmen from Pennsylvania who were defeated had avoided committing themselves on old-age pensions and, coming from districts that were close in 1930, the Eagles were able to compass their defeat.

This is not the usual selfish political racket, for the Eagles sought no advantage exclusively for themselves. But what the Eagles did illustrates the power of minorities.

A typical racket is that of the American Taxpayers League conducted by a man named Arnold in Washington and thoroughly exposed in the Senate lobby investigation. I describe it not because it is any longer important but because it shows how such a racket provides good jobs at good pay in Washington. And it is to the interests of the well-paid officers in Washington to keep the racket going, to stir up the members of the racket back home, to make demands on Congress. Unless the racket has some objective it will die out.

The Congressional Bogey-Man

The Taxpayers League existed only in the mind of Arnold. He solicits contributions from taxpayers all over the country, has agents in the field to raise the money, on the pretense of reducing the taxes the taxpayers have to pay. Arnold emits propaganda, lobbies at the Capital and promotes candidates against members who refuse to vote as he tells them to vote or who perhaps kick him out of their offices.

Speaker Garner has always favored high estate taxes. The Arnold outfit has several times financed candidates against him in his district, unsuccessfully, but imagine how easy it is to scare the average member out of his senses by financing a candidate against him.

The biggest racket of all is, of course, the veterans' racket. It has boosted the cost of the care of veterans to over one billion dollars a year. It was able in this session to keep Congress from making any considerable reduction in this vast expense, one fourth the cost of the government. It got one billion dollars in cash for the veterans a couple of years ago. It demanded at this session a further cash payment of $2,500,000,000. It is estimated that the veteran racket will cost the people of this country $100,000,000,000 before we see the end of it.

Many thousands of ragged and jobless veterans descended on the Capital to enforce this demand. When the Senate, to its credit, rejected the $2,500,000,000 cash bonus bill the leader of this army said, "We shall defeat every man who voted against the cash payment." And so they will, unless the people of the country who pay the taxes have sense enough to unite against this racket and support the members who stood against its insolent demand. There are several millions of veterans. They have the balance of power, at least in the primaries, in practically every district and state. Congress is in terror of the veterans.

Lesser rackets also terrify Congress. The economy bill in the House was glutted for fear of the organized government employees, especially the organized postal employees. Even individuals terrify Congress. The county agent, who is supposed to teach the farmers how to farm, but who really teaches them how to vote, is especially feared. And so is the rural mail carrier, who stops and talks with everyone.

The direct primary system more than anything else is responsible for the power of the minority rackets. Consider the experience of Willis C. Hawley, who recently was defeated for renomination for Congress from Oregon. Mr. Hawley, one of the authors of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, had been in Congress for a quarter of a century. He represented a district with a Republican majority of about 50,000. Once nominated he could not be defeated, not even in this bad year for Republicans.

The only way an opponent could beat him was in the party primary.

How Mr. Hawley Lost His Job

Hawley got a soldiers' home for his district, which ordinarily is great evidence in the district of the value of a member's services.

But he made the mistake of naming the town in which the soldiers' home should be located. Ordinarily a member discreetly leaves that to the Veterans Administration. By picking out the town himself, Mr. Hawley incurred the ill will of a certain minority. They voted against him in the primary. This is not the case of an organized racket, but it illustrates how the direct primary plays into the hands of minorities.

We adopted the direct primary system of making nominations to break the power of the political machine. It broke the power of the machine and delivered us over to the minority rackets. Now the rackets have two shots at a member seeking reëlection—in the primary and in the general election.

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Charles Lassell

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They came upon the vision of the priest like an answer and a revelation

HIS parishioners called the Abbé Marignan the Soldier of God. He merited the title. He was tall and lean, devout to fanaticism, but just, and of an exalted nature. All his beliefs were invincible. Nothing could shake them. He imagined that his own understanding of Divinity was complete, that God's will was revealed to him with the greatest clarity.

Sometimes, as he walked in his garden meditating, some question would present itself to the mind of the Abbé Marignan. He would say to himself: "Why has God fashioned such a thing?" Then, putting himself in the place of Deity, he would search obstinately until he had found a reason. He always found a satisfactory one. In his system everything was reasonable, everything was good.

But he feared women; he feared them without knowing it, despised them by instinct. Woman for him was the temptress who had ensnared the first man and continued her evil work; the being whose weakness was strength, who was dangerous, mysterious and troubling. More than her treacherous beauty, he feared her craving for love. He could see but one reason for woman, that she was made to tempt man and to test him. She should be approached with caution and trepidation, as though she were an ambush. . . .

The abbé had a niece who lived with her mother in a cottage close by. It was his design that she should espouse the Church and take the veil. She was a pretty little thing, light-hearted and mischievous. She loved to tease him. When he sermonized, she laughed; when he was vexed she embraced him, kissed him, pressed him to her heart. Her behavior—even while he admonished her—made him taste a certain sweet joy, the stirring of the emotions of fatherhood that lie deep in every man.

The wife of the sacristan, who kept house for the Abbé Marignan, took the good man aside one day and informed him that his niece had a lover!

This dreadful news interrupted him at his shaving. He stood transfixed, choking with emotion, his face all covered with lather. When he found his voice he said: "It's not true. You are lying, Mélanie!"

But the woman insisted: "I swear to you, Monsieur le Curé, she meets him every night as soon as your sister sleeps. Go to the river between ten and midnight, and see for yourself."

The abbé resumed his shaving and cut himself three times from nose to ear. All day long he was tormented. He raged against the mighty power of this love that he feared and detested, this love that now had led a child, whose soul was in his keeping, to deceive him, to rob him, to trifle with him. He suffered all the selfish anguish of the parent whose offspring has deserted him for a mate.

That night at ten, armed with a heavy cudgel, the abbé opened the door of his house. Even in his towering rage, he was checked on his threshold by the splendor of such moonlight as happens only now and then. It caught him unawares, challenged his exalted spirit—such a spirit as must have filled those dreamer-poets, the Fathers of the Church—and he felt himself, all at once, soothed and moved by the grandeur, the serene beauty of the night.

HE STEPPED out into his little garden where the fruit trees stood in rows, bathed in the soft brilliance, their slender branches shadowed on the walk. Pacing slowly, his breath came deep; he drank the air as a drunkard quaffs wine. He was ravished, bewitched, to such a point that he half forgot his niece. But he proceeded and came into the open. Presently he stopped to contemplate the sweep of the valley, flooded by this caressing radiance, drenched in peace and languid loveliness. He listened to the frogs, chanting in resonant chorus. In the distance, wooed by the moonlight, nightingales mingled their fragile music—a delicate melody attuned to kisses—with the voices of the night.

The abbé pursued his way. But he felt that his courage was failing. He felt enfeebled, and then exhausted. He longed to rest his limbs, to stop where he was and render praise to God and all his works. Below him, fringing the bends of the little river, a line of poplars wound away. Along the river's banks, veiling the tortuous course of the stream in a light, transparent film, a fine mist floated—a white vapor, which the rays of the moon laced and silvered until it gleamed.

The priest stood silent, his spirit penetrated by a swelling emotion. And a doubt, an elusive uneasiness, pervaded him. One of those questions he sometimes asked himself was being born.

Why had God fashioned all this? Since the night is for sleep, for oblivion, for repose, for forgetfulness of everything, why make it lovelier than the day, more gracious than dawn and sunset? And the moon, this mild beguiling star, more poetical than the sun, and so gentle that it seems designed to reveal things too delicate, too mysterious, for the greater luminary—why had it been set to brighten all the shades? Why did the sweetest of songsters take this time to sing, instead of sleeping like the others? Why this shining veil of half-light over the world? Why these flutterings of the heart, this exaltation of the soul, this melting of the flesh? Why this pageant of strange beauty which mankind seldom sees, since night brings sleep? For whom was this sublime spectacle displayed, this flood of poetry poured from heaven down to earth? The abbé found no answer and could not understand.

But suddenly, below him, along the border of a silver field, two shadows walking side by side appeared.

The man was tall. His arm was laid about his sweetheart's shoulders. From time to time he stooped and kissed her forehead. Walking together they seemed a single creature, the being for whom this hushed and placid night was designed. And they came upon the vision of the priest like an answer and a revelation. They seemed the answer offered by his Master to his question.

HE STOOD motionless, overcome, tremulous. He likened this vision to some story of Scripture, and thought of the love of Ruth and Boaz. Here before his eyes, he thought, was such an accomplishment of the will of Heaven as the sages of the Bible have pictured. Fragments from the Song of Songs ran through his head—the ardent pleas, the calls of the flesh, all the passionate poetry of that poem which burns with tenderness, with love.

And the abbé said to himself, "God perhaps has made such nights as this to clothe with his ideals the loves of men."

He withdrew before the lovers and they passed on in the moonlight, arm in arm. He saw that the girl was indeed his cherished niece. And now he asked himself if he had not been on the point of opposing God. For it must be that God permits love, since he surrounds it visibly with such splendor.

And the abbé went homeward, bemused, remorseful. It was as if he had trespassed in some sacred shrine.

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Here's Health to You

Now that sickness has become a luxury, all but the most confirmed pessimists have gone in for preventive medicine, with the following happy results

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer

Out-of-doors exercise can be great fun and quite inexpensive

I WANT to see you professionally," the young woman telephoned, "and I'm not the least bit sick. Can you beat it?"

"It sounds fine," I replied. "Come ahead."

I had always associated this patient with chauffeurs and French nurses, dignified butlers and gardeners who pulled a forelock as you drove through the park leading to the house. She blew in, driving a station wagon, with one of the children beside her. The child was left to play in the sand pile while she came into the office.

"You not only don't look sick," I remarked, "you're positively glowing with health."

"I know it," she admitted. "Poverty agrees with me. I'm doing everything but the cooking. But this is the point: I'm soft. I don't know how long I'm going to last at this pace, and I haven't time to be sick. Up till now I've never bothered about what I ate, just so long as I didn't get fat. Now I'm all for health. I want you to tell me just what to eat to get the best of it: how I can squeeze in a little inexpensive exercise so that I won't get too tired; you know—a nice cheap health regimen."

She is the perfect answer, this patient, to the question that is asked every doctor, nowadays, twenty times a week—what is the effect of the present hard times on the people's health? Maybe if this question had been asked us in the first months of the depression we could not have given such an optimistic answer. But now that a great many people have adjusted themselves to an income smaller than they ever expected to have, the health outlook for those who are not actually in want is very cheerful.

Particularly when they acknowledge at the start that their lives must be revamped a bit if they are to be successful working wives, do the women benefit by their new situation. The regimen we laid out for my cheerful friend was as follows:

In the matter of diet, when she lived a life of comparative leisure it didn't matter much what she ate, so long as she got one good, balanced meal a day—generally dinner at night. As a working woman she needed three meals a day, all of them balanced. So we ordered for her:

Breakfast: Fruit, an egg, toast and butter, coffee with cream.

Lunch (with the children): Meat or fish, vegetables or a salad, potato or bread and butter.

Tea-time: Tea and toast, if her weight stayed the same. Milk and cookies if she were losing even a little.

Dinner: Meat, potato and vegetables. Soup, or salad or dessert as the other course.

This woman had a good many things to do for her children before she could sit down to her breakfast, so she was to have orange juice or a cup of coffee immediately on rising. When she found herself hungry before lunch-time, she ate raw fruit or drank a glass of milk.

In the matter of exercise, which worried her most, we discussed two things. First, the fact that housework, although it uses energy and tires us, can seldom be classed as exercise. The reasons for this are that housework becomes habitual, and in doing it we use only a limited number of muscles; and also that housework is considered a chore, and we don't get much fun out of it.

Housework with a Double Purpose

The minute we correct one of these faults of housework, we correct the other. Go at it either way. Make it a game, and you can't do it automatically. It becomes exercise and it's rather fun. This patient told me afterward that she was glad her housework could be done in private, as she was sure anybody watching her would have reported her to a lunacy commission. She attacked her beds when she made them as if she were a wrestler and the bed Jim Londos himself. She cleaned a room like a whirlwind descending on an unsuspecting village. "And," she added, "you never saw such beautiful beds or such clean rooms."

The second point in the exercise discussion was how to get some out-of-doors exercise that was less expensive than golf or tennis or swimming, and yet fitted in with her duties with her children. Being a young woman, she took up baseball and kick-the-wicket and games I have long since forgotten, such as Red Rover and Black Tom and she said they worked out wonderfully. "On days when I feel old," she admitted, "I just walk in the woods and let the children run in circles around me."

In the matter of rest, the rules were firm. There was to be a half-hour, at the time most practicable, but preferably soon after lunch, of real rest, prostrate, with windows open and eyes closed. Six nights a week she was to be in bed at ten or earlier.

The final rules concerned what we called "nerve-saving." "At times," she said, "I find I have to fight to keep everything I have to do from getting on my nerves." For this we decided to develop a system. Her duties were classed as those which had to be done, those she would like to have done, and those it would be pleasant to be able to do. For the necessary duties, a definite time was set aside. The others were done if there was ample time, and if she didn't have to hurry to do them.

"What you are advising me to do," she complained, "is not to be too good a housekeeper."

"Exactly," I admitted. "If there is dust on the piano, don't apologize to the unexpected caller, just write your name in it."

The Benefits of Hard Times

The fact that health has come to be regarded as an actual asset, that large numbers of people have begun to take an active interest in preventive medicine, is the first good word that we can say for the depression.

On the physical side, it is not only the mental determination to keep well and the interest in preventive medicine which have improved the general health of a great many people in moderate circumstances, but the moderate and more than moderate circumstances in which they have been forced to live have brought incidental benefits of their own. If you have only so much money to spend on food, you soon give a good deal of attention to your buying. You buy what will give you the greatest amount of nourishment for the least money, and you spend time in thinking about calories and vitamins and the essentials of a good diet, which you never did before. And the result is a better dietary for the whole family. Even father, who gets most of the worry, and the long hours of waiting for business, or looking for business, benefits by the more careful diet of a reduced income.

(Continued on page 41)

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"Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile," saved his life

The Iron Captain

Before Pocahontas' daring act saved John Smith's life, that life had been crowded with incredible adventures in many parts of the world. And when he decided to settle down to a peaceful career of colonizing a new country he found the most hazardous task of all

By George Creel

THREE of young Captain Smith's companions had been done to death most barbarously—one flayed with jagged shells and burned alive—but the captain himself had evaded the torture stake by various bold ingenuities. Only now, when brought at last before the Great Powhatan, did hope die within him, for here was no simple Opechancanough to be delighted by the wonders of an ivory compass, but a cruel, cunning old man with the face of a wolf and eyes cold as the winter creeks.

Painted warriors came forward, staggering under the weight of two huge stones, and the doomed man shuddered. After gallant, chivalric years in Old World wars, escaping pistol, sword and mace, apparently these bleak Virginia woods were about to see him beaten by savages into a bloody, quivering pulp.

Fierce hands reached out and as they bore him down he heard the squaws yelp their exultation. But he also saw a vivid young girl tugging imperatively at Powhatan's fur robe. Even as the captain commended his soul to God and shut his eyes that he might not see the clubs descend, he felt the fall of a soft young body and a warm cheek pressed against his own. "Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death."

Thus was preserved the Iron Captain whose vision, will and valor were the firm foundations of New World settlement. But for him, the James River colony would have ended in defeat and despair, discouraging further English effort. And the Pilgrim Fathers, lacking his maps of New England, probably would have pointed the Mayflower to South America, and perished miserably in the pestilential swamps of Guiana.

John Smith was a soldier in every land, a sailor on all seas; from early youth far places called him, and throughout his days he walked with peril, challenging fortune in a succession of flaming, incredible adventures. Many times death had grazed him, yet always some miracle of chance jerked him back from the grave's edge and set his restless feet in new and still more dangerous paths.

At twenty there was a terrible hour when he fought for life in the raging waters of the Mediterranean. Behind him were four crowded years of free-lance service under the banners of France and Holland, as he sailed from Marseilles to try his sword against the Turks, then gathering for another assault on Christendom. Off Nice a storm threatened the small vessel, and its Rome-bound pilgrims, mad with terror, cast the "English heretic" overboard, crying out against him as the cause of Heaven's wrath.

Death seemed certain, yet he managed to reach a barren isle, and a pass-

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ing Breton privateer picked him up ere he died of cold and hunger. The soldier now became a sailor, voyaging to Africa, Asia and the Greek cities, and at the end there was a sea fight more fierce than any he had ever known on land. Bravely enough the lumbering Venetian merchantman fought the wild Bretons—all day the scuppers ran with blood—but when darkness fell, the corsairs divided rich spoils in gold and silver, silks and velvets.

Rich with his share of the loot, Smith drank to the full of Italy's charm and color, journeyed through Albania and Istria, and in Lower Hungary joined the Christian army that faced the Moslem horde. A private at first, and only twenty-one, he soon won promotion by his remarkable ingenuity and courage. At Ober Limbach he devised a system of signaling by torches; at Alba Regalis he invented "fiery dragons," a species of explosive bomb hurled by giant slings, and as a captain of two hundred and fifty horse he played a heroic part in the furious battles that beat back the Turk to Budapest.

In Transylvania, where Prince Sigismund Bathori fought with his back against the mountain walls, the gods of glory again rewarded the youthful Briton. From the ramparts of Regal, the beleaguered Turks cried out that "to delight the ladies, who did long to see some courtlike pastime, the Lord Turbishaw did defie any captain who durst combat with him for his head," and when lots were drawn, it was John Smith who rode forth as the champion of Christendom.

A stripling he seemed in comparison with the giant Turk, but as they met in deadly shock, Smith's lance struck true, piercing through the "sight of beaver, face, head and all." A swift leap to the ground, a swing of keen sword, and it was all over.

That night Grualgo, the Lord Turbishaw's vowed friend, challenged him and again slim Captain Smith lopped off a head. The lances of both warriors were shattered in the first encounter, but in an exchange of pistol fire, the Christian was fortunate enough to break Grualgo's arm. Unable to control his frantic horse, the Turk was thrown, and before he could rise, Smith leaped and struck.

Now the young captain issued a defiance of his own, daring the Moslems to send a third champion against him, and one Mulgro took up the gage. Pistol balls struck harmlessly, and then they fought with battle axes. At last a terrible blow sent Smith's mace flying. But the loud shout of exultation that went up from the Turkish host soon changed to a wail, for the indomitable captain, "what by the readiness of his horse, and his judgment and dexterity in such a business, beyond all men's expectations, by God's assistance, not only avoided the Turk's violence, but having drawn his Falchion, pierced the Turk so under the Culets, through back and body, that although he alighted from his horse, he stood not long ere he lost his head as the rest had done."

A Slave in Tartary

Swiftly the scene changed to the fastnesses of Wallachia, where the stout Duke of Meldri had started on a mad race through mountain passes in desperate effort to reach the stronghold of Rothenthurm. John Smith's bold expedients cut a way through a Turkish army, but in a narrow valley the thirteen thousand Christians were halted by forty thousand Krim Tartars. Counting themselves as dead, Meldri's men fought with a desperation that twice promised victory, but weight of numbers crushed them down at last, and only a handful were left to swim the river under night's cover.

Behind them on the bloody field lay Captain Smith, gashed veins pouring out his life. The greedy Tartars saved him because of his rich raiment, but when they found him not a nobleman able to pay ransom, he was sold as a slave. A pasha bought him as a present for his betrothed and, in company with fifteen hundred other chained wretches, the wounded man staggered the long way to Constantinople, praying that death might free him from the horrors that awaited.

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Destiny, however, had not done with him. From the first, beautiful Charatza Tragabigzanda looked with favor upon the handsome captive, so young and picturesque and, listening to him as Desdemona harkened to Othello, a great fear arose that he might be sold away from her. Secretly, therefore, she dispatched her beloved to a brother in Tartary "to learn the language, and what it was to be a Turke, till time made her master of her selfe."

Unhappy Charatza! Fierce Timor Pasha had small sympathy with his sister's infatuation for a Christian dog, and Smith, with an iron yoke about his neck, was doomed to drudgery and brutality. Long and weary were the weeks of slavery, but one day the pasha drew too close as the slave sweated in a far field, and a threshing bat dashed out his brains. Clothed in the dead Timor's robes, and astride a Tartar stallion, Smith spurred away, and, after much suffering, reached a Russian town on the river Don.

Eventually he arrived at the Lithuanian border and one year after the battle of Rothenthurm he rejoined his old comrades at Leipzig. There he had the happiness of throwing his arms about Prince Sigismund and the Duke of Meldri, who embraced him as from the dead. Fifteen hundred gold ducats Sigismund bestowed upon him, also the right to put three Turks' heads upon his banner.

Subsequent wanderings in Europe, Spain, and Morocco were packed with perilous adventures on land and in the sea lanes. And when he returned to England in 1605—a veteran of twenty-six—fate judged him ready for his life work. Gone now was his love of war, for John Smith was essentially constructive, and in its place came a vision of the New World, a dream of colonization under far skies.

For a moment South America beckoned, but eventually his imagination yielded to the lure of Virginia, so repeatedly and disastrously challenged by the gallant Raleigh. Two years Smith labored, begging the aid of lords, merchants and moneyed men, and even when he sailed on December 19, 1606, it was not with the sturdy artisans that he had hoped, but with only gentleman adventurers, dreaming of gold and emeralds such as had rewarded Cortes and Pizarro.

Hating incompetence, impatient of fools, nothing was more inevitable than that the hard-driving captain should fall into quarrel with his company of soft-handed drones. Before the voyage was a month old they planned to hang him as one "who intended to usurp the government and make himself King," and even after the planting of Jamestown, it was only their own helplessness that made the shiftless rascals give him membership in the council.

Captain Newport sailed back to England, bluff Gosnold died, and the idle company, refusing to build or till, devoured the scant stores in gluttonous disregard of the future. For all his scorn and loathing, John Smith stood resolved that the colony should not perish, and tirelessly he ranged the land, establishing friendly contact with the aborigines and trading shrewdly for the corn that meant the settlement's life. Despite his efforts, hunger and hardship ravaged the weaklings, and one by one they died, until only thirty-eight remained of the one hundred and five.

Indians and Mutineers

The news of this weakness, speeding through the forest aisles, gave courage to Indian hate, and when Captain Smith next went up the Chickahominy, the savages dared to strike, killing his companions and carrying the leader himself to where the Great Powhatan brooded on his barbaric throne. Saved from death by Pocahontas, the captain ran into peril no less deadly on his return to Jamestown. Twice before he had foiled attempts at desertion and again he found the settlement in revolt, the strongest preparing to run away. At the hazard of his life, with saber, falchion and musket shot, Smith now forced them the third time to stay.

Murderous in their baffled rage, the plotters turned on him and, boldly charging that his carelessness had caused the Chickahominy disaster, passed sentence of death. The rope was about his neck when there rose a cry, "A sail! A sail!" and up the river came Captain Newport, returning from England with men and supplies, and checking mutiny by his arrival.

Newport's ship, together with a second, left one hundred and twenty behind, but as they were mostly jewelers, refiners, goldsmiths and tailors, all represented merely an added burden. Not even Smith's heroic efforts could fill the bellies of the drones, and but for Pocahontas, always bringing provisions to her adored captain, starvation would have been the common fate.

The Indians, as a whole, waxed insolent and warlike, and only Smith's

(Continued on page 31)

Nothing was more inevitable than that the hard-driving captain should fall into quarrel with his company of soft-handed drones

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The story of a man and a girl who were never so wise as when they said—

Let's be Crazy

By Dana Burnet

Kay yelled at him: "Hey! That's mine!" The young man straightened up and stared at her

ON IMPULSE, and with a bravado she knew was silly, Kay Lawton chucked her last nickel out of the window.

It really was her last nickel. All this bright April afternoon she'd been sitting in the open window of her first-floor room, staring out at the loud, meaningless life of Lexington Avenue and wondering what to do with her nickel.

Then in the soft spring dusk a street piano had pulled up at the curb. Without warning it had burst into the travesty of a waltz. And suddenly Kay had tossed her fortune into space.

It wasn't a good toss. The Italian organ-grinder happened to be looking the other way. Kay's nickel struck near the curb, circled back crazily and came to rest in the middle of the sidewalk.

A young man in a brown suit and brown hat came striding swiftly into view. He saw the coin, stopped short, bent down and picked it up. Kay yelled at him:

"Hey! That's mine!"

The young man straightened up and stared at her. He seemed startled. Then he grinned.

"Always thought finders were keepers," he said, with youthful exuberance.

He was, Kay noticed, plainly an exuberant young man. There was a certain jauntiness about him, an air of well-being that expressed itself in his ready smile, in the tilt of his brown hat. He was tall and pink-cheeked and healthy-looking. He annoyed her.

"That nickel," she announced in loud, clear tones, "happens to be my last, so I'm rather particular about it. I—"

"Your last nickel?"

"It doesn't matter. I threw it to the organ-grinder. Please give it to him."

"Oh! Why, yes. Certainly."

He tossed the coin to the Italian, who beamed and doffed his cap.

"Thank you," called down Kay.

Young Brown-Hat turned to look up at her again. He opened his mouth to speak; then closed it, gave her a final puzzled glance and, with a slight shake of his head, went on his way.

KAY closed the window, got up and wandered aimlessly about her big, shabby, old-fashioned room. She looked at herself in the mirror over the mantel, critically appraising the slender, auburn-haired figure that stared back at her, wide-eyed, from the depths of the glass. "You're licked," she said aloud. "You're frightened. It shows in your eyes."

The muffled roar of the street, threaded with the squeaky music of the street piano, throbbed monotonously in her ears. It never stopped, that noise. It was as relentless, as inarticulate as the voice of fate. If she listened to it consciously much longer she would start to scream.

Someone knocked on her door. She jumped and crossed the room in a panic, thinking it was Mrs. Small, her landlady. But it wasn't. It was, astonishingly enough, the exuberant young man who had picked up her nickel.

"Excuse me," he said, before she could speak. "I had to come back. The house door was open so I just walked in and —I knew this must be your room."

"But how? Why—?" stammered Kay.

"It was just an impulse. I'll try to explain if you'll let me." He smiled, and at once Kay knew that though he might be mad, he wasn't dangerous. "You see I had this impulse to turn around and come back, so I— May I come in?"

The girl was about to utter an emphatic "No." Then, below stairs, she saw the lean, hawk-like face of Mrs. Small peering up at her. Feeling slightly hysterical, she said: "Yes. Come in. My landlady's snooping. She probably thinks you're a bill collector."

"Thank you," said the young man. "I mean, thanks for letting me in." He closed the door behind him. "I'm quite harmless, incidentally."

"Are you?"

"YES. My name's Anders. Barry Anders. The Barry's for Barrington. I'm a lawyer, and I— But that's not important. It's not even relevant." He smiled his quick and eager smile. "The point is: was it really your last nickel? That one I found on the sidewalk?"

Kay answered mechanically: "Oh, yes. Yes, it was."

"How splendid! You were actually chucking your last cent to that organ-grinder?"

"For luck," said Kay.

"No!"

"Yes!"

"How perfectly splendid!" repeated her visitor, with enthusiasm. He twirled his brown hat in his hands. "I can't tell you how thrilling it is to think that you—! Oh, don't do that! Please don't—! Good Lord, what shall I do?"

"Get out!" cried Kay, sinking down on her day-bed.

But he didn't get out. He rushed to her, seized her hands and then instantly dropped them. "Hysterics!" he exclaimed. "I know! Have you any aromatic spirits of ammonia?"

"M-maybe in the b-bathroom," she sobbed.

He disappeared; returned shortly with a smoky-looking liquid in a glass. "Found it!"

"Will you p-please go?"

"No. I'm going to stay here till you've stopped crying. Then I'm going to take you out and feed you."

"W-what?"

"Drink the ammonia."

Kay sat up and drank it. "I'm *not* going to be fed by a perfect stranger! I—"

"Yes, you are. In the first place, you look as though you needed food, and in the second place I want to talk to you. I like you," said this astonishing young man.

"H-how do you know?"

"I know. Besides, I'm rich. I've got fifteen dollars to spend on riotous living. I sold some jingles the other day."

"Jingles?" queried the girl, in a daze.

"Verses," he explained. "Foolish verses. I write them and sell them to foolish magazines. When I get a check I spend it foolishly."

"I thought you said you were a lawyer?"

"I am. The jingles are a sort of side line. They keep me from getting that solemn legal look." He stood grinning cheerfully down at her. "Some day I'm going to write a foolish novel. Then I'll retire and live on my royalties. So now that you know all about me, will you please go put some cold water on your face and come to dinner with me?"

Kay rose from the couch. Her intention was to squelch him. She tried to summon her dignity to do so, but her sense of humor got the better of her. She giggled suddenly.

"Preposterous!" she managed to say; and then with a squeak of laughter rushed to put cold water on her face.

Barry Anders called after her: "Everything's preposterous, so let sweet folly foster us! That's original. It's the sort of thing I do. For the magazines, I mean."

"You're marvelous!" Kay shouted from the bathroom.

"It's a gift," he shouted back. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Katherine Lawton. Kay for convenience."

"Right away he called her Kay!"

There was a brief silence after this demonstration of his genius. Then from the bathroom came a loud giggle and: "She didn't tarry in calling him Barry!"

"That's wonderful!" he yelled. "You've caught it from me!"

"I'm susceptible to anything contagious," retorted Kay.

She emerged looking radiant. A little folly, plus cold water, rouge and lipstick, plus her best hat, had restored her to her normal charming self. Barry stared at her. "Why, you're pretty!" he said.

"Didn't you know that?"

"I swear I didn't. How do you like my looks, Kay?"

"They're—all right."

"Come on then."

THERE was a garden at the rear of the speakeasy to which he took her. It was a nice place, cool and shadowy and jolly. Kay had one cocktail. Barry had two. After dinner they had black coffee and a glass of Cointreau apiece. "I haven't had such a party since I lost my last job!" Kay said happily.

"Tell me about that. About yourself."

"There's not much to tell. . . . Let's see . . . I'm a native New Yorker for one thing. I was born to riches, but when the crash came the riches took wings. That's quite conventional, isn't it? Then Daddy died—my mother died when I was a baby—and I was left with a

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boarding-school education, a lot of expensive tastes and a dab of life insurance, which I spent on a course in business college."

"Smart girl!" Barry commented.

"Well, my boarding-school education was of no use to me. Neither was my Park Avenue background. You can't eat background. So I learned stenography and typewriting. I've had three jobs since I graduated but the last one went bang in January. I've lived on my savings ever since. Today I got down to rock bottom." She took an appreciative sip of Cointreau. "And that, Mr. Anders, is a rough sketch of my life up to and including this lovely April evening."

"I like April," Barry said.

"So do I. But there's a lot of it ahead of me that I'm worried about. And after April there's May and June and . . . life."

"I like life."

"Oh, yes. But with food and clothes and the rent paid."

"Those things are really problems to you?"

"They're downright enigmas," Kay said.

"Gee! That's tough. What are you going to do?"

She looked up at him and laughed. "What does any poor working girl do under the circumstances? She meets a kind millionaire and she marries him!"

"Ah, yes!" said Barry. "She doesn't love him, but she marries him for his penthouse. She sells her youth and beauty for six old English butlers, a motor yacht and some Russian caviar on truffles."

"It doesn't go on truffles," said Kay. "And besides, he has a heart of gold."

"I don't believe it. What's more, I don't believe that a girl who'd toss her last cent to an organ-grinder would ever marry for money. It isn't in her character."

"Oh, isn't it?" replied Kay. "Just give her a chance and see! You don't happen to know any available millionaires, do you?"

He smiled rather grimly. "I know one. He happens to be my uncle."

"Your uncle?"

"Yes. But he isn't available. He's already married. To my aunt, you know. He lives in Centerville, Ohio. He manufactures stoves."

"Stoves?"

"Stoves. Will you have another cordial?"

"Yes, thank you," said Kay.

HE ORDERED more Cointreau. "My home was in Centerville," he continued, lighting a cigarette. "My own people were genteel poor. I had to work my way through Ohio State and through Harvard Law School. Uncle John offered to help me, but there was a string to his offer. He'd no son of his own and was determined that I go into the stove business. I preferred the law, not because I particularly wanted to be a lawyer, but because I figured it would give me an interesting slant on human nature. I want to write, eventually."

"Then you've broken with your uncle?"

"Yep," Barry said grinning, "we've broken, all right. He told me last Christmas, when I was home for the holidays, that I needn't expect any kudos from him, now or in the future. So you see I'm as reckless as you are about throwing away money. But I've got a job with a good firm of lawyers, I make—sometimes—two hundred dollars a month, and I sell my jingles. Here's hoping your luck will change."

His glass clinked faintly against hers. Kay looked at him; smiled. "Barry," she said, "I think you're a colossally foolish young man. I like you."

"If I weren't so foolish," he answered, leaning across the table, "I'd never have known you like me. I'd never have had you here, shining your big brown eyes at me. I—"

"They're not so big."

"They're big. And I'd never have had this particular, this priceless evening—"

"Yes, but what about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," he said gravely, "I shall get on my velocipede and try to find you a job that will save you from prowling millionaires—if any."

IT WAS almost noon when Kay woke the next morning. She looked at her watch and laughed. The poor in purse, she thought, are rich in leisure! She got up, put on her kimono and went to close her window.

The roar of traffic was a kindlier symphony this morning. She leaned on the sill to breathe the fine spring day. And then she saw him.

He was plunging recklessly across the street toward her. A taxi threatened his life, but he dodged it and leaped safely to the sidewalk. His hat was off and his hair was wild in the breeze.

"Barry!"

He stopped and threw back his head.

"Hi, there! Hello! I've found it!"

"Found what?" called down Kay.

He stood grinning triumphantly up at her.

"The job! Your job!"

"No!"

"Yes. Have you had breakfast?"

She shook her head. "I'm just up."

"Then get dressed and meet me in the drug store on the corner. Hurry!"

Fifteen minutes later Kay was having coffee and rolls in the corner drug store while Barry excitedly told her of her opportunity. "This morning a client called to see my boss, Mr. Quill—I'm in the law office of Colman and Quill—and when he came out I heard him grousing to Quill about the stenographer situation."

"The stenographer—?"

"It seems he couldn't find a secretary to suit him. So what did our hero do but step forward and offer a suggestion!"

"Barry! You didn't!"

"Oh, I was very diplomatic about it. And I got you an appointment for two o'clock this afternoon. This chap's a real estate broker. His office is on Madison Avenue. Here's the address." He shoved a piece of paper into her hand. "His name's Gale. Peter Gale."

SHE got the job; but it proved to be only a temporary one. Mr. Gale—a solid, handsome, vigorous-looking man of about thirty-five—explained to her that his secretary had left on a month's vacation. "But I think you'll do, Miss—ah—Lawton, if you care to fill in during my secretary's absence."

Miss Lawton said that she would be glad to fill in, and departed with directions to report in the morning. "I can eat for a month, anyway," she remarked to Barry Anders that evening, as they dined together, "and that's something."

"It's a lot. How did you like Peter Gale?"

"All right. He seemed quite human. He almost smiled when he said he thought I'd do."

"I don't approve of business men smiling."

"That's very narrow-minded of you, Barry. It's— Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was just wondering," Barry said darkly, "whether by any chance that guy could be a millionaire."

"Don't be silly." Kay smiled; then, impulsively, she reached out and touched his hand. "You've saved my life, Barry. Maybe that's why I feel I know you so well. As if we'd been friends for life."

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

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"We have been, only we didn't find it out till yesterday." His hand closed over hers. "Let's celebrate our discovery, Kay! Let's go to the flea circus, or to the top of the Empire State Building, or something."

They went to the Empire State Building, and found it a wonderful thing to do. Standing there shoulder to shoulder against the parapet of the observation tower, with a fallen universe of stars sprinkling the dark earth as far as their eyes could see, Barry told her that he had begun his novel. "Last night, after I left you, I went home and started to write. I've tried it before, but this time I really got going."

"I'm glad, Barry. I—I can sort of feel what it means to you."

He put his arm around her. Instantly, with no sense of strangeness or embarrassment, she turned her face toward him. But when he had kissed her she laughed softly. "How incredible!" she whispered.

"Look down there," he said. "All that's incredible, too."

"Yes, it is."

He drew her closer to him, looking into her eyes. "I think it ought always to be like this," he said. "Sudden and simple and sweet. I'm in love with you, Kay."

She drew back from him. "Aren't you a little crazy, Barry?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Let me go, Barry."

"Do you want me to?"

"Yes, I—"

"Do you?"

She went limp in his arms. "No, I don't . . . I want you to hold me . . . I guess I'm a little crazy, too!"

"Darling!"

"But it doesn't mean anything, Barry. It's just this sort of crazy sweetness. . . ."

"Yes, Kay."

She said breathlessly: "It isn't anything that could hurt us, is it? I mean we won't ever let it get serious, or—"

"Serious?" He tried to laugh. "Good Lord! I'm not asking you to marry me! Not that I wouldn't," he added, "if it came to that."

"It'll never . . . I don't want it to come to that."

"All right, sweet. Let it drift. You're happy now, aren't you?"

"Yes. I just wondered whether . . . it was right to be happy without . . . sort of looking ahead . . . and seeing what it might lead to."

"You can't look ahead that far," he said. "No one can. So let's take what we've got and be grateful."

"I am, Barry. Oh, I am!"

"We'll be comrades in the current!" He threw up one arm in a mock-heroic gesture. His hand was dimly white against the authentic stars. "And though we swim the violent stream by day, at night we'll rest upon the bank and play. How's that for extemporaneous jingling, honey?"

"I think it's beautiful," Kay said; and kissed him.

For the next three weeks she saw him every night, and they did marvelous things together. They dined in funny, jolly little restaurants, they rode on ferryboats and on the tops of busses. When Barry sold a jingle they dressed up and went dancing. When he didn't they walked in the park. It was all one. They laughed a great deal and were gay and young and silly.

They congratulated themselves on their astuteness in keeping life at bay. They played at being in love; but they weren't going to be caught in the fatal coils of passion. Ah, no, not they! They were just good comrades, with the additional advantage of being charmingly enamored of each other. It was so pleasant to kiss when you felt like kissing; and to be sure that nothing castastrophic would come of it.

Then, suddenly, they quarreled.

Kay had gone to Peter Gale's apartment to work one night. It was strictly a business engagement, and Mr. Gale had paid her overtime. But the fact that he was a bachelor and that his apartment was in the same building on Park Avenue where Kay used to live, seemed greatly to annoy Barry Anders.

"YOU enjoyed it. You know you did," he said to her the next night as they walked home after a rather lusterless visit to the flea circus. "You got a thrill out of it."

"Yes, in a way," she admitted. "Why not? It was such a strange coincidence. I mean, it seemed so strange to walk up Park Avenue and into that building and to see our old doorman standing there—"

"All doormen look alike."

"No, they don't. And then to go up to Mr. Gale's apartment and find it an exact duplicate of the one we lived in—my father and I! Only ours was higher up, with more light and air and a much better view. You can understand exactly how I felt, can't you, Barry?"

"Oh, sure. I guess so. Did Gale understand?"

"He was interested, naturally. He asked me a lot of questions about myself and— Don't you want me to hold your arm?"

"Sure. It's all right. I don't mind."

"You're acting awfully sort of—"

"Sort of what?"

"Funny," Kay said.

"I don't feel funny. I mean, I don't feel anything. I'm glad you like going to Gale's apartment. . . . Well, here we are home. Good night, Kay."

"Barry! Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"What? Oh, sure, honey. Good night, honey." He kissed her hastily, inadequately, at the foot of the steps that led to her boarding-house stoop. "Good night, dear. Sweet dreams."

"Thanks. I don't suppose you'd make me a good-night jingle, would you, darling?"

"Sorry, I don't feel like jingling. It's the humidity," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Good night," Kay said.

"Wait a minute."

She turned on the steps and faced him. "What is it, Barry?"

"Please tell me something. If you had the chance to go back to that old life of yours—I don't mean Park Avenue necessarily but to what Park Avenue stands for—would you do it?"

"That's a silly question," she said. "In the first place I haven't the chance, and in the second place it would all depend on circumstances. What are you trying to get at, anyway?"

"Your character," Barry said. "Your real self."

"My real self is my own."

"I just wondered," he went on, with a curious persistence, "whether you preferred life as an adventure or as a sure thing. That's all."

She laughed suddenly.

"Adventure! Listen, Barry. In a week from now I'll be out of a job again. And this time maybe my luck won't help me. You've been sweet to me, but you're really as helpless as I am. This is a big, cruel city. I know it better than you do and I'm afraid of it. If you call that an adventure—I mean to be frightened and lonely and hungry—yes, hungry!—then I guess I don't care so much for adventure."

"I see," he said. "You'd choose the safe thing if you had your choice."

"Oh, don't be childish!" Kay flared up at him.

"I'm not—!"

"Yes, you are. You're a romantic child. And anyway, this whole conversation is stupid. Good night, Barry."

"Good night," he said, coldly. She watched him striding away in the spring darkness. She knew that he was angry; but she felt that his anger was unjustified, unreasonable, a trifle crazy, like all his other emotions. Mentally, she rather despaired of him; she was so much more mature than he.

THE next morning, at work in Mr. Gale's office, she received a telegram that read as follows:

DEAR KAY MY UNCLE DIED YESTERDAY STOP AM TAKING FIRST TRAIN HOME FOR FUNERAL STOP HOPE TO BE BACK IN TIME TO HELP YOU FIND NEW JOB STOP I WAS CHILDISH LAST NIGHT FORGIVE ME STOP AM FULL OF EMOTION THE NATURE OF WHICH I HAVE SCARCELY A NOTION STOP LOVE BARRY

She smiled and folded the yellow slip of paper and thrust it into the bosom of her dress; then she took it out; tore it meticulously to bits and dropped the pieces into the waste basket. Mr. Gale called her, and she went into his office to take his precise, intelligent dictation. . . .

On the evening of the day before her month was up, Gale for the second time asked her to come to his apartment to work. "You may as well dine with me," he said. "Then we'll get started early."

"Yes, Mr. Gale. At seven?"

"Make it six-thirty."

She arrived at six-thirty exactly. Gale was waiting for her in the living-room whose general contours she knew so well. "I thought we'd have a cocktail," he said, taking her hand. "What do you say?"

"I say yes, thank you."

"Good." He pressed a button in the wall; a duplicate of the button her father had pressed innumerable times in Kay's childhood. She laughed. He looked at her inquiringly.

"I've seen Daddy do that so often!" she said in explanation.

"Oh, yes. Do you know, Miss Lawton, that since you were here the other night I've had your entire family history from Michael the doorman?"

(Continued on page 47)

"Barry," she said, "I think you're a colossally foolish young man. I like you"

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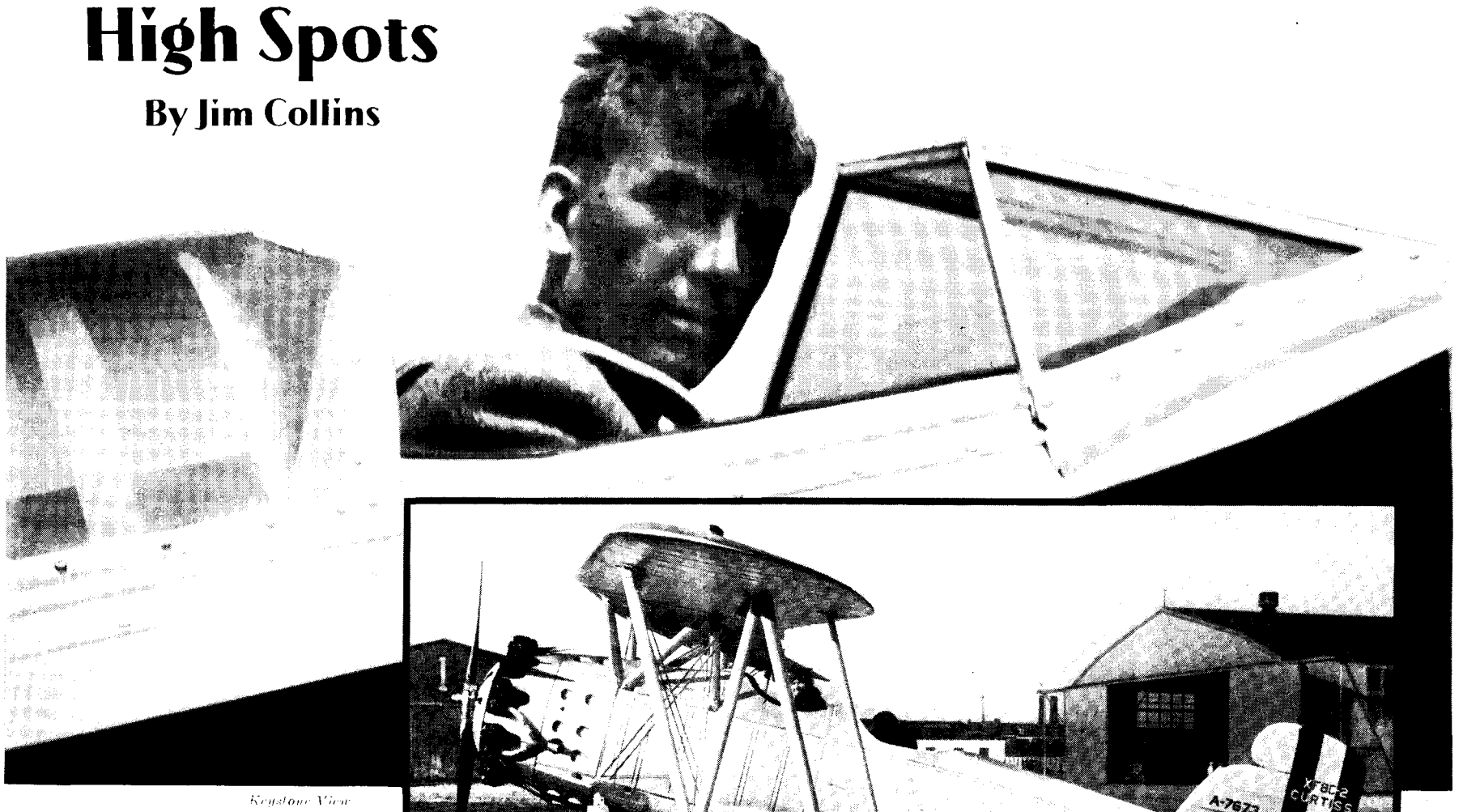
High Spots

By Jim Collins



Keystone View

Wide World

Above: Jim Collins at Roosevelt Field after attempting to break Lindbergh's West-East flight record. Below: in the Navy's fighter which crashed in a test dive

Parachute jumping, stunting, emergency landings, transcontinental flights—they're all part of a flyer's life. But what impression do they make upon him? What do these things look like from the inside? Here are the answers—vivid snapshots of the memorable moments in a professional flyer's career

CURIOUS Sunday idlers of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, followed me to a high hill. High-school boys of about my own age helped me carry my glider. I had spent almost all of my two weeks' summer vacation from the rubber factory in Akron building the glider. Tomorrow I would have to go back to work.

I faced into the wind on top of the hill. There was a good breeze. I gripped the supporting members on the lower wing and started to run. The glider got lighter. I felt the wings lifting. I leaped off the ground. I stayed off. I was actually flying!

I looked down at the ground. It was going past me faster than I could run. It was getting farther away from me. I shifted my weight forward. The ground was still getting farther away from me. It was getting too far away. I let go of the glider.

I fell about twenty feet into the brier bushes below. I rolled awkwardly and stopped. I scrambled to my feet. I saw my glider farther down the hill still in the air. It nosed up and stalled. It slid backward and fell on its tail. I heard the tail booms snap. I rushed down the hill to it. Only the tail structure was damaged.

I trudged home with my glider. My clothes were torn. My face and arms were scratched. The curious people were laughing.

It was after dark when I had finished repairing the tail. I would have to wait until I had come home from the rubber factory the next day before I could test it again.

I staked down my glider in our back yard. There were storm clouds in the west. Summer lightning flashed in the distance. Low thunder rumbled.

I got up at five-thirty next morning and went to the window. There lay my glider, a twisted, tangled, wrecked heap of wet wood and wire and muslin, blown up against the house next door.

It was a midnight in December, 1923.

A street car banged to a stop in front of me. I stepped into the warm interior and sat down in one of the hard wicker seats. I had had a full day at college and a hard night at the rubber factory. I wished the car wouldn't clatter so loudly; steel wheels against steel rails were unmerciful. I wished it wouldn't sway so crazily. I braced myself against lurching when the car made sudden stops and starts. We were running along Main Street in Akron, Ohio.

Just One More Magazine

I got off at Main and Market to transfer to a Market Street car and stepped into the news stand on the corner. It was the only place in town then where you could buy aviation magazines.

I told myself I shouldn't buy an aviation magazine. It would take my mind off my studies and off my work. I could never learn to fly anyway. It cost too much. For three years past I had told myself that whenever I walked past that news stand. Each time as I picked up an aviation magazine and reached in my pocket for some money I told myself that it wouldn't hurt to buy one just that once.

I rushed out and got on my car just in time.

The car clattered and swayed along Market Street. It made sudden jerky stops and starts. I was deaf to the clattering. I adjusted myself unconsciously to the swaying. I was staring at an advertisement in my magazine.

It said the Army would pay me to let it teach me how to fly. I couldn't believe it. It said: "Write to Office Chief of Air Service, Washington, D. C., for full information." It looked very official. Surely no one would dare to put an ad like that in a magazine under false pretenses. It must be true.

I raised my head from my magazine and looked out the car window. I was five blocks past my stop.

Our Jenny hit the ground wheels-first and bounced dangerously. My instructor in the cockpit in front of me grabbed his controls, gave the ship a sharp burst of the gun and set her down right. We were in a little practice field near Brooks Field, Texas.

My instructor turned around to me: "Damn it, Collins, don't run into the ground wheels first like that. Level off about six feet in the air and wait until the ship begins to settle. Then ease your stick back. When you feel the ship begin to fall out from under you, pull your stick all the way back and the ship will set herself down. Go around and try it again."

"Yes, sir."

I opened my throttle, took off, flew around the little field, cut the gun and nosed down. Everything was all right until I got within twenty feet of the ground. From then on I saw the ground only as a blur of green rushing past me. I had not learned yet how to focus my eyes farther out ahead of my ship so the ground wouldn't blur. I couldn't tell whether I was six or sixteen feet up.

What Six Feet Looks Like

I leveled off by guesswork and waited for the ship to settle. It began to settle and I eased the stick back. It began to drop out from under me and I began to pull back hard on the stick.

I felt the stick jerk forward out of my hands and heard the gun go on as my instructor grabbed his controls and opened his throttle. The Jenny nosed down, leveled off, began to settle, and I felt the stick ease back. The ship began to fall out from under us and I felt the stick come all the way back fast. The Jenny hit the ground in a perfect three-point landing and rolled to a stop.

"Don't try to land twenty feet in the air, either," my instructor shouted at me.

I came in the next time, hit the ground, wheels first, and bounced. My instructor righted the ship.

"No, Collins. No," he fumed. "Six feet. Six feet. Look, I'll show you what six feet looks like."

He took the ship off and flew low over the open fields and then came around and landed.

(Continued on page 36)

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The Short Cut

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henry Meade Williams

JOHN BRAMWELL carefully watched the swing of his uncle's massive shoulders as he picked his way down the narrow cliff path. One thousand feet below them was the sea; one hundred feet above them was the safe, flat top of the cliff which they had just left. John stepped closer to the inner wall, away from the sloping outer edge. He kept his eyes on his uncle's corduroy hunting coat and he began to shorten the distance between them.

He knew that Mason, his uncle's secretary, had heard the old man suggest the short cut to town down the cliff path. To make sure the secretary would remember that it was his uncle who had made the suggestion, and not himself, John demurred, knowing well enough that his stubborn uncle would not change his mind.

John felt his eyes being pulled to the left, to the empty space of air beside them. He saw a shimmering, faintly furrowed sea, so far below that the furrows looked like ripples on a pond, but he knew those furrows were full-sized rollers. He saw a toy boat, a thin, match-like thing, almost motionless on the water, and he knew it was the large coastwise steamer. Around him and under him great flocks of sea gulls soared and wheeled. A damp, salty draught blew up from below; and with it floated the muffled roar of the waves breaking against the hollowed, water-worn base of the cliff—a thousand feet under him.

THE path was the natural top of an overhanging soft-stone ledge, smoothed off with chisel-cuts here and there made by the villagers many years before and used by them as a short cut to reach the plain above. It was so seldom traveled now that its cracks and crevices had filled with earth from which grew little rock plants whose seeking roots had widened the cracks.

His uncle, now only fifteen feet ahead of him, had stopped to examine several large slabs of slate-like stone which had fallen from the eroding walls above. He picked up one and threw it off into space. It fell outward, then downward, then disappeared from view.

John felt his hands clutch at the wall behind him as his body seemed to be drawn to the sloping edge. His uncle brushed his hands and walked on—a bulky, confident figure. And during that moment there rushed through John's mind the scene in the great, somber hall of his uncle's castle-like home on top of the cliff. He heard his uncle's stern words: "Not one cent more!"—words that had hurt him, that had seared into him a hate for his only kinsman. He had come from the city to his uncle's home, beaten, tired and in desperate need, to ask once more for a small advance on the money that eventually would be his. Eventually? He remembered the feeling of bitterness as he looked upon the mighty figure of his uncle standing there before the refectory table, a healthy, vigorous, well-fed figure, with many more years to go beyond his sixty. And then his uncle had said with finality: "That is all, John." He got up and turned to the stone fireplace. Then, with his back to John, he said: "I will walk with you down the short cut to the station."

He felt his muscles quiver. His uncle stepped back

JOHN'S hands pressed against the side of the cliff, his eyes on the bulky figure ahead of him. He knew then that it was at that moment while standing there in his uncle's house, a thin streak of sunlight cutting in through the tall curtained windows of the great room, his ears still burning with his uncle's words, that he first realized what he was going to do.

He took a deep breath, quit the wall and started to follow his uncle.

At a turn in the path John saw him stop again. The big man pointed out into the air where thousands of sea gulls were circling and swooping in an excited mêlée. He heard his uncle shouting to him above the screeching of the birds: "What's the matter with them?"

There was a note of apprehension in the big man's voice and John felt there was something strange in the behavior of the birds. They acted as if something had frightened them from their nests along the wall below. But there was no path there—no human could scale those cracked and bulging sides.

John wiped his palm-wet hands on his trousers. He tightened the muscles in his arm and slipped a few feet nearer his uncle. He felt a numbness come over his body, the quivering of a nerve in the back of his knees as he forced himself along the path toward his uncle. He saw vividly, like a sharp photograph, the toes of his uncle's boots within an inch of the edge. He saw the huge body so firmly planted on thick legs; he could almost feel with his own hands the soft corduroy of the hunting coat.

A gull swooped close to his head and dove downward to the sea below. Out of the corner of his eye he saw it go down, a white flash going down, down.

He sank to his knees. He wanted to hug the path—to keep away from the sloping outer edge. He felt the cliff wall behind him press against him, as if it were forcing him toward the rim. There were now only five feet between him and his uncle.

AS HE put his hands down on the path to steady himself, he felt under the left palm the sharp edge of a crack. He saw that the crack reached far along the path, parallel to the wall, three feet out. He felt it widen under him and at the same time heard the crescendo screech of the gulls about him; and in that moment he knew what the gulls had known all along—the outer part of the path was breaking away.

John saw his uncle standing on the outer edge, watching the gulls. Far below him was the shimmering sea and upon it the speck that was the coastwise steamer. In that second, while his world was splitting asunder, he saw the future, complete. No intervention of his was necessary. All he had to do was to step back to the solid part of the path and wait.

Then something happened to him during that half second. The horror of the moment blinded his intellect and changed his thoughts into action. What he saw standing there on the edge of the crumbling rock was not his uncle, but a man—a helpless creature about to be hurled over the edge. He reacted instinctively, as one does when a lamp starts to fall from the table.

He felt himself reach out and clutch at the man's body. He felt his own body twist, strain and swing back. He felt his muscles quiver, tighten and grow still. His uncle stepped back with him to the wall. Then he heard the roar as the great slab of rock wrenched itself free; and he felt the sharp updraught of rushing air. He pulled his eyes away from his feet, away from the place where the path had been. He knew he couldn't watch the fall of the rock, its diminishing bulk as it hurtled downward.

He turned to his uncle, who was standing close to the wall beside him. The older man's heavy brows were knitted and he was rubbing his hand along his chin. He was calmly looking down at the sea. From far below they heard the dull, deep crash of tons of rock striking water.

ON THE station platform of the little village his uncle shook his hand warmly and said: "Good-by, John, my boy. Good-by!"

John saw his uncle's massive shoulders silhouetted against the gray of the cliff behind him, and he tried to break away. His uncle caught his sleeve. "Before you go, John," he said, "I have a little confession to make to you and you'll understand it now."

John met his uncle's steady eyes. Suddenly he felt fearless; he felt exalted. He thought: "I might have destroyed him. But I saved him instead. Some instinct . . . no, some inner grace . . ."

He heard his uncle speaking: "When I learned you were coming to see me, John, I had the will changed. For two days, now, you have been cut off from the Bramwell will. If it hadn't been for your quick thinking I'd have been a goner, sure. It was a good turn you did the both of us, eh, John?"

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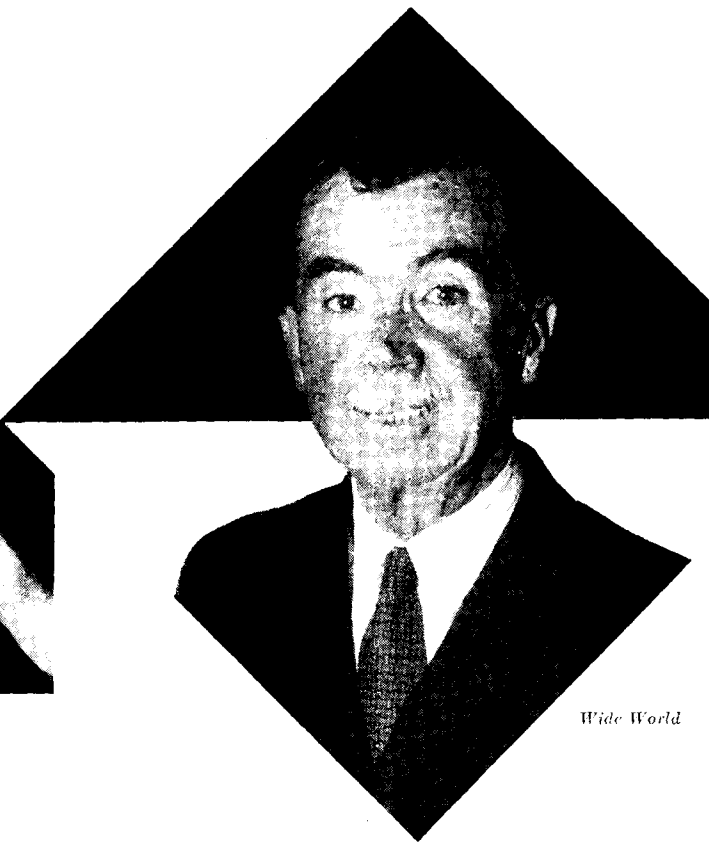
Acme

Jem Driscoll



Wide World

Charles Harvey

Steve Hamas

Wide World

Pillars of Sport

By John B. Kennedy

Charley Harvey has promoted many near-champions of the prize ring, and he has passed up many real champions. That's the tragic side of his career. But the fact remains that he always has been one of the sturdiest pillars in the Temple of Fistiana (copyright by Joe Humphreys) ever since the day he set out to get revenge on John L. Sullivan

MR. CHARLES HARVEY'S earliest ambition was to grow a mustache. The tale of his subsequent career is literally the story of his whiskers. When these first timidly sprouted, Mr. Harvey was a resident of New York's East Side gas-house district—a section of town where buoyant, animal spirits marked the social round of activity; where the boys and girls were gay and care-free in bandannas on the eve of a fiesta (such as the Jeremiah D. Brannigan clambake), and in bandages the morning after.

Charley Harvey you might meet by day in the basement of Brokaw Brothers, wrapping peg-top pants for gentlemen customers and wrapping them well. Beholding this industrious youth, with a faint assertion of manhood on his upper lip, you would have assumed him to be a faithful apprentice. That is, by day.

By night, it was different. Then Charley Harvey would become a shining light of the gas-house; a sport with plastered hair—and that whisper of a mustache toned up to look like something. To know Charley then was to know what was going on and where it was going on. Had the Brokaw Brothers who employed him ever learned that their exemplary young pants packer by day was a flaming sport by night it might have disturbed their well-tailored souls.

And this was no fugitive Jekyll and Hyde existence. It went on for eleven years and might have continued forever, undisturbed, had it not been for prosperity and the police.

Menacing Law and Order

A captain of a Coney Island precinct had sworn that never again would he be censured by his inspector for permitting cock, dog or prize fights in his jurisdiction. So the captain, his lieutenants, his sergeants and his gentlemen pounders of the pavements set their jaws and determined that the sports should not disport themselves in that patch of a free city.

This conflicted with Mr. Charles Harvey's plans. He and a group of artistic associates had arranged an amateur boxing contest, professional bouts being forbidden under the law. Indeed, any kind of boxing contest was tabooed by the city if not the state administration.

Mr. Harvey and his collaborators had tried to stage this meeting between two noted athletes in various parts of the city—without success. Finally, it was decided to put on the show over on the beach in a secluded part of Coney Island. If the police interfered the gloveless boxers could claim as an alibi that they were swimming instructors giving demonstrations of their science to a select audience.

So out to Coney by trolley, buggy and muted charabanc went Mr. Harvey and a few score other patrons of art. Lookouts were posted at strategic points along the tin-shacked streets. The gladiators disrobed to breech-clouts; the ring was pitched close to the surf—and away they went. A vicious combat under London prize-ring rules, where when a man dropped a round was over. There were a dozen of these, with long fighting between falls, when the tide bit into the beach and hostilities were suspended while the ring was repitched.

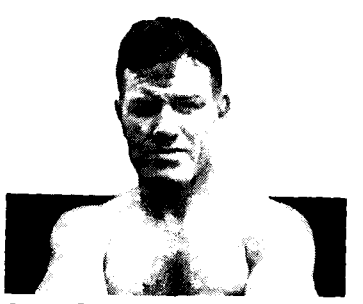
Three times the ring had to recede from the gaining tide before that battle ended. And finally it stopped, not with the bloody and unbeautiful participants disposing of each other, but with the arrival of the precinct captain and a squad of unbribed cops. Mr. Harvey took it on the lam. This was a cause of misunderstanding, for Mr. Harvey held the stake money. The amateurs were waiting for him at his place of business very early the next morning—badly used amateurs, but exceedingly earnest in their inquiries for the money due them.

Immediately the name of Charles Harvey was posted in police stations throughout the greater city as a menace to law and order. A description was given, not flattering to Mr. Harvey. It said, among other data, that he wore a straggly black mustache.

Years later, when Mr. Harvey had arisen, by dint of successful avoidance of unsympathetic police, to the dignity of the secretariat of the state boxing commission, he looked up that precinct captain.

"I'm the guy," said he, "you once described as wearing a straggly mustache. Look at it."

It was then quite tangible—a sweep of whisker that tempted little boys to push peanuts under it in public.



Brown Bros.

Tom Heeney, the New Zealand "Hard Rock"

After the Coney beach party Charles Harvey began to gain a reputation for being an ingenious provider of illegal amusement. Once, when combat between two rising young welterweights was deemed necessary to the advance of sport, Harvey selected a site so secluded that only he could find it. A muffled howl of disappointment arose in many barrooms. So the favored were advised that on a certain morning they should forgather at an undertaking establishment. Thence proceeded a funeral cortège as long as an Erie freight. The hearse contained not its usual occupant, although for anything those boys did in the ring they might just as well have been what usually comes out of a hearse. All the spectators got for their money and trouble was the fun of fooling the police.

For years Mr. Harvey contrived such tricks. He won't admit this, but it was largely due to his ingenuity that a method was found to satisfy amateur pugilists who didn't think medals rewarded them for stopping other amateurs who thought their chins were in the way.

Putting the Prize in Prize Fight

One practical manager had hit upon a plan of having elegant twenty-dollar gold pieces presented in plush jewel boxes. This made a hit—with twenty-dollar amateurs. The more expensive boys murmured for better treatment. The murmur grew and an undercover strike was on, the best boys refusing to entertain unless some means was found of rewarding them, without depriving them of their amateur standing, thus making them amenable to the police law against prize-fighting. The situation was becoming tense when a well-behaved god hopped from the machine.

Hailing from Alaska, a jaunty, bearded gentleman came to town on the eve of a projected fight between two renowned amateurs. He loved the sport so well, and yearned so earnestly to promote it, that he donated two nuggets of gold—a large one for the winner, a smaller nugget for the loser.

Thereafter, although the donors didn't all hail from Alaska, nearly all the amateurs received gold nuggets for their efforts. But the gold nugget practice was largely spoiled when two athletes, receiving the usual metal, found it uncashable at the usual source. They rent their garments in twain and performed a nearly similar operation on the promoter—not Mr. Harvey. But the incident embarrassed Mr. Harvey by making it necessary to certify to a correct assay of gold nuggets before the amateurs would fight.

A yearning to get into the professional racket when it was legalized and to avoid the bother of staging amateur shindigs unsanctioned by the police led Mr. Harvey finally to abandon the wrapping of pants. Deeming himself

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a young sportsman, he naturally felt attracted to the rendezvous of older sportsmen. The Gilsey House was chief of these rendezvous. There the first Al Smith, premier bookmaker of his day, held forth. Thither went John L. Sullivan when moved by thirst for companionship of kindred spirits in and out of tumblers.

Down an alley back of the Gilsey House, as he left it one night, young Charles Harvey observed a swaying figure. Peering, he recognized Sullivan, the champion of the world. Mr. Sullivan was in his cups and cursing. A black cat crossed his path. Mr. Sullivan reached for the cat, grabbed it and flung it—he knew not where.

At that moment Mr. Harvey wanted to strike the world's champion. At that moment he admitted this would have been extremely hazardous chivalry. He contented himself with a silent vow that he would search and keep on searching for a talented ringman who could take the measure of Sullivan.

He never did. But his zeal to find a man to beat the man named Sullivan made him a roving assayer of talent. It took him to Europe and there he established a reputation for being a good judge of fighting flesh. This, in turn, brought him repute as the recognized American handler of imported pugs.

He had a prime finger, for example, in the American exploits of such well-known foreign battlers as Ted (Kid) Lewis, Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Tom Heeney, plus a baker's dozen of lesser lights. And he feverishly sought to add to the gayety of nations by persuading Mr. Joe Beckett to emigrate—always failing, no matter what his eloquence, to persuade Mr. Beckett to sign on the dotted line. He might have succeeded if he had understood Mr. Beckett's eccentricity for reading and writing on his back.

Boxing's Brutal Era

Passing his formative years without amassing a fortune, a not difficult task when good men in those days were glad to get two hundred dollars a side and were obliged to have numerous, where they could not obtain remunerative, engagements, Charles Harvey filled in his time and his budget by officiating as an announcer. He had a pleasantly loud voice and a smooth flow of English. He became a fixture in the sporting world, which was exactly what Harvey wanted to become.

As announcer or second he officiated at many important matches where he did not actually manage the men. It was Harvey who called names and weights at the most sanguinary bout in modern ring history—between Kid Levine and Joe Walcott. Both were welterweights, although Levine was a few pounds lighter than Walcott. Walcott, the Negro, was the giant-killer of the ring, cutting down heavyweights like Joe Choynski once he could reach their chins. He it was who anticipated Bob Fitzsimmons' ring axiom—"the bigger they come the harder they fall."

"That fight between Levine and Walcott," recalls Mr. Harvey, "was a fascinating but terrifying sight. It made me rank Levine as about the gamest boxer that ever entered the ring.

"Walcott's punching was murderous. He had Levine groggy at the end of every round, smashing in paralyzing body punches and once actually ripping Levine's right ear with a slashing head smash. That ear had to be sewed back. But Levine stuck the battle out. I've seen many rough fights but never anything like that. It was the sort of thing that made boxing brutal. But Levine, a beaten man, stayed in there and took and gave to the bitter end."

The ferocity of Walcott, whom Mr. Harvey biologically refers to as "the gorilla," had much to do with the cries of brutality raised against boxing.

Harvey functioned at the celebrated battle between Walcott and Mysterious Billy Smith, the welterweight champion. This took place in Connecticut. Harvey had a hand in the affairs of Mysterious Billy, who made no mystery whatever of himself or his profession.

"He was the best street fighter I ever knew," says Mr. Harvey.

Fighters Who Needed No Gates

This means that Mysterious Billy Smith found great joy in meeting other pugilists in street attire on street corners and challenging them to combat. If his invitations were declined Mysterious Billy overlooked this social slight, socked the slighter and entertained pausers-by until the cops arrived.

Mysterious Billy and Joe Walcott fought a sizzling contest of twenty rounds—a fight of utter skill combined with amazing strength and stamina. Walcott won. Both boxers entrained for New York and by some misfortune met in the diner.

Instantly, there was uproar. Smith swung at Walcott and Walcott swung back—and this postcript to a bitter battle would have continued for another twenty rounds if Harvey and others hadn't promptly intervened. It will be seen that a gate was not indispensable inspiration to the ringmen of another generation.

Harlem Tommy Murphy, for instance, and the renowned Johnny Summers thought nothing of taking on four fights a week.

"And Sam Langford," says Mr. Harvey, "would fight all day if there was anybody to fight."

He beheld Langford, as a welterweight, take defeat from Danny Duane—although at the time he guessed that the grace and speed and superb accuracy of Langford would conquer all. And it would have, if all had been bold enough to try conclusions with the Boston Tar Baby. Harvey saw Jack Johnson gain a hair's-breadth decision over the amazing Sam and heard Johnson's vow that he'd never give his brother Negro another unbrotherly shot.

But Harvey's contribution to the progress of sport was unnotable, albeit genuine while he managed lesser and better known ringmen of another day, while he seconded champions and while he announced more important contests. True, he was intimate with some of the romance of the ring. He officiated one night at an obscure New York club when an obscure farmer from California went into the ring to receive a lacing from one now not even mentioned in footnotes, perhaps because of subsequent inability to stand on his own feet. The beaten man left the ropes to return to his California home and mix his avocation of farming with his trade as boilermaker. But a shrewder eye even than Harvey's had seen him. That eye belonged to William A. Brady, who had managed James J. Corbett into victory over John L. Sullivan.

Mr. Brady, standing side by side with Harvey as both saw what to Mr. Harvey was nothing but a beaten bum leaving the ring, declared: "That man can be the next world's champion."

The next time Harvey saw the beaten bum, Mr. Brady was also at the ringside. Mr. Brady had been elsewhere in the interim—to California, for example, where he had sought out the beaten fighter in an obscure bout and told him with thunder in his voice and lightning in his eye that he was the legitimate champion of the world. The beaten man believed him. And Mr. Harvey and Mr. Brady saw him wreck the great Bob Fitzsimmons and bow to fame as James J. Jeffries—the iron-fisted boilermaker.

Subsequently, says Mr. Harvey, he saw the same James J. Jeffries, a sun-bronzed shell, climb between the ropes to defend his title. This was in Reno against Jack Johnson. Svengali Brady had no hypnotism to help the old ringman.

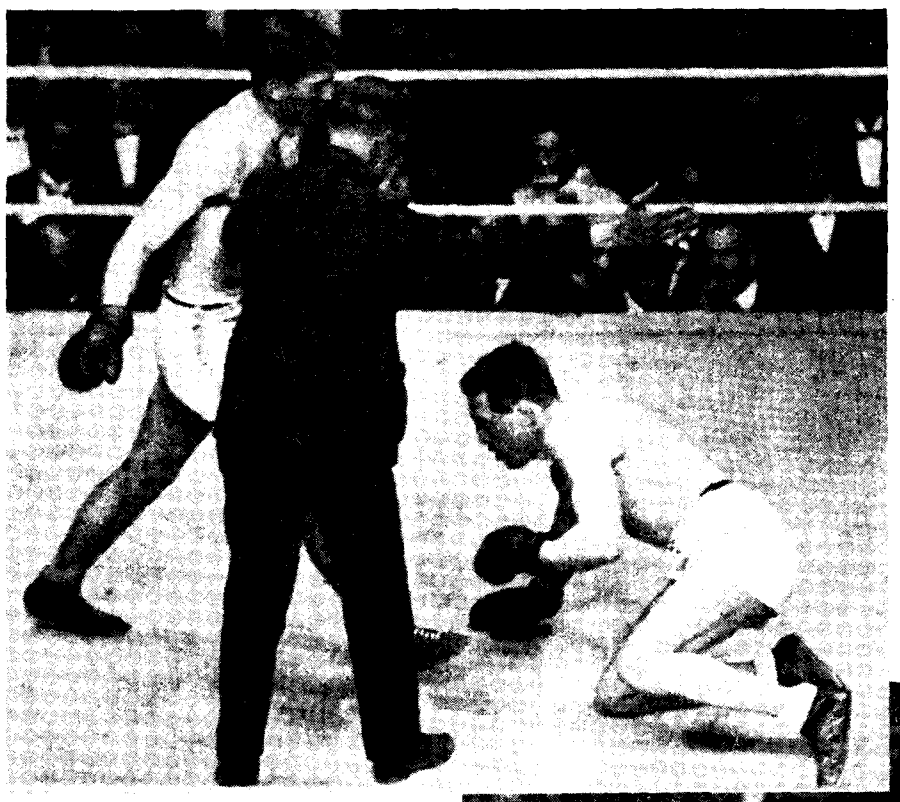
"The betting had been six to one against Jeffries when he fought Fitzsimmons," says Harvey. "Anybody who knew anything about a man's condition knew that Jeffries had no right to enter the ring against Johnson."

The High Road to Fame

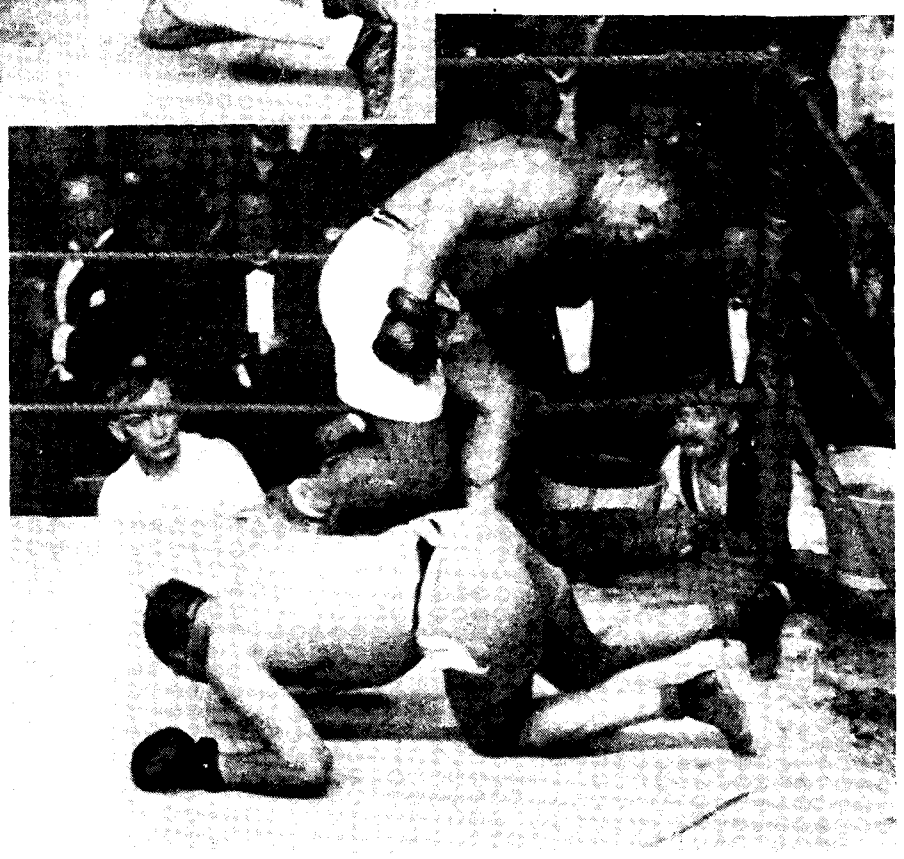
Steadily playing his minor part in erecting what the loud and laudable Joe Humphreys calls the Temple of Fistiana, Charley Harvey didn't step into really important clothes until he cultivated the friendship of Jim Frawley, Manhattan senator and devotee of the ring. Mr. Harvey's mustache began peeping out of sports-page cartoons, and his genial presence as functionary at dubious and up-and-up forgatherings of the talent was generally noted. Likewise, if he had become a frankly professional promoter of athletes, he still cherished the amateur spirit by appearing as self-elected leader of the usually American cheering section at Olympic games. Even so slight a hold on a niche in the public eye bears its rewards. Mr. Harvey became internationally known. He toured Europe with moving pictures of the Battling Nelson-Joe Gans contest, recruited some more foreign boxers and displayed them through America, took care that he received good press notices by the diplomatic process of giving more cigars and drinks than he received and feeding the boys news as well as meals—and so found himself backed politically.

Senator Frawley, without having to bend his toga too far, took boxing out of the gutter and legalized it. Ten-round, no-decision contests were per-

(Continued on page 48)



Keystone-Underwood



Keystone-Underwood

Carpentier knocking out Kid Lewis in the first round. Below, Joe Beckett winning from Dick Smith

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The Iron Captain

Continued from page 25

eagle eye and assured bearing held their hate in check. Now president—for the wastrels recognized his amazing capacities even while dreading his stern rule—the Iron Captain built and tilled, roved the streams and forests, noting the land's resources and drawing careful maps, and all the while bartering for corn, pitting his brains and courage against savage cunning.

Newport came again in October of 1608, bearing still more useless gentlemen, and by the time winter gripped, these worthless fools had devoured the supplies and sat in idleness and rebellion. What was still more menacing, the Indians now showed open enmity. Newport had brought a crown, a scarlet robe and a set of bedroom furniture for the Great Powhatan, and the arrogant old chieftain, taking the gifts as proof of English fear, set plans on foot to starve the colonists and finally destroy them.

Delicate indeed was Smith's position. He must impress the savages with a show of force and yet avoid the open break that would make them retreat inland with their supplies. Accompanied by a small band of picked men, he launched his boat in the ice-bound stream and rowed to face the Great Powhatan for a clash of wits and will. With one hand outstretched in friendship, the other significantly grasping his sword, the steadfast captain outmatched the old chieftain in a diplomatic duel and gained assurances that supplies would no longer be withheld.

On the heels of the interview, however, Powhatan fled his village, leaving warriors behind with instructions to deliver a surprise attack, but Smith quelled it with only his few companions at his side. So furiously did he charge with sword and pistol that the Indians broke and ran. Straightway Powhatan sent word that the treacherous assault was without his knowledge or approval, and the captain, while accepting the explanation with every appearance of pleasure, demanded that it be supported by deliveries of corn.

Pocahontas Intervenes

Again the chieftain plotted, but, in the words of the chronicler, "the eternal, all-seeing God did prevent him and by a strange means. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel and daughter, in that dark night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheere should be sent us by and by, and that Powhatan and all the power that he could make, would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper. Therefore, if we would live, shee wishes us presently to be gone. Such things as shee delighted in, we would have given her, but with the teares running down her cheekes, shee said shee durst not be seene to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, shee were but dead."

As always in the life of Captain Smith, one danger merely gave way to another. Proceeding to the village of Powhatan's brother, Opechancanough, the landing party found itself surrounded by six hundred savages. Even as he smiled in seeming ignorance of the trap, Smith sprang, catching the chieftain by his long scalplock and jamming a pistol against his breast. "The cause I have forborne your insolencies," he cried, "is the promise I made you before the God I serve, to be your friende until you give me just cause to be your enemie. Shoote but one arrow to shed one drop of blood of any of my men, or steale the least of these beades or copper I spurne before me with my foot, you shall see I will not cease revenge. I am not now at Rassaweak, half-drowned with mire, where you took me prisoner. You promised to fraughte my Ship ere I departed, and so you shall, or I meane to load her with your dead carcasses."

For days he walked in the shadow of death—poison plots, ambushes and storms that froze the marrow—nor when he came to Jamestown were his troubles ended. Eleven men, sailing to scheme treachery with Powhatan, had been drowned; what provisions remained on hand had been permitted to rot; greed and folly had put the colony's tools and weapons in Indian hands, and mutiny was on every side. Calling all before him, Smith scourged the rabble with bitter words.

Putting away his tolerances, for the fate of the colony hung in the balance, he whipped the loafers to their tasks, dealt sternly with traitors and, moving from point to point with what seemed uncanny prescience, struck down Indian uprisings. While the Great Powhatan skulked in the thickets, the Iron Captain with his own bare hands choked the burly chieftain of the Paspaheghs into submission, dragging him back to Jamestown as a hostage. Fiercer and more terrible waged the struggle to maintain life, and it was only Smith's sheer will that held famine off that winter.

All the while his enemies plotted in England, and on June 2, 1609, nine ships sailed from Plymouth, bearing a brand-new government. Only four vessels reached Jamestown by August, and inasmuch as Sir Thomas Gates, the appointed governor, was on one of the missing craft, Smith retained the presidency, and cracked the whip of his discipline as stoutly as before. All of his ancient enemies were back, and "to a thousand mischiefes those lewd captains led this lewd company, wherein were many unruly gallants packed thither by friends to escape ill destinies," but he quickly "layd them by the heels," and put an end to waste and riot.

They Got Him Down

More arduous drudgeries were now demanded of him, for there were several hundred additional mouths to fill, but as he grappled with his task, the accidental explosion of a powder bag stripped part of his gaunt frame of its flesh. Straightway his mutinous rabble leaped forward, jackals attacking the wounded lion. "Seeing the President unable to stand, and neare bereft of his senses by reason of his torments, they had plotted to have him murdered in his bed. But his heart did faile him that should have given fire to the mercilesse pistol."

Even so, the conspirators shipped the suffering man back to England under a load of infamous charges that they hoped would mean his execution. And with Smith's strong hand removed, disaster promptly returned to the colony. The Indians, learning that the Iron Captain had left the land, killed and burned; no new leader rose to think and perform for the shiftless company, and when Gates and the missing flagship arrived in May, 1610, of the five hundred colonists just sixty remained alive—starved, gibbering wretches sunk so low as to eat the dead.

John Smith finally recovered of his ghastly burns and spent four weary years crooking the knee to chuckle-headed lords and portly merchants, begging to be sent back to his beloved Virginia. But while they took his maps and made full use of his counsel, the fools remembered his valor only as insubordination and would have none of him.

When he sailed again in 1614, with two small ships and a crew of forty-five, it was not to the waters of the Chesapeake, but farther north.

One less thorough than the Iron Captain might well have missed the promise of that bleak coast to which he gave the name New England. While he drove his men after fish and furs, proving the possibilities of the trade, he himself explored and mapped the region even as he had pioneered in Virginia, making easy the way for those that were to follow. In 1615 he attempted a return voyage, but storms prevented, and a later attempt merely added another chapter of wild adventure to Smith's incredible life.

One pirate ship was beaten off, but not even the Iron Captain's bravery could avail against the swoop of four French privateers. His charm, however, was for men as well as women, and the corsair chief became so fond of Smith that he restored the captured vessel.

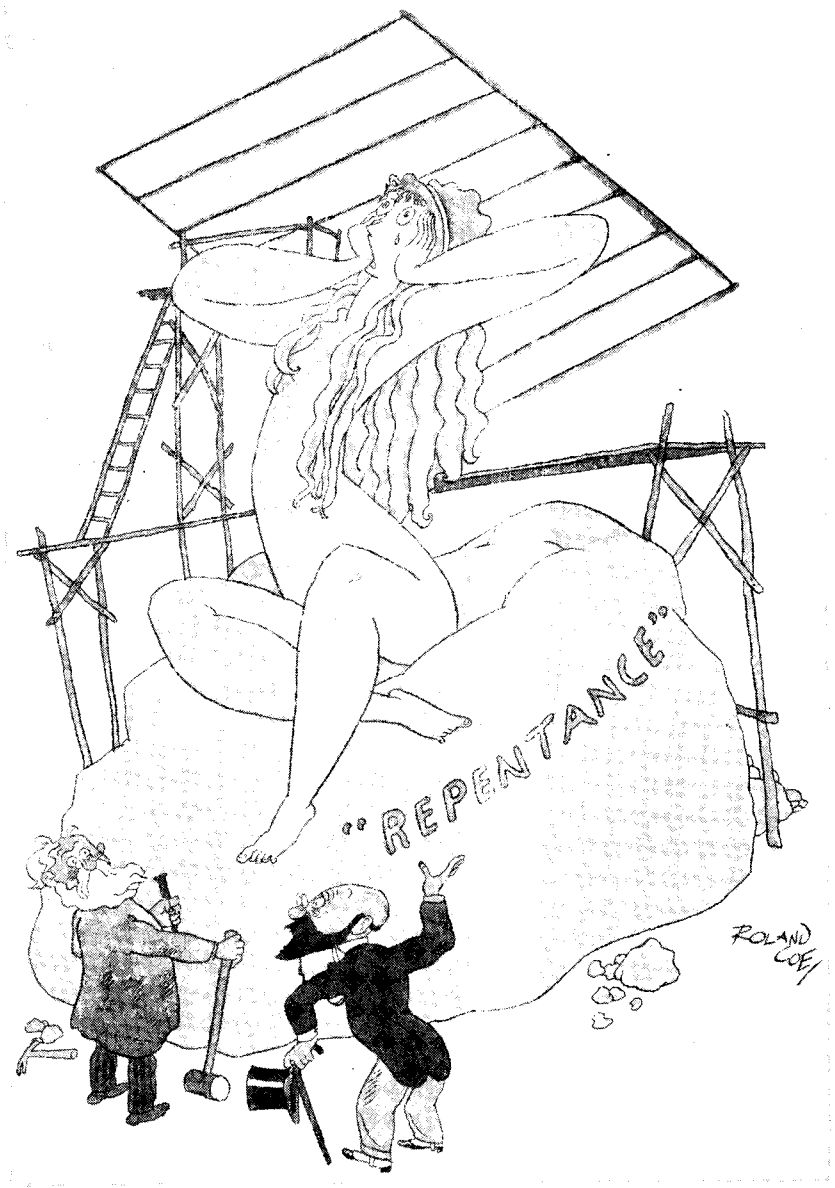
But alas, while the captain made his farewells, his cowardly crew, without heart for further danger, sailed away. From August until October the unhappy commander was forced to remain with the privateers, contributing his fighting genius and seamanship to their attacks on the helpless shipping until a furious storm gave him the chance to escape.

Left by the Mayflower

While all crouched below, he slipped over the side into a small boat, and again wind and waves carried him safely to a rocky isle. Some hunters rescued him from the Ile du Roi, and in La Rochelle the inevitable lady intervened, clothing him, feeding him and providing for his return to England.

Only thirty-six—his courage, resolution and rare administrative gifts amply proved, and with an experience possessed by no other of his day—still the throne passed him by for men more plausible or more pliant. For a glad moment he had the hope that the Pilgrim Fathers would give him command of the Mayflower, but the austere dissenters could not stomach his Church of England faith and, after gaining his books and maps and advice, sailed away without him.

Cheerfully enough, for whining and bitterness were alien to his great soul, the Iron Captain addressed himself to the preparation of books and pamphlets, and by written and spoken word kept alive the country's interest in colonization. Fifteen years he labored, insisting upon the New World as England's greatest opportunity, and then an illness came upon him that his toil-wasted frame could not throw off. Happiness, however, was his at the last, for the Virginia and Massachusetts settlements, fruit of his heroic endeavors, were then firmly planted—reward enough for that gallant, selfless soul.



"It's for the Woman's Moral Uplift Society. Just change the title to 'Innocence'" *Roland Coe*

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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High Spots

Continued from page 29

"Now, do you know what six feet looks like?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," I lied. I was afraid to tell him that I could not see the ground right. He might send me to the hospital to have my eyes examined. They might find some slight defect in my eyes that they had overlooked in the original examination and wash me out of the school.

"Well, then, go around and make a decent landing for me," my instructor said.

"Yes, sir."

I leveled off too high again the next time. My instructor grabbed his controls and prevented us from cracking up.

"Collins," he shouted, when the ship had stopped rolling, "don't run into the ground wheels first. And don't level off as high as the telegraph wires. Level off at about six feet. Then set her down. Now go around and try it again."

"Yes, sir."

"Damn it, Collins, don't sit back there and say 'Yes, sir' and then do the same fool thing again."

"No, sir."

I sat in the cockpit of an Army DH, high over southern Texas. I was returning to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, the Army Advanced Flying School. I had been to Corpus Christi on a student cross-country flight.

Beyond the tail of my ship I could see the Gulf of Mexico. Far out over the gulf was a low string of white clouds. The sky was very blue. The water flashed in the sun. Purple distance slowly swallowed up the gulf.

He Read the Sign

I turned around and faced forward and lit a cigarette. I looked at my map. The course line on my map lay between two railroads. I looked down at the earth. I was directly over a railroad, flying parallel to it. A little distance to my right lay another railroad, parallel to the one I was flying over. Another lay off to my left. I could not decide which were the two I should be flying between.

I saw a little town on the railroad under me. I throttled back and nosed down. I circled low over the town and located the railroad station. I dove low past one end and tried to read the name of the town as I flashed past it. I didn't make it out. I opened the throttle to pull up. The engine started to pick up, then sputtered, then picked up all right. I paid no attention to its sputtering. It had done that when I had taken off from Kelly Field that morning. It had done it when I had circled the field at Corpus Christi. There was a dead spot in the carburetor. The engine was all right. It was all right above or below that one spot on the throttle.

I continued to pull up. I went around and dove low at the station again. Again I failed to read the sign. I opened the throttle. The engine started to pick up, then sputtered, then picked up beautifully. I went around and dove at the station again. I got it that time. It was Floresville, Texas. I knew where that was. I opened the throttle. The engine started to pick up, then sputtered, then died. The propeller stood still.

I felt rage flow over me. I was two hundred feet over the little town. There was no landing place, not even an open space ahead of me. I looked to my right. There was nothing there. I looked to my left. Behind me to my left, just at the edge of the little town, there was an open space. It looked like a plowed field.

I swung my ship to the left. I held it up as much as I dared. I headed toward the open space. I was almost stalling. I barely cleared the last house. I was dropping rapidly. I eased forward on the stick. No response. I eased back. The nose dropped. I was stalled. I was about ten feet above the ground. There was a fence almost under me. Maybe I would clear it.

I heard a loud rending of wood and tearing of fabric. I felt a sensation of being pummeled and beaten. Something hit me in the face. Then I was aware of an immense quietness.

Tank Trouble

I just sat there in the cockpit. The dust settled slowly in the still air. The hot Texas sun filtered through it. I still held the stick in my right hand. My left hand was on the throttle. My feet were braced on the rudder bar.

I began to swear. I exhausted my vocabulary. I repeated it.

A voice interrupted me:

"Are you hurt, mister?"

The voice came from above me. I looked up. Strange faces stared down at me. Their eyes were excited and curious. Their mouths were open. Some of them were grinning.

I looked over the side of my cockpit. I saw women's knees and shoes; men's baggy pants' knees and shoes. The fuselage was flat on the ground. The landing gear had been torn away. I unfastened my belt, stood up, and stepped over the side of the cockpit onto the ground. I looked at the wreck. The wings and landing gear were a complete washout. The fuselage was not damaged.

I looked into the gasoline tanks. The main tank was empty. The reserve tank was full. I looked into the cockpit at the gas valve. The main tank was turned on. The reserve tank was turned off. I turned the main tank off and turned the reserve tank on.

I phoned Kelly Field from a house near by.

An instructor flew down to get me. He landed his ship and then walked over and looked at my ship. He looked into the gas tanks. He looked into the cockpit at the gas valves. He turned to me. His eyes twinkled.

"What was the matter, wouldn't your reserve tank take?" he asked.

"No, sir, it wouldn't take," I lied.

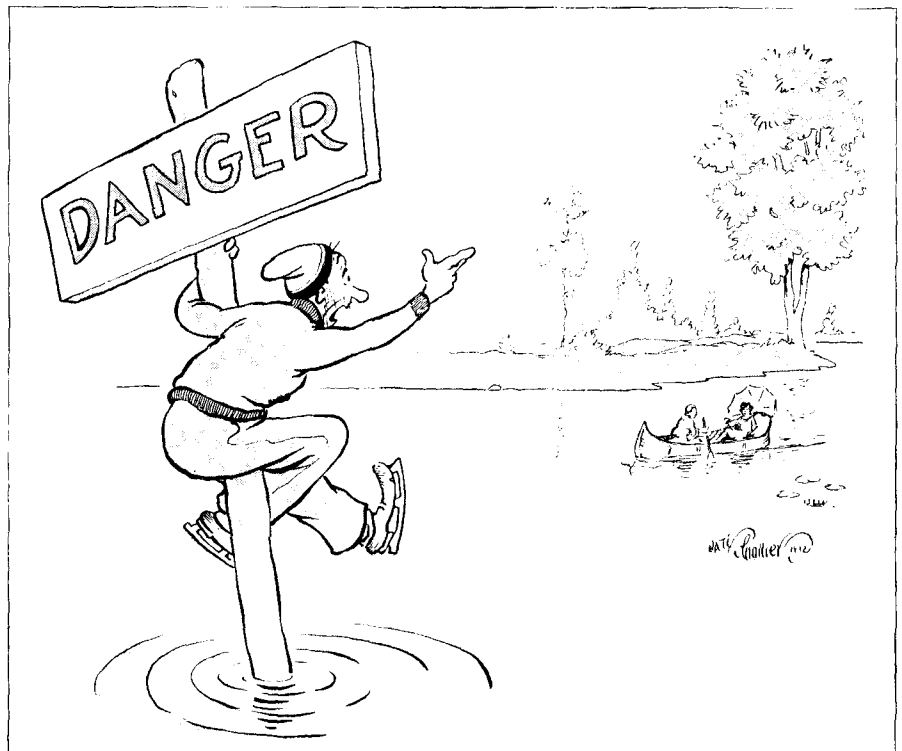
"This is the first tough luck you have had during the course, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I have never cracked up before."

He flew me back to Kelly Field.

I was flying in a student pursuit formation of SE-5's. Another student pursuit formation of MB-3A's was flying several thousand feet above us. The formation above was supposed to be enemy pursuit on the offensive against us. We were staging a mimic combat over Kelly Field.

I saw the enemy formation behind us and above us in position to attack. I saw it nose down toward us.



"Thank gawd! Help at last!" *Nate Collier*

I looked at my flight leader's plane. He was signaling a sharp turn to the left. He banked sharply to the left. All ships in our formation banked with him. The attacking formation crossed our tails and pulled up to our right.

I saw the enemy formation above us to our right, banking to the left, nosing down to attack us broadside.

I looked at my flight leader. He was signaling a turn to the right. He banked sharply to the right. Our whole formation turned to the right with him. We were heading directly into the oncoming attack of the other formation.

Just as I straightened out of my turn my ship lurched violently and I got a fleeting impression of something passing over my head. I couldn't figure out what had happened.

Missed by Inches

Several turns later it occurred to me. Somebody in the attacking formation, when the formation had been diving head-on into ours, had pulled up just in time to keep from hitting me head-on. I had passed under him and immediately behind him as he had pulled up and the turbulent slip-stream of his ship had made my ship lurch.

I got weak all over. Lord, how close he must have come!

Later, on the ground, we stood around our instructors listening to criticisms of our flying. I was looking around at the faces of the other students. I saw another student looking around, too. It was Lindbergh. He had been flying in the attacking formation. When the criticism was over I walked up to him.

"Say," I said, "did you come close to anybody in that head-on attack?"

He grinned all over.

"Yes," he said. "Was that you?"

"Yes."

"Did you see me?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I *felt* you."

"It's a good thing you didn't see me," Lindbergh said, "because if you had you would have pulled up too and we would have hit head-on."

I was leading a three-ship formation. Mac was flying behind me on my left. Monte was flying behind me on my right. Selfridge Field, Michigan, home of the First Pursuit Group of the Army Air Corps, lay beneath us.

I kicked right rudder; then immediately left rudder; then right rudder; then left. I was fish-tailing. I was signaling that I was going to turn around and fly in the opposite direction. I pushed my stick to the right; to the left; to the right; to the left. I was rocking my wings. I was signaling that I was going to roll over on my back and dive to accomplish the turn. It would be tough for the man I rolled toward. He would lose sight of me for an instant as he rolled with me to follow me.

I rolled to the left toward Mac. I got flat on my back. I nosed down and dove straight for the earth. My engine roared louder. My controls got stiffer. The PW8 was a sweet ship in a dive. I looked behind me into the blue sky above. Mac was in place. He hadn't dropped behind a bit. Monte was in place, too. I pulled out of the dive, zoomed up for altitude and leveled off. Mac and Monte stayed with me fine.

I waited a moment. I fish-tailed. I rocked my wings.

Mixed Signals

I rolled toward Monte this time. Monte was new in the group. Down. Down. Down. I looked up behind me. Mac was in place. Monte was way behind.

I pulled out of the dive, zoomed up and leveled off again. Mac stayed with me. I waited until Monte caught up with us. I turned my face so Monte could see it. I grasped my nose between my thumb and forefinger. Monte nodded his head. He agreed he was lousy.

I fish-tailed. I rocked my wings. I rolled toward Monte again. I looked up behind me in the dive. Monte was far behind. I pulled up and waited for him.

I fish-tailed. I didn't rock my wings. I wouldn't dive this time. I would just bank around. The diving turn was tough on the inside man. Better work Monte up to it easily.

I started to bank to the right toward Monte. I looked up to my right. I saw the belly of Monte's ship. It loomed huge. I saw the nose of his ship pointed straight at my cockpit. I saw the nose of his ship slide downward past me between my right wing and my tail. I saw his left wing miss my right wing and his right wing miss my tail.

I looked down over the right side of my ship. I saw Monte far beneath me. His tail was toward me. He got smaller and smaller. He got very close to the ground. Then he pulled out of his dive, zoomed low over the hangars, turned

(Continued on page 38)

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around and came in over the hangars and landed.

I dove down and landed. Mac followed me.

Monte came up to me when we got out of our ships. He spoke to me.

"Lord, I'm sorry," he said. "I was determined to stay with you on the next dive. I didn't notice that you had left out the signal to roll over and dive. Don't tell the rest of the Group."

"Forget it," I said. "You only came close."

My knees were shaking.

"Go around and try it again," I shouted.

"Yes, sir," the cadet in the rear cockpit behind me shouted back.

I felt the throttle under my left hand go all the way forward with a jerk. I pulled it back.

"Open that throttle slower and smoother," I shouted back. I didn't look back. I just turned my head to the left and put my open right hand up to the right side of my mouth.

"Yes, sir," came the cadet's voice from the rear cockpit.

I felt the throttle under my left hand move forward slowly, smoothly. The engine noise rose. The ship rocked and bumped slowly forward over the rough ground. The tail of the ship came up and the nose went down. The nose of the ship veered to the left. I wanted to kick right rudder to bring the nose back. I didn't move. The nose swung back straight and then veered badly to the right. I wanted to kick left rudder and bring the nose back. I just sat there. The nose stopped veering. We were going pretty fast. We bumped the ground a few times, almost flying in between the bumps. We bumped the ground once more and bounced into the air. We stayed there.

Students Are Like That

The ship banked to the left. I felt a strong blast of air on the right side of my face and felt myself being pushed to the right side of my cockpit. We were skidding. I wanted to ease a little, right rudder on, and stop the skid. Instead, I patted the right side of my face several times with my right hand so the cadet in the rear cockpit behind me could see it. I felt the rudder pedal under my right foot jerk forward. We stopped skidding. The ship straightened out of the bank and flew straight and level for a little way. It made another left-hand bank, leveled out again and flew straight again for a little way. It did it again. I felt the throttle under my left hand come all the way back. The engine noise quieted down and the engine exhaust popped a few times. The ship nosed down into a glide. It made another left-hand turn in the glide and then straightened out. We were gliding toward the little field that the Army Primary Flying School used for practice.

We were not heading into the wind. We were heading slightly to the right of head-on into the wind. I wanted to bank the ship to the left until we were headed directly into the wind. I didn't touch the controls. We landed cross-wind, drifting badly to the right. The ship lurched and the right wing almost dug the ground. The ship veered sharply to the left. I grabbed the controls, kicked right rudder, and gave the ship a sharp burst of the gun. It straightened out and rolled to a stop.

"That was lousy," I shouted back. "You jerked your throttle open. You veered across the field on your take-off like a drunken man. Are you too weak to kick rudder? You skidded on your turns. You landed cross-wind. Go around and try it again. See if you can't do something right this time."

High Spots

Continued from page 36

It was about the twentieth speech like that I had shouted back to the cadet that morning.

I felt the throttle under my left hand jerk forward. I pulled it back.

"Damn it, open that throttle slower and—"

A voice from the rear cockpit broke in on me:

"I hope you never get anyone else as dumb as I am, Lieutenant."

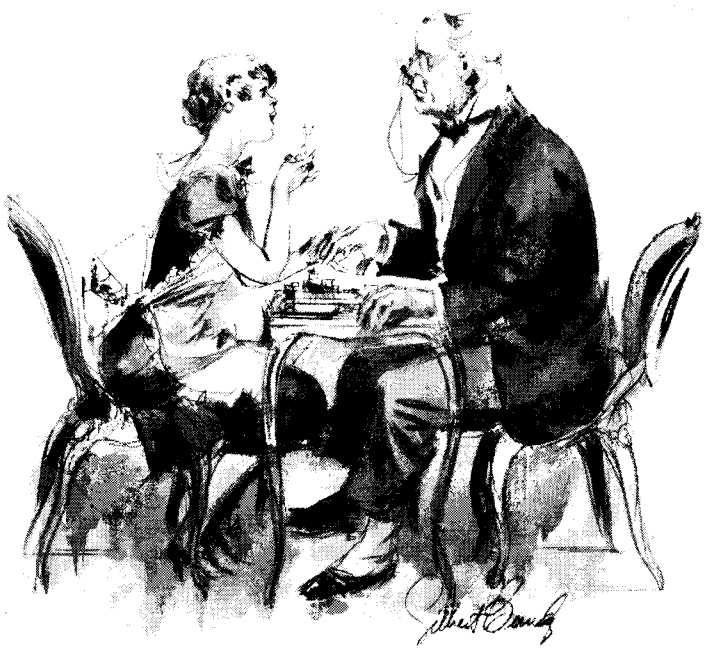
The voice was choked. The kid was crying.

Bailing Out

I looked down into my cockpit at my boots. My heart was beating very fast. I looked at my boots a long time.

I unfastened my safety belt, twisted around in my cockpit, stood on my knees in my seat and faced the cadet.

"Hey, listen here," I said. "I give you



"I'm so proud of you, Mr. Merger— you've stopped biting your finger nails" *Gilbert Bundy*

a lot of hell because I am as anxious for you to get this stuff as you are to get it. I wouldn't even give you hell if I thought you were hopeless. Sit back and relax and forget it a while. You will do better tomorrow."

I was chief test pilot for a company which had built a two-seater fighter for the Navy. It was a new design, experimental. I flew it to Bolling Field, Washington, to demonstrate it to the Navy. Naval officials asked me to dive it 8,000 feet, straight down, wide open.

I looked at the ship. It had a factor of safety of ten. I remembered that the PW8's and Hawks I used to fly when I was in the Army and with the Pursuit Group had had a factor of safety of twelve. I took my parachute into the naval parachute hut and asked the non-com there to repack it. I came out with my newly packed chute and got in the ship to do an 8,000-foot power dive.

I climbed to 12,000 feet and looked over the side. That's high enough, I thought.

I pulled over the top of a loop and pointed toward the earth. I held the ship vertical, nose pointed straight down at the middle of Bolling Field, engine wide open.

The engine whined. It whined louder and louder. The engine noise swirled in over the edges of my cockpit in a tremendous roar. They must hear me all over Washington, I thought. Lord, how I'm turning up!

I heard a noise like an explosion. I received a violent blow on the left temple. It *did* happen, I thought. Lord, it *did* happen!

I found myself struggling to get out of the ship. My head was back. My feet were back at the sides of my seat. My hands were gripping the sides.

My belt is still fastened, I thought. Why am I doing that? Why am I struggling to get out without undoing my belt? I stopped struggling.

I looked down at the clasp on my safety belt. I put my right hand on it and opened it. I laid the two halves of the belt down on either side of my seat. I looked down at the rip-cord on the left side of my parachute harness. I placed my right hand on it and then took my right hand off it. I just wanted to be sure where it was.

I looked over the right side of my cockpit. Both right wings were off clean. I could get out on that side. I saw loose wires trailing along the right side of the fuselage. I mustn't get tangled up in those wires.

I raised myself in my cockpit, using both hands and feet. I placed my right foot on the right side of the cockpit edge and sprang, head foremost. I went over the trailing wires. I was clear of the ship.

A Perfect Landing

I twisted my head around, looking for the falling wreck. I saw it a few hundred feet away from me. I saw it for just an instant, then I lost sight of it. I looked all around but couldn't locate it. I waited a few seconds. I didn't want the wreckage to fall on me after my 'chute had opened.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was falling through space without an airplane and without a parachute open. I looked down at the rip-cord on the left side of my parachute harness. I put my right hand on it, grasped it firmly and pulled hard.

I felt a tremendous jerk and turned end over end. I found myself sitting in my parachute harness looking down at the earth. The earth looked much closer than I thought it ought to. I looked up. My parachute, vast and billowy, spread above me, white against the blue sky.

I looked around the sky for the falling wreck. Maybe it would hit my 'chute. I heard a loud explosion. It was the wreck hitting the earth. I looked for it but couldn't find it.

I saw two square patches of tall trees under me. Between them was a brown plowed patch. It looked to me as though I would drop into the farther patch of tall trees. I slipped my 'chute away from them by pulling on the shroud lines. Now it looked as though I was going to fall into the nearer patch. I stopped slipping. I dropped into the plowed patch between the two patches of tall trees. I hit hard on the soft ground but didn't fall down. My parachute toppled over to the down-wind side of me. I looked at the tall trees. They were waist-high. I was in a nursery.

A Negro was running down the field toward me. His eyes looked large and white.

"Lawd, boy—" he started to say.

"Grab the top of that 'chute and walk off in that direction with it," I said, pointing, "while I get these shroud lines straightened out."

He stared at me while he followed my directions.

I saw the Navy ambulance drive up to the field. Men jumped out of it and ran toward me. The man who had designed the ship was in the lead. His mouth was open and he stumbled as he ran. When he got up to me he put two limp arms over my shoulders and put his head on my chest.

"Jim; oh, Jim; oh, Jim," he sobbed. He was crying like a kid.

I dropped the shroud lines and put my arms around him.

"Everything is all right; everything is all right, Rex," I said.

I patted him on the back. He was bigger than I. His weight leaned awkwardly against me. I felt silly as hell.

Cross Country

It was 1:45 A. M. The lights of United Airport at Burbank, California, where I had left the ground fifteen minutes before, had disappeared. The low mountains were beneath me but I couldn't see them. I knew the high mountains several miles east of me were higher than I was but I couldn't see them either. The luminous dials glowed in the instrument board in front of me. A sea of lights in the vicinity of Los Angeles stretched southeastward below me. I could see the stars in the cloudless, moonless sky above. I was circling for altitude to go over the high mountains.

At thirteen thousand feet I leveled out and assumed a compass course for Wichita, Kansas. I passed over the high mountains without ever seeing them. I saw only an occasional light in the blackness beneath me where I knew the mountains were. My map showed low mountains and desert valleys beyond.

The first faint light of dawn dimmed the stars in the eastern sky ahead. Soon I could see the low mountains, like gray shrouded ghosts, floating slowly past under me in the first dusk of dawn. Brighter light found me over the Grand Canyon. Beyond me was the Painted Desert.

The first dazzling tip of the sun leaped out of the horizon ahead of me as I was flying over the Painted Desert.

I ate part of a chocolate bar, drank coffee out of a thermos bottle and smoked a cigarette. That was my breakfast.

Indian Reservation country. Hopi Reservation. Navajo Reservation. Dried

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rivers. No roads. No houses. No men. No cattle. Nothing. Yellow, rolling desert country. Immense. Desolate. Brilliant in the morning sun. Deadly if my engine quit.

There was no cushion between me and the top of the parachute pack I was sitting on. The pack was hard. I was beginning to ache.

Greener country. Fertile valleys, mountains looming. The Sangre de Cristo range rose high in front of me. Twelve thousand feet. I passed over it into the undulating low country beyond. Soon I was flying over the flat, fertile plains of western Kansas.

I put my right hand between me and my parachute pack and sat on that side for a while. Then I put my left hand between me and the pack and sat on that side for a while, resting the right side.

I couldn't sit on both of my hands at once. I had to have one free to fly with. I tried a lot of different sitting positions. No position eased the pain for long. The pain spread all the way up to the small of my back. I ate some more chocolate, drank some more coffee, smoked some more cigarettes and tried to forget the pain.

Almost a Record

Gas trucks were waiting for me at Wichita Airport. Reporters asked me questions. They told me I was behind Lindbergh's time. They took pictures. A woman from the crowd jumped up on the side of my ship and kissed me. I was off the ground, headed for New York, fifteen minutes after I had landed.

It was very rough. It was hot. I was miserable in my fur flying suit. I ached from sitting on the hard parachute pack and wished I could stand up for a while. I hadn't had a chance to get out of the ship at Wichita. I tried sitting on one hand at a time again but that didn't help much now.

Flat country, checkerboarded in green fields and brown plowed patches. White cumulus clouds in the blue sky. Around St. Louis the clouds were piled up twenty thousand feet and more. They were in bunches. They were summer storm areas. I flew around the tops of them.

Clouds gone. Towns closer together. Towns larger. Farms smaller. More railroads and paved roads. Industrial towns. On into the rolling country of eastern Ohio.

Lord, how I ached from sitting on that pack. The ache had spread all the way up to my shoulder blades. It throbbed like a toothache. I had given up squirming. One position was just as bad as another. I just sat any way I found it necessary to sit. I told myself that I could hurt just so much and that that was that.

Pittsburgh was hidden by smoke. The Allegheny Mountains were dim in haze. It was getting dark.

I ate more chocolate, drank more coffee and smoked more cigarettes. I ached all over now. I just sat still and let it throb.

Mountains beneath me in the dusk like dreams floating past. Stars appearing in the clear sky. Lights coming on in the houses and towns.

New York. An ocean of shimmering light in the darkness spreading immensely under me. I saw the lights stretching out into Long Island. I could see where the field ought to be. Did I see the Roosevelt Field beacon? Was that it? What was that beacon over there? I saw hundreds of beacons. Beacons everywhere. Every color of a flashing beacon. Then I remembered. It was Fourth of July night. I would have a hell of a time locating the field. Finally I distinguished Roosevelt Field lights from the fireworks and dove low over the field. The floodlights came on. My red-and-white low-wing Lockheed Sirius glided out of the darkness, low over the edge of the field, brilliantly into the floodlight glare, landed and rolled to a stop.

There was a crowd at the field. Roosevelt was giving a night demonstration. People ran out of the crowd toward me. George jumped up on the wing and leaned over the edge of my cockpit. I was taxiing toward the hangar.

"That did it," George shouted over the noise of my engine.

"Did what?" I shouted back.

"Broke the record, boy!"

"You're crazy," I answered. "It took me sixteen and a half hours. Lindbergh made it in 14:45."

The airport at Phoenix, Arizona, was dark, deserted and lonely at four o'clock in the morning. Boundary lights, obstacle lights and floodlights were out. The night watchman didn't know how to turn them on.

Joe and I rolled the big landing lights down out of our wings, turned them on and taxied out into the field. We turned around into the wind, turned our landing lights off and rolled them back up into the wings. We opened our throttle, roared down the flat field and rose into the darkness. We turned back toward the lights of Phoenix and circled over the town for altitude.

The lights of the town looked friendly and sleepy under us. Dimly we could make out the unlighted airport at the eastern edge of the lights. Thirty or forty miles east of the airport lay the highest mountains we would have to pass over on our way to El Paso, Texas. I looked out toward the mountains in the darkness. I saw lightning flashing in a black sky.

I lined up on a compass course for El Paso. I was heading toward the blackest spot in the sky. I held my course and kept climbing. I had eight thousand feet. I thought I might climb over the storm.

We began to rock and pitch and lurch. We were entering the storm area. We could still see the lights of Phoenix behind us. Suddenly the whirling propeller in front of us took on the appearance of a silver disk silhouetted against black. We had run into rain and the lights behind us were being reflected by the water on the propeller. We had ten thousand feet altitude.

Came the Dawn

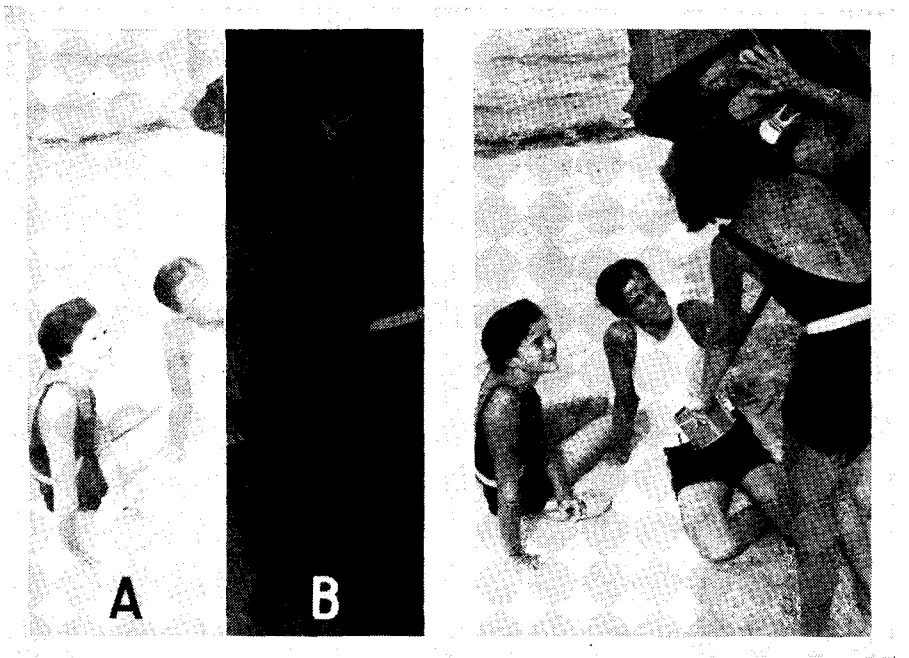
I put my flashlight up against the cabin windowpane and looked out at the wing-struts. The leading edges of the struts were covered with white stuff. The rain was freezing on the ship. A tremendous flash of lightning changed the blackness outside to glaring whiteness. I saw a streak of fire pass under the ship. I was blinded for a second. Then blackness. I turned back toward Phoenix. When I could see the lights of Phoenix again, I started to circle.

I saw the lightning flashing in the storm I had just flown out of. I saw more lightning flashing farther to the north. It was another storm. I saw strange, graying light high between the two storms. It was early dawn light breaking through the tops of high broken clouds. I headed toward it.

Soon faint daylight showed the mountains slipping slowly past beneath us in the early purple dusk. A black storm lay behind us on our right. It towered far above our twelve thousand feet of altitude. Another mounted high behind us to our left. Ahead, the eastern sky, radiant with the coming sun, shone cheerfully.

Sunburnt Beach

or leafy shade, this Double Coated Film protects your snapshots



A First coating prevents this washed-out, weak effect, by correcting *over*exposure. **B** Second coating prevents this blackish, sooty effect, by correcting *under*exposure. The two coatings combined, one slow and one fast, assure proper exposure throughout the picture and give you this clear, crisp snapshot, rich in detail.

LOAD your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. Then take one picture on a dazzling sunlit beach—another in the shade of your garden or porch.

Both will surprise you. The first because of its remarkably faithful rendering of sand, sea, and people in the glare of summer sun. The second because of the detail in leafy shadows.

That's the advantage of Verichrome's double coating, of two sensitive emulsions instead of one.

Clear, Crisp Snapshots

First coating is a slow emulsion, to hold light parts of the subject . . . even when *over*exposed. Then a fast emulsion, to catch darker parts . . . even when *under*exposed. Together, Verichrome's two coatings give you clear, crisp snapshots, full of detail throughout.

And Verichrome tolerates errors. You can get good pictures even when you don't set your camera just right.

Verichrome advantages are so real, so practical, that the cheaper your camera, the slower its lens, the more valuable are the safeguards Verichrome offers.

You See the Difference

Examine a Verichrome negative. You'll see at a glance it's different. Translucent, instead of transparent.

You look *at* it, not *through* it, because the method of double coating is a patented Eastman process. No other film is "the same as" Verichrome.

Ask your dealer for Verichrome. He has it in rolls and in packs. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM OTHER FILMS

1 Double coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.

2 Highly color sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, the colors which predominate in nature.

3 Halation "fuzz" prevented by a light-absorbing colored backing on the film.

4 Finer detail in highlights, portions representing light parts of the subject.

5 Finer detail in shadows, portions representing dark parts.

6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 9

said. Radiance poured into Norah's face, and her heart swelled with joy. She didn't care how hard times were if only her own people loved her!

"You see, Keith," she said eagerly, and he thought he had never seen Norah so endearing and so pretty, "there are lots of things I could do, if I had a chance. But—to get that chance!"

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh," she said largely, "anything! I could open a school, or I could have a roadside inn, and serve chicken dinners. Or I could do marionettes, or open a chintz shop; or I could cook lunches for people! Anything—*anything*. I'd go be a nurse, Keith, if it weren't for leaving Mother, or—if we had one single extra inch in the apartment I could take boarders."

Her gray eyes sparkled at him; she was very much in earnest.

"But how to get started!" she lamented. "We have five rooms, we four, and there are boxes under all the beds, and bundles on all the closet shelves. Boarders—well, they'd have to sleep in the kitchen. I couldn't cook private orders on that little stove—I couldn't take in babies to board and have them fall off the fire escape."

"No, you couldn't—not very long you couldn't."

"So what to *do*, Keith? In the old days women had gardens and chickens and fruit and attics, plenty of space to develop ideas. Even jam—you could make a fortune on home-made jam! But imagine me trying to boil it and bottle it in that kitchen."

THEY looked at each other. After a moment Keith said uncertainly, "But somehow I don't see us living anywhere but in the city."

"Well, we always *have* lived in the city," Norah observed moderately.

"Remember going down to Good Ground or somewhere every summer when we were kids?"

"Ah, don't I!" Her anxious eyes softened. "Doesn't it seem like a dream now, Dad and old Nellie—"

"It seems like a dream that we ever had enough money."

"Or that anyone ever has enough!" Norah said.

"You see, I kind of hate to spring this on Mother, Norah, until we've got some good news."

"I know."

"What would happen, Keith," the girl asked suddenly, after a silence during which they both had been thinking hard, "if you put an advertisement in the paper: 'Will some rich man invest in a poor family who will repay him as soon as possible?'"

"You'd get a lot of fortune-tellers' cards and some millinery ads," Keith predicted, and Norah laughed.

"We don't know one soul who could help us, Keith, do we?"

"Nope."

"As for poor old Uncle Rod, he's on the brink of landing himself on us for life; he as much as said so yesterday."

"Ha!" Keith ejaculated. "Well," he said, "there's no use worrying. We'll scout around for a few days and see what we can scare up, and then we'll break it to Mother."

"Even if we have to take less, Keith, we'll *have* to get jobs."

"Oh, sure. Take anything!"

They went out into the dark street again, and turned towards Anne's house. Norah clung to her brother's arm; she had always wished he never would marry, and that they could live together some day, just he and she. She was jealous of Anne, though she never let him see it. Anne seemed to feel that she was doing Keith Oliver a favor to let him admire her. Anne was two years younger than Norah, which made Anne's complacent little airs especially trying.

"We'll get out of this all right, won't we, Keith?" Norah asked for the tenth time, when they had rung Anne's bell.

"Oh, sure we will!"

EARLY on Sunday morning, just as dim winter dawn was fumbling at her window, Norah awoke, and lay thinking, with her body stretched luxuriously under the warm bedding, and her hands locked on the pillow under her head.

She thought of business buildings, of elevators, of politely interested clerks at waiting-room desks. She saw herself, Norah Oliver, in her worn, well-brushed dark blue suit and blue hat, advancing to these desks in her turn, asking quietly—not too assuredly—to see Mr. Moore or Miss Ingalls or Miss Hudson. Was it about employment? Yes, about employment.

The impassive faces, the civil voices, the sharp pencil with which Miss Ingalls or Miss Hudson or Mr. Moore would write down one more name and address! One more girl "looking for work."

Funny world, this, Norah thought. Once you got a job, how you hated it! But when you had no job, what a glamour spread itself over just being employed, just being out of the lines of waiting and asking!

She had had several jobs, and had hated them all. To be shut in an office all day, to breathe office air, scented with radiator pipes, typewriter oil and pencil dust, to file things, write things, copy things, was dull employment. To slip out to a cafeteria lunch, and be back to punch a time clock in exactly thirty minutes, was to be only a stupid cog in a stupid machine. That wasn't living; that wasn't worth doing. And yet, how scrupulously it had to be done, all this mumbo-jumbo of modern efficiency, and how hard it was not to show one's boredom at the "pep talks," the "employees' conferences," which were all a part of it!

Ah, but there was the twenty-two-dollar check at the end of the week to consider. That was very important. And according to everyone who ever spoke authoritatively on the subject, and according to everything Norah had ever read, even the humblest job might lead to fame and fortune some day.

Well, no job of hers had ever seemed likely to do so, and here she was now, on a dark morning some few weeks before Christmas, lying awake in the bed she shared with Eve, and obliged to consider the position of having no job at all and no prospect of one, and no money, and no friends with money.

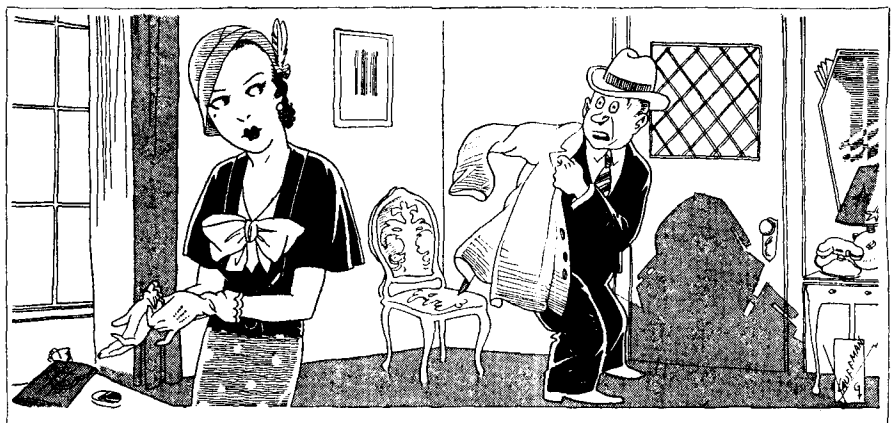
More disquieting still, Keith, the family rock of comfort and safety, had no job either. Norah winced when she thought of Keith. Perhaps he was getting tired of the too-heavy load his father's death had imposed upon him. Or perhaps boys took their responsibilities less seriously than girls did.

At all events, during this trying week, when he and Norah had both tramped their respective discouraging ways into business buildings, up in elevators, past hall clerks' desks, Keith had shown an increasing, rather than lessening, concern over the whole problem. He had spoken more than once of the Guatemala prospect.

"If Anne and I once got down there, there might be lots of ways I could pick up a little extra money!"

And, "Anne says her uncles would be bound to send her checks instead of wedding presents, and they'd help for a while, anyway!"

This from Keith, who had always been so sternly devoted to his own people, filled Norah's heart with despair.



"No, George, we won't be late. No one ever arrives at Mrs. Granslam's bridge until everyone is there"

G. Francis Kauffman

"It's Anne, of course!" Eve explained it lightly, in her bored, sweet young voice. "She's probably kissing all the sense he ever had out of him! Her cousin Lilly told me Anne was going to be married soon; right away, she said. 'To my brother,' I told her, and of course Lilly looked like a fool. She is a fool, anyway!

"Anne doesn't care what becomes of us," Eve went on, as Norah, whose idol was tottering, preserved a troubled silence. "She'd love to get married and go to Guatemala!"

"Well, for that matter, so would I," Norah interpolated.

"I'd love to go anywhere," Eve adapted it. "And I'd marry darned near anyone!"

NORAH laughed, but it was rather a forlorn laugh.

"I wonder if we would?" she said.

"Would what?"

"Marry anyone."

"Well, I wouldn't marry a Jamaican darky with leprosy," Eve observed.

"No—but you know how it is in the old novels, Eve, Trollope and Miss Yonge, and all that old stuff of Mother's! Girls were always marrying for money then."

"There wasn't anything else for them to do in those days."

"Well," and Norah laughed again, "is there now?"

"You must feel awfully flat, marrying for money," the younger sister mused.

"Just the same I'll bet lots of men would gladly do it!" Norah said, an odd light in her gray eyes.

She thought about it all that day, and all through the next day, and she thought about it on Sunday morning, lying in bed. And on Sunday night when Keith was out and Eve had gone to a movie with Larry Carter, Norah got out her writing materials and sat down at the kitchen table, and entered into the serious business of composition.

"WANTED—By an American girl of 24, gray eyes, light brown hair, a man who—"

Norah paused, captivated by a new idea. Why not make it a letter to the forum of open letters the newspaper published every day? That wouldn't cost anything and would reach a wider public.

Inspired, she could go straight ahead now; her mother, drowsy under a sleeping pill, heard the old typewriter clicking busily.

"What are you doing, darling?"

"Writing an ad, Mother!"

"Dear Editor of the Forum," wrote Norah, and in sheer excitement she laughed aloud.

"Dear Editor of the Forum: I am an American girl, 24 years old, healthy and sufficiently good-looking, with light brown hair and gray eyes. My family has played an honorable part in the history of this country, my grandfather and uncles being respectively a general in the Army, a lawyer of some repute, and a doctor. My father was a court reporter, whose health failed about three years ago."

INTERRUPTING herself, Norah thought, "Well, that last isn't quite true. Dad was a wholesale chemist and he's dead. But I can't give myself away!"

She went back to the letter, relishing its lofty phrases—sufficiently good-looking—played an honorable part in the history of this country—

"To support my father during a long convalescence," she typed on, "I would be glad to find a man of similar good lineage and honest intentions, who would give me a certain sum of money—say twenty thousand dollars—for which I would marry this man, if he liked me, and make him as good a wife as I possibly could. I am a good cook, and have had stern training in domestic economy; I love dancing, the theater and hospitality.

"As a guarantee of my integrity—(maybe that sounds too businesslike, thought Norah, stopping short)—

"To show that I am in earnest," she substituted, after a moment's reflection, "I may say that my religion forbids second marriage, and frowns on divorce, so that I would have every reason to regard this marriage as a serious step, and to use every possible means in my power to make it a success. I would hope to repay my husband for his generosity by giving him a good home, children, friends, and my lifelong devotion.

"There!" Norah said aloud in satisfaction, jerking the page from the machine.

"Did you call me, Norah?" her mother's voice said drowsily from the bedroom.

"I just said 'there!'" Norah called back.

She read her letter over, and was pleased with it. Now to find a perfectly blank envelope, and address it in typewriting which told no tales. And now for signing.

This took more thought. Finally, Norah wrote at the bottom of the page the words: "Wife for Sale." She put a stamp on the envelope and ran down to the dark street to post it, in the night.

(To be continued next week)

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Here's Health to You

Continued from page 23

And how about the woman who once stayed in bed until ten o'clock and had a nurse to take care of her children, and a good cook and other help to do her housework? Has it hurt her to get up and get the children ready for school, and to take the baby for his walk, and to make the beds after breakfast and get the meals when her general housework had a day off? It has not. And has she been a good sport about it? She has. She doesn't have to give a thought to keeping thin any more. She works off the extra pounds. She can't afford to give expensive and indigestible luncheons to her friends any more, and doesn't go to them, because her friends are in the same boat. And has it hurt her to do enough work in the garden to give her what flowers she wants for the house?

We are sifting the important from the unimportant things. Some of the things we used to feel we couldn't live without we now consider wild luxuries. And this point of view hasn't hurt us.

The Best Nurse of All

The children's side of the picture is the most cheerful of all. Granted that children are saved the worry of privation, we can also grant that in the essentials they are not allowed to suffer until the wolf is actually at the door.

One mother of four children met me in our village and pretended to be ashamed to see me. "How can you live," she asked me, "without coming to see one or another of my sick children every week?"

"Don't tell *me* why you're healthier," I said. "I *know*."

"What's the answer?" she asked.

"You have a good nurse," I said.

"That's where you're wrong," she said triumphantly. "I've fired my nurse."

"That's what I meant," I said.

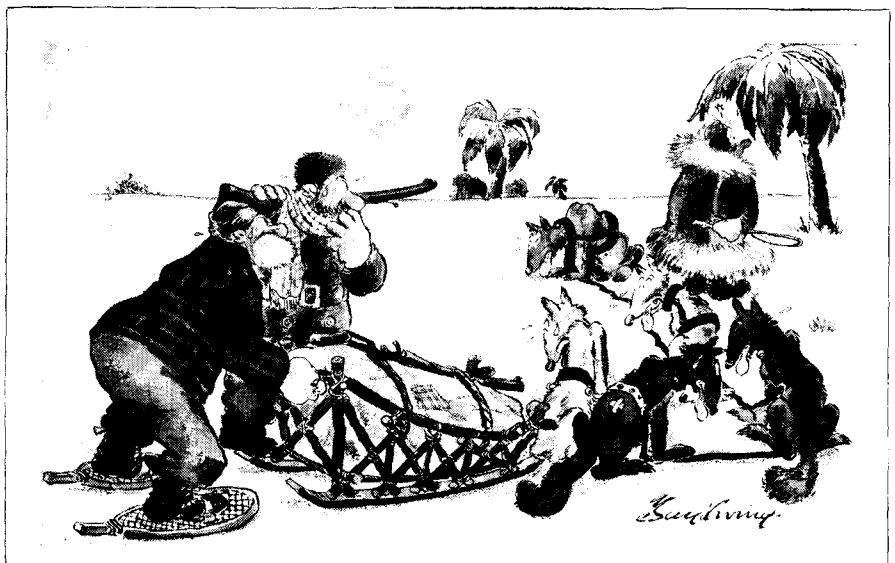
There may be exceptional cases where the mother herself is not best fitted to look after her children, but I don't know of any. I know plenty of women who *say* they are sure they couldn't do as well by their children as some trusted nurse, but I don't know any who have tried it and failed. I happen to be rather hipped on the subject of nurses. I feel that even if a mother can't keep her children as immaculate and well-ordered as a high-class nurse, she can still give them oversight and essential care that the best nurse in the world can't manage.

Another boon which the depression has bestowed upon the average child is fewer and smaller and less elaborate children's parties. Even in our flush days, a good many of us had a well-founded distrust of the benefits of the children's party for our offspring. Even if we discount the danger of contagion which a party holds for a pre-school child, and the excessive mental strain and excitement which it means for all younger children, the concentration of elaborate indulgences has never been good for any child.

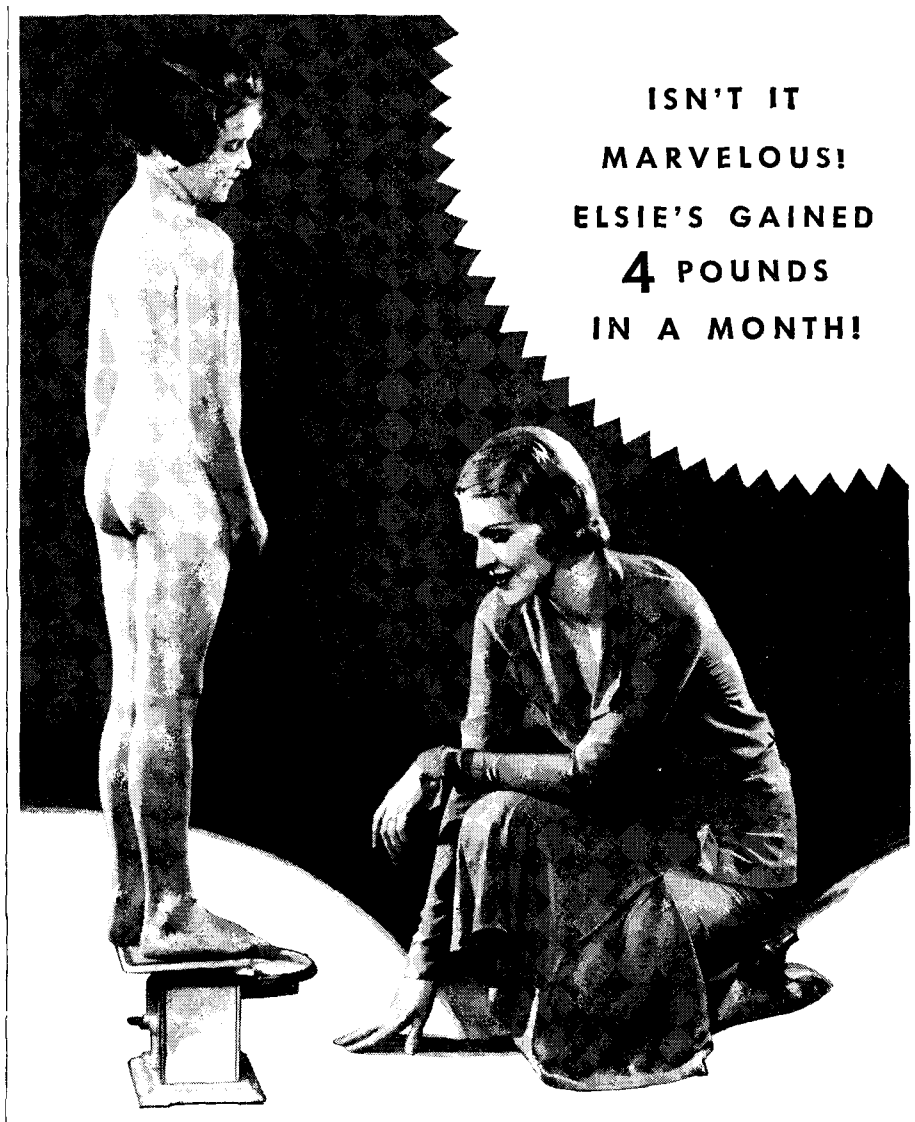
The reasons, then, that the depression has been good for a lot of us are simply these: Our lives have been necessarily simpler, our food has been simpler, our diversions have been simpler and we have had to work harder. A lot of us who were not taught to do much with our hands have had to learn to cook and sew and sweep and clean, and we have discovered that the Montessori system has a lot of sense in it. And the attitude toward health has perceptibly changed, to the delight of the doctors. Much as people kid us about our good luck when the health of the community is poor, there is not a doctor worth his salt who is not more interested in health than he is in disease. Or rather who is not interested in disease *because* he is interested in having people healthy. It is the public who have shown, in the past, the greatest interest in disease. They like to talk about it, even on social occasions; they are interested in the gory details of the more serious illnesses, and will regale you for hours with their own sufferings or those of their relatives, friends and ancestors. But now that is changed, at least among those who have felt the pinch of circumstances and have found more important things to think about. Their interest now is in maintaining health.

What the depression has done to the neurotic is just nobody's business. It has done more than Coué and Freud and rest cures and work cures and all the sedatives in the pharmacopœia. The only neurotic of my acquaintance who is still a neurotic is one whose income has by some miracle remained the same.

It may seem outside of the province of a doctor, but the fact that most of us can find someone whose troubles are worse than our own to be sorry for, and perhaps to help a little, has done us a world of good. That's not a sermon at all, really. It's good psychological fact. If we can be healthier mentally, by turning our thoughts outward from our own distress, we are bound to be healthier physically.



"I don't think that guide knows his business!" *Jay Irving*



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Be "SURE" of the food you give your child

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods

COCOMALT, the delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods. This is your guarantee of the quality of COCOMALT and the truthfulness of the claims made for it.

Mothers everywhere find that COCOMALT, the quick-energy food, mixed with milk, increases the weight of their children. Gains of a pound or more a week are not uncommon.

The wonderful results achieved with COCOMALT are due to the fact that mixed with milk according to directions, it adds more than 70% nourishment (food-energy) to milk, nearly doubling the food value of each glass.

Cocomalt mixed with milk is also rich in mineral nutrients—calcium and phosphorus—which are needed by the growing child to build straight, sturdy bones and sound, strong teeth.

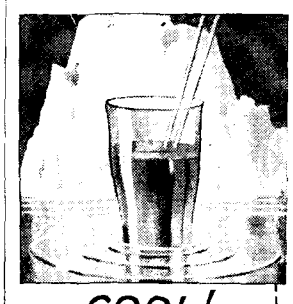
Contains Sunshine Vitamin D

COCOMALT is the only food drink licensed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, under the Steenbock Patent, to incorporate SUNSHINE VITAMIN D. This VITAMIN converts the mineral nutrients (calcium and phosphorus) so richly furnished by COCOMALT and milk, into strong bones and teeth.

Two or three glasses of Cocomalt a day will give your children all the extra Sunshine Vitamin D they need for sound teeth, strong bones and sturdy bodies.

Special trial offer

Cocomalt comes in powder form easy to mix with milk—HOT or COLD. At all grocers in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size. High in food value—low in cost. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can.



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Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of barley malt extract, selected cocoa, skimmed milk, sugar, whole eggs, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT (FOOD-ENERGY) TO MILK

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to the conclusion will come that he is *auge davonkommen*"—or, as we should say in English, hazarding a translation of an untranslatable phrase, "jolly well out of it."

And it was this stage that Packy had now reached.

FOR several hours after his parting with Beatrice gloom had enveloped Packy Franklyn like a fog. All through that long walk of his he had been a thing of crushed misery, a mere perambulating Torch Song. Now, abruptly, he had begun to feel absolutely fine.

He marshaled the facts. Beatrice had broken off their engagement. There was no getting round that. But—and this was the point, he saw, that hitherto he had overlooked—what of it? The more he examined the thing from this angle, the more clearly did he perceive that, so far from being a tragedy, what had occurred was nothing more or less than the good, old-fashioned happy ending.

For the second time in his career as a wooer, it was plain, Fate had granted him a most fortunate escape. To have become the husband of the present Mrs. Scott—or Pott—or even Bott—would have been bad. Would it have been any better to have become the husband of Lady Beatrice Bracken, of Worbles, Dorsetshire?

All that business of enlarging his soul. . . . All those concerts and picture galleries. . . . That marked tendency of hers to thrust him into the society of the side-whiskered and intellectual. . . . Would not these be things which, after the first fire of ardor had died down, might make a man consider that in replying in the affirmative to the clergyman's "Wilt thou?" he had given the wrong and injudicious answer?

Undoubtedly.

And her family—what of them? Was not a man to be congratulated rather than pitied who had escaped a lifetime of the huntin', shootin' and fishin' anecdotes of the Earl of Stableford, the parish gossip of Lady Stableford, the searching eye and nasty cracks of that preëminent blister, the Lady Gwendolyn Blinkhorn?

A thousand times yes, felt Packy, and a sudden great peace seemed to descend upon him. It was as if he had taken off a pair of tight shoes.

The fragments of his broken heart came together with a click, as good as new. And at the same moment he became aware of a soft, insistent knocking.

The door opened, and Jane Opal came in.

"Sh!" she said.

SHE closed the door.

"Sh!" she said again.

The admonition was unnecessary. Packy could not have spoken. Like Soup Slattery, now softly making his way to the balcony of the Venetian room, he was in an agony of remorse, and it completely deprived him of speech.

For hours and hours, he realized, he had not given this girl so much as a thought. It was a reflection that did not make him think well of himself.

He eyed her mournfully. She was wearing a blue negligee, and in a blue negligee, as the records have already shown, she looked charming. So charming, indeed, that something suddenly seemed to explode inside Packy like a bomb, and remorse was swept away on the tide of another emotion.

Let us turn to Schwertfeger for the last time.

"This stage reached," writes Schwertfeger, concluding his remarks, "and the subject being now in this state of earnest, eyes-raised-thankfully-to-heaven gratitude for his fortunate escape, it is extremely probable that he will immediately in love with somebody else fall."

But Packy would have denied that he had fallen in love. It was his view that he had loved this girl all the time without happening to notice it. He saw now that the Vicomte de Blissac had been right, that Mr. Slattery had been right, that Beatrice had been right. Even the senator had been right, though working on false premises. They had all assumed that he was in love with Jane Opal, and how unerring their instinct had been. Nobody could have been more surprised than himself, but it was a fact—and he recognized it—that Jane, if not the only girl he had ever loved, was most certainly the girl he loved now. She was one hundred per cent the right girl, the only possible girl, the girl he had been looking for all his life. She was absolutely It.

AGAINST all which, however, must be set the fact that she was in love with Blair Eggleston.

It was a jarring thought to intrude on the moment of a man's realization that he had found his soul-mate, but it did intrude, and it sent Packy back into his chair as if he had been hamstrung.

"What's the matter?" asked Jane anxiously.

"Nothing," said Packy.

Jane had gone to the door and was listening. Satisfied by the quiet without, she came back, her face and her manner reflecting high determination.

"I was talking to Father tonight," she said.

Packy nodded sadly.

"He told me your friend, Mr. Slattery, had refused to get that letter. And he told me you had told him that Mrs. Gedge's room would be empty tonight."

Packy nodded again.

"That," he said, "is the bitter thought. I worked like a dog to that end, and now it's all no use."

"You have been wonderful," said Jane. "You've been wonderful all along. I don't think I've ever admired anybody so much."

Her eyes were shining and Packy averted his gaze. In the circumstances, he felt, the less he saw of shining eyes, the better. The honor of the Franklyns was just equal to the task of keeping him from picking this girl up in his arms and kissing her, if he looked the other way. It was best not to put too great a strain upon it. That blue negligee alone had been sufficient to make it wobble.

"And it isn't all no use," continued Jane, "because everything's fine."

This remarkable statement succeeded in overcoming Packy's resolve not to look at her. He looked, and his tortured spirit moaned within him. She was standing with her chin up and her eyes sparkling, and the blue negligee was bluer than ever. He looked away again.

"Come, Beatrice—let's jump this fence together!" *Henri*

Hot Water

Continued from page 17

"Because, I mean, when Father told me that, I had an idea. I thought: 'Well, darn it, there was a burglary in the house only a couple of nights ago, so she can't think it funny if I'm nervous.' So I went to Miss Putnam and told her I wanted to put my brooch and things in Mrs. Gedge's safe because I was frightened at having them lying around loose. And she said certainly, of course, and she took me to Mrs. Gedge's room and opened the safe and put the things in. And I watched her all the time, and what she did was she sort of twiddled a bit and there was a sound like something dropping, and then she twiddled some more and the door came open. I'm sure I can remember how it was done. So what I mean is, why shouldn't we go there now and have a try?"

PACKY could not speak. The thought that a girl capable of thinking up a fast one like that should be madly throwing herself away on Blair Eggleston, a man who wore side-whiskers and, if the truth were known, was probably a secret béret-wearer as well, was infinitely saddening.

And to secure the senator's letter would be to remove all obstacles to their union.

He bit the bullet. The Queen could do no wrong. If she wished thus to throw herself away, so be it. And if Fate in its irony insisted that he must be the one to help her do so, the thing had to be faced.

He saw now the part he must play. He must stand by her to the end, and then join her hands to Blair Eggleston's and give them his blessing and wander out into the sunset with a stifled gulp of renunciation. And many years later a white-haired wanderer would peer through the hedge of an old-world garden and see children playing on the lawn with their mother—gray now, but still beautiful—and would wipe away a tear and pluck a rosebud from a bush and place it next his heart and go off and do a lot of good somewhere.

But he wished it had been someone except Blair Eggleston.

Jane misinterpreted his silence.

"Don't you think it's worth trying?" she asked.

Packy came to himself with a start.

"Of course, it's worth trying," he told her.

"Then what are we waiting for?"

"We aren't waiting," said Packy. "Come on."

SOUP SLATTERY stood gazing at the dim figure, and it is interesting to record that his first emotion on beholding it was one of almost maudlin pity. Unable to distinguish anything for the moment beyond a masculine outline, he had leaped to the conclusion that Packy, deprived of his professional aid, was trying as a forlorn hope to accomplish something in his blundering, amateur way for himself. And the pathos of the thing touched his kindly heart. He felt like a father brooding benevolently over his infant son.

Then the figure turned for an instant: the light of the torch disclosed the features of Gordon Carlisle; and Mr. Slattery immediately ceased to feel paternal.

Mention has already been made of the dislike Soup Slattery had for trade rivals. For partners and business associates who suddenly displayed themselves in that capacity his antipathy can scarcely be expressed in words. The discovery that Gordon Carlisle, whom he had trusted freely, was *attempting to double-cross him* was so unnerving that he had to sit down on the balcony wall to assimilate it.

For that this was Mr. Carlisle's purpose Soup Slattery had no sort of doubt.

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Not once had the other given him so much as a hint that he, too, possessed the ability to open safes. Right from the start, therefore, he must have been planning this vile betrayal. And there and then Soup Slattery added another maxim to that little store of wisdom which he had been accumulating in the course of an active life. Never again, he told himself, would he trust confidence-trick men. They weren't honest. They couldn't be relied upon.

But this was not the time for moralizing. Action was demanded. He rose and approached the curtains once more, and without a sound drew them apart and stepped into the room. Only when he had tiptoed to within a few feet of Mr. Carlisle's bent back did he speak.

His actual observation it is not necessary to record. It was Biblical in its general nature and delivered through clenched teeth. It is sufficient to say that it caused Gordon Carlisle to jump like a Mexican bean.

FROM the very beginning of this undertaking, Gordon Carlisle had been extremely nervous. This sort of thing was out of his line, and he did not like it. Only the thought of what his Gertie would say if he backed out had been able to steel him to the task. As he twisted the handle of the safe and listened for the falling of the tumblers, not even the knowledge that Gertie was outside in the passage, keeping watch, had been able to soothe his agitation. Subconsciously, he was expecting anything to happen at any moment.

But he had never expected anything like this. In all his mental list of the unpleasant things which might occur he had not included the possible appearance of Soup Slattery. It seemed to him, as he heard the other's voice, that it was only the fact of his teeth having snapped together with his tongue in between them that had prevented his heart leaping out of his mouth and onto the carpet.

It was Mr. Slattery who for the next few minutes monopolized the conversation. In a stream of well-selected words his opinion of his friend's duplicity rumbled hollowly through the room. The occasion was one when the orator would have preferred to express himself at the full capacity of his lungs, but the circumstances of the encounter precluded that.

Even when whispered, however, Mr. Slattery's remarks were effective. After all, when you are calling a man a low-down, horn-swoggling, double-crossing skunk, it is the actual words that count, not the volume of sound.

Gordon Carlisle edged back against the wall. He was not a sensitive man, and mere verbal criticism had never hurt him yet. But what was weighing on his mind was the growing suspicion that all this was mere preamble. All too soon, he feared, the speaker would realize the futility of talk and proceed to action. And he was aware what the word "action" signified in the simple lexicon of a man of action like Soup Slattery.

And then suddenly hope dawned. Behind Mr. Slattery's menacing form he perceived that his Gertie had stolen silently into the room, and—what was so particularly reassuring—she was carrying in her hand a vase, a good, stout vase.

FROM hard-won experience, Gordon Carlisle knew what his loved one could do with a vase. And this was a particularly large, hard, thick, solid vase, in every way superior to the one which a year ago she had bounced on his head. It was one of those vases which a Zulu chieftain would have been perfectly satisfied to make shift with while his knobkerrie was being cleaned at the clubmaker's. The impact of it on a skull even so tough as that of Mr. Slattery could scarcely fail to produce results, especially when wielded by one who believed in taking the full Vardon swing and getting plenty of follow-through every time.

All that was needed was for him to keep the prospective victim's attention engaged for just those few seconds which would enable this angel of mercy to gauge the distance and take her stance. And so stimulated was Mr. Carlisle by the sight of rescue so close at hand that inspiration descended on him.

"Ixnay, ixnay!" he said protestingly. "You got me wrong, Soup, you got me wrong."

He saw that the girl with the vase had stepped onto the tee and had begun her preliminary waggle, and the sight lent him eloquence.

"Surely you don't think I'd double-cross you, Soupie? It was like this: After you told me what had happened that other night—you out on the window sill and all—I said to myself, 'The way it looks to me, poor old Soup may feel he don't want to come visiting here again . . .'"

Mr. Slattery's was a single-track mind.

"Why didn't you wise me up that you could open petes?"

"I can't open petes." Mr. Carlisle's voice was all musical reassurance. "But some guy once told me that if you listened for the tumblers you could get the combination, and I thought it was worth trying. You see, after what happened that night, it struck me that you might want to wish yourself out of the thing, and . . ."

He had no need to say more. And if he had said more he would have been addressing an inattentive audience. There was a sound like the collision of two heavy pieces of wood, and Soup Slattery slid to the floor. Mr. Carlisle expelled a long, whistling breath and passed the sleeve of his coat across his forehead.

"'Atta-girl!" he said reverently, eying the recumbent Mr. Slattery.

HIS bride-to-be had no leisure to listen to verbal tributes. She was as brisk as Lady Macbeth giving instructions what to do with the guest in the spare bedroom.

"Push him under the bed and get a move on," she said crisply. "I'll look after the broken china. You've got to work quick, Oily. Somebody may have heard that smash. How long'll it take you getting that thing open?"

"Coupla minutes."

"Then snap into it. I'll be going down to the car. We may have to scram any minute now."

She hurried through the curtains, and Mr. Carlisle, having disposed of his unfortunate friend as directed, returned to the safe.

His boast that only a period of two minutes would be required for its opening was completely justified. Ninety seconds had not gone by when the steel door swung wide and free, revealing the interior.

And it was at this moment that there came to his straining ears the sound of soft footsteps in the passage outside the door.

Gordon Carlisle was primarily a man of intellect, but he could act. He switched off the torch and swiftly and silently joined Mr. Slattery under the bed.

He was not in darkness long. A half-minute later, light flooded the room. Somebody had pressed the electric light button by the door.

(To be concluded next week)

PEGGY TELLS ALL
by Timmins
PEGGY, I'M ASHAMED... I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE IS SO NAUGHTY TODAY. IT MUST BE THE HEAT
NO, NO, I DON'T WANT YOU TO HOLD ME
LATER
BUT, DADDY, I DIDN'T WANT TO SIT ON HIS KNEE. TOO MUCH "B.O."
YOU SEE, EVEN A CHILD NOTICES "B.O." HE'S A GOOD NEIGHBOR AND A FINE FELLOW BUT I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD TELL HIM ABOUT LIFEBUOY
NEXT DAY
WHY, PEGGY, WHAT ARE YOU WASHING YOUR DOLL WITH LIFEBUOY FOR ?
'CAUSE I DON'T WANT HER TO HAVE THAT NASTY OLD "B.O."
WAS PEGGY HINTING THE OTHER DAY WHEN SHE MENTIONED "B.O."? ANYWAY LIFEBUOY'S A GRAND SOAP. SUCH LATHER... I'M ALWAYS GOING TO USE IT!
NO "B.O." NOW— and what a difference!
SO PEGGY'S OVER THERE AGAIN!
YES, HE'S A BIG FAVORITE NOW WITH EVERYBODY. THAT IS THE GIRL HE'S BEEN IN LOVE WITH SO LONG. SHE'S JUST PROMISED TO MARRY HIM

"Perspiry" weather . . . more "B.O." danger
(body odor)

BE CAREFUL! Hot days like these when we're perspiring freely, we never know the moment "B.O." (*body odor*) may offend. Don't take chances with this unpardonable fault. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its bountiful, creamy lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *protects*.

Freshens dull skins

Ask the millions of Lifebuoy users. They'll tell you how quickly its pure, bland lather freshens dull complexions to healthy radiance. See for yourself. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LIFEBUOY

• FOR • FACE •

• HANDS • BATH •

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

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How Bootleggers Stole the War

Continued from page 15

and sold everything he had, practically, except the clothes on his back. And what did we have on our backs, you ask?

"Every man had his uniform, to be worn under old clothes. We had bought uniforms, carefully, suit by suit, in so-called army supply stores. It was green cotton khaki. Each man also had leather leggings. And over these we were to wear old clothes of any sort; something we could throw away when we got to Cuba for the fighting.

"Can you imagine where the bootleggers planned to have us embark on their yachts? Right near the foot of 161st Street, on the Hudson River.

"We met in Central Park at 10 o'clock on a very hot June night. We were ordered to gather in groups of five or six, carefully scattered for two and a half miles along the west drive. The men lay on the grass or on the stones in groups, or sat on park seats.

"Many of the men had been drinking and were full of wine, fun and excitement. The only home they had ahead of them was that steamer out on Rum Row, loaded with guns and ammunition, *and then beyond* that was fighting and, maybe, death. Central Park never held a stranger gathering than that; over two hundred of us.

"One big Irish policeman, about 11 o'clock that night, came up to a group of ten, who were stretched out on a big rock and said:

"'Say, what's this gang hanging around here for?'

"'Señor Officer,' said one boy who could speak English, 'we are Porto Ricans who worked in the Ford factory at Kearney, New Jersey. We all lost our jobs today, but we're staying out here in the park tonight so we'll be out early to go back to Kearney for our wages and then to look for jobs.'

"'This depression is hell,' said the good policeman.

"'Have you a cigarette?' the leader asked the policeman. "'A few,' he said, 'and they're yours,' and he handed his package to the leader. Other policemen were kind to other groups. Maybe some day, later, we will be able to invite some of them to Havana and give a parade for them along the Prado.

"But the first hard blow at our revolution struck us that night.

"Leaders came around in taxis, called the head of each group and said to him: 'Get your men out of the park. We cannot sail tonight.'

Sailing Orders

"This is what they told us, the next day, had happened: Two huge trucks had carried the ammunition through the streets of New York to the river somewhere near the Washington Bridge and the cases had been put aboard a big yacht there. But that 750,000 rounds of ammunition, for which we had paid $60,000 cash and for which we had been waiting so long, had been thrown into the ocean by the rum runners almost as soon as they had passed out of New York harbor. They had tossed it all overboard, they said, because an American boat had chased them before they had reached our steamer. But we could not start for Cuba until more ammunition had been secured.

"Now this was all a lie.

"Many a month, señor, has gone past since that day, and for many weeks more we had dealings with the rum runners, so we finally learned the entire truth. We have proved it and at least two rum runners have been killed for what they did that night; not killed by us but by their employers; 'put on the spot,' as you Americans say.

"Can you imagine what really happened? Here is the truth:

"The men who were handling that ammunition took the boxes to a New York garage the night before, without telling the revolutionists that it had arrived. Within that garage, during the night, they removed the 750,000 rounds of ammunition from the white pine boxes and filled these boxes with tightly packed bricks.

"What the revolutionists and the bootleggers loaded onto the yacht that night were boxes of bricks; not cases of bullets.

"And, señor, *no fast boat chased the yacht.* There was no danger that night of our ammunition being seized by anyone except our friends, the bootleggers. Our two men on the yacht admitted finally that they did not see the chaser. The truth is that the rum runners put their guns against the backs of our two men excitedly and said, 'Get down there in the hold! There's a boat chasing us.' So the two revolutionists, not daring to protest, allowed themselves to be locked below.

"And when they were released an hour later the boat had turned and there were the lights of New York City again before them. There were no boxes remaining on the yacht.

"'We threw everything overboard,' they told our men.

"We should have stopped dealing with the rum runners after that experience. But we did not know how treacherous they had been. We did not know it would be a thousand times worse to trust them the second time than it had been the first.

"'It will cost you extra money for speed in delivery,' they said when we asked them to get us more ammunition. 'The next lot of 750,000 rounds will cost you $98,500.'

"So we told them to make the purchases. Eight weeks afterward they made the delivery and got their money.

"To our delight, we all received word on the afternoon of August 5th from the headquarters of Colonel Collazo that we were to be taken to the ship and start for Cuba on the night of August 7th.

With a Song

"We met in scattering groups in Bryant Park, New York, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Bryant Park is half a block from Fifth Avenue and 42d Street, right behind the famous New York Public Library. Beneath our old clothes we wore our cotton khaki uniforms, with puttees. We were to be taken to Atlantic City. How? Why, it was all simple enough. We were to be taken *in* busses, special busses.

"Scouts came along the park walks. They passed this message on to the group leaders:

"'The busses cannot come to the park. They will be ready for us at the corner of 42d Street and Broadway, in the place where the sight-seeing busses usually stand. They will be marked "Special." Have your men go in single file, ten paces apart, to 42d and Broadway.'

"By this hour 42d Street was jammed with people. It was closing time for offices. Maybe that is how two hundred and eight Cuban revolutionists clad in old clothes and trying to keep ten paces apart were able to leave that park, move through the long block between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, and enter the busses, one at a time, without being stopped by the police.

"Everyone *in the* busses had orders to remain quiet, but, when we finally got into the great Holland Tunnel, someone began to sing a Cuban song. It spread from bus to bus, until everyone was singing. When we came out at the New Jersey mouth of the tunnel we brought out with us a burst of song.

"Our chief leaders did not go with us in the busses. Colonel Collazo, head of the entire expedition; Aurelio Collazo, his son; Captain Luis Hernandez, Aurelio Alvarez and Rafael Iturralde were to go to Atlantic City in a huge private motor car.

"These leaders were to follow our busses, at a distance. They did this for a time. But, as evening fell, the group of leaders in the car became hungry. Somewhere along the way they stopped to have a good-by dinner in the United States. They ordered a spaghetti dinner! And, señor, that spaghetti dinner, added to the actions of the rum runners, ended our revolution. If Colonel Collazo's car had only gone with our busses we believe the rum runners would have had no further chance to delay us.

"Midnight! Our busses rolled into Atlantic City, before a little hotel where we had been told two men would meet us. They were there. One was named Glum, the other Slim. They were both well-dressed. They did not seem rough or dangerous and we found out later that they were both fine fellows.

"Well, Glum and Slim got into a big car and told us to follow them in the busses. They took us to a dock right at Atlantic City. There, they told us, we would not be molested. And we were not. We got out of the busses, two hundred and twenty-two men in all.

"'All of you fellows are to be taken out tonight in these two schooners,' they said. 'We want to clean up in a hurry and get this deal over with.' One schooner was named Harold; the other Idella. We should not have permitted ourselves to be crowded onto these two schooners as we were. We should have resisted. But in the excitement the rum runners herded us onto the craft. Eighty-eight Americans went onto the Idella, which was the smaller, and the remaining one hundred and twenty on the forty-five-foot Harold. One American told us afterwards, 'Those ginks gave your revolution the bum's rush!'

"'But where is Colonel Collazo?' some of us asked the rum runners.

"'Oh, we won't wait for him,' they said. 'We'll put him and his staff in a fast little speed-boat and catch up with you.'

Seagoing Smells

"Colonel Collazo, delayed by his spaghetti dinner, did *not* catch up with us. Nor did he ever reach the steamer only eighty miles away. But, within four hours after we started out from shore, the news of our revolution *did* reach President Machado, one thousand miles away. Señor, even before daylight came our plan was doomed. Even while we were on the sea, seeking our steamer, Machado knew what we were doing; he was arresting some of our associates and was getting ready to wipe us out when we landed in Cuba. Other revolutionary leaders, like Menocal, were hurrying out from Havana to escape Machado and to try to get small revolutions started here and there, in preparation for the arrival of our ship. We had expected to give a signal of our start to our friends in Cuba over the rum runners' secret radio. Instead, President Machado himself gave them the signal by sending out detectives to arrest them.

"The sea was so smooth that night,

"Did a red-headed gal, with a tough-looking mug, come in this joint?"
Louis Priscilla

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and for three days afterwards, that our boats were as steady as the pavement in front of the drug store at 42d Street and Broadway.

"The rum runners on the Harold put ninety-six of us down into the hold. The entrance was a small trapdoor, or hatchway.

"'Get down there! Get down there!' they said, as our men, moving in the semi-darkness, stepped to the deck. They pointed to the small hatch. In the excitement, without stopping to think, one man after the other went down through that hole. We were crowding like cattle.

"We could hear those who had already gone down shouting: 'This is an awful place! Terrible! What a smell! How long must we stay down here?' You see, señor, this schooner sometimes was used for fishing. The hold was filled with raw fish odors. But we had to hurry, the rum runners told us. We couldn't be caught in the early-morning daylight at the pier.

A Real Strong Man

"Our twenty men, including leaders, remained on deck. It was raining gently. 'This makes you look like a crowd of nutty deep-sea fishermen,' Slim told us. 'That's what the coast guard will think you are.'

"They closed the trapdoor over the ninety-six men in the hold, threw a tarpaulin and coiled rope over it and we started out to sea past the coast-guard station. 'By noon,' the rum runners' captain told us, 'we'll have you out at your ship.'

"After about two hours we opened the trapdoor as we were safely away from shore. And there was an unbelievable sight: Ninety-six men, all sick and vomiting. Most of them were lying in piles, or rather in one huge pile, too ill to move. Those men might all have perished in that terrible place. No one could go down to help them. It was necessary to lift them out from above, one at a time. The schooner had been stopped while we waited for Colonel Collazo.

"In the crew of nine men aboard that rum ship was one man who is certainly among the strongest men in the world. He is a Norwegian, too big to go through an ordinary doorway. His wrists are thick as trees. He would reach down into the hold, grab a man by his clothes, lift him out with one arm, hold him aloft and dip him into the sea beside the schooner to clean him off. Then he would lay him out on the deck and reach for another. To him it was as easy as taking sardines out of a can.

"By the time those ninety-six men were up on deck, with the others who had not gone below, there was not enough room for every man to lie down on the deck at the same time. Some had to stand up. The rain fell on us all, except the crew in the cabin.

"Colonel Collazo's fast boat did not appear. So we started out to sea again.

"The morning sun was hot, but as noon came it became blistering. There was nothing to shade us. The men wanted breakfast. The rum runners had brought out no extra food, though they had a good-sized bag of coffee. The cook on that rum runner was a splendid little fellow. He is another American, among the policemen, bus drivers, rum runners and others, to whom we are thankful. If we ever obtain power in Cuba the government will give a banquet for this little cook named Casey. In a huge square tin can he made several gallons of coffee for us. We drank it out of saucers, bottles, cups, cans, anything we could find.

"But at noon we saw no ship. And our leader, Colonel Collazo, and his staff had not caught up with us. We signaled to the Idella, the other schooner, and when she came alongside the captains of the two schooners decided to make large circles in opposite directions and meet again, about seven in the evening, at the same spot, if one or the other had not found our steamer.

"And at seven o'clock that evening, the two schooners, loaded with hot, hungry men, met again. The Isle Volmeur, our steamer, had not been sighted.

"Darkness came. On the Harold, the crew gathered together at the rear of the deck, near the wheel. No one noticed this action at first.

"Then one of the rum runners made a little speech. He talked with a Scandinavian accent. While he spoke everyone saw that every member of the crew had a revolver in open view.

"'Listen,' he said, 'we're going back. Something's gone wrong with your ship. We brought out grub enough for the crew but not enough for one hundred other people. The gas for our engine is half gone. We haven't got enough drinking water to last ten hours. We've got eighty miles to run back to Atlantic City. And we're turning back now.'

"The men began to object but the rum runner said, 'You guys'll just have to like it. We ain't going to croak out here with you.'

"The two bootleggers, Glum and Slim, were not with the crew, but were among the revolutionists. It seems these two were called 'shore men,' while the members of the crew were 'runners.' They are men of different branches of the rum trade.

"One of the group leaders turned to Glum and Slim and said quietly, 'Are you going to join the crew with your guns?' Everyone knew that Glum and Slim carried a gun under each armpit.

"'No, we ain't,' said Slim. 'We talked it over before you boys knew what was going on, and we decided that this crew of runners ought to give you fellows a better chance to get your boat. You've got a lot out on risk.'

"'Give us your guns, then,' one of the group leaders said.

"The two men gave up their guns. 'You'd better put us down in the hold and put a guard over us,' they said. 'if you're going to start trouble.' And they climbed down the hatchway. They sympathized with us. A parade on the Prado for them!

An Expensive Spaghetti Dinner

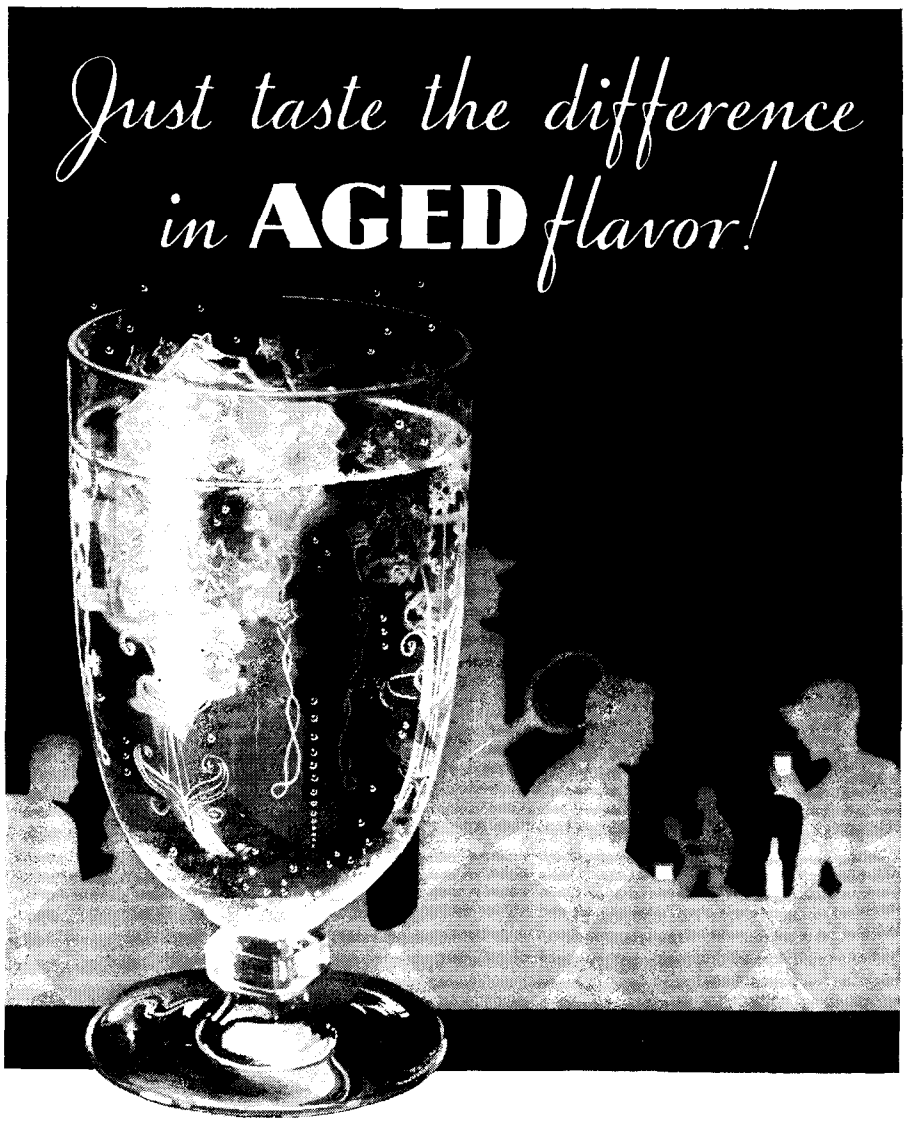
"The group leaders gave orders quietly among their men, as the schooner started back for Atlantic City. The orders were:

"'Arm yourselves with whatever pieces of iron, ropes, chains, boards, sticks or anything you can find to fight with.' An hour later every man was armed with weapons of some sort. Some of them had even taken chairs and benches down into the hold and broken them up. When everything was ready the young Cuban who had talked to Glum and Slim went up to the tough captain at the wheel and said quietly:

"'We have all decided to die before we go back to shore. Some of us will probably die after we reach Cuba anyhow. We may have to start our revolution with you. You can kill some of us, but we have four guns which we took from two of your men and every man has some weapon he can kill with. Two guns are turned on you now by men in the crowd.

"'All of you men will be dead at the finish, even if you kill half of us. Whoever is left we'll tear to pieces alive, if you don't give up your guns and turn out to sea. We're not tough like you. But we're more desperate. You're not

(Continued on page 46)



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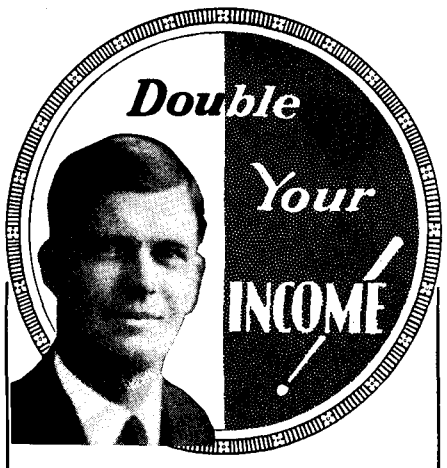

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(Continued from page 45)

ready to die right now. But we are. Give me your guns.'

"The captain and a man at the wheel gave up their revolvers. They told other members of the crew to do the same. We took eighteen revolvers and threw them into the sea. And we turned back to seek our ship. Two terrible days and nights more we spent out there. We Cubans did not eat.

"But water finally gave out. One Cuban had gone insane and had to be locked up. We could resist hunger, but two and a half days of thirst was too much. The situation was almost as bad on the Idella, with the Americans, but they were as determined to find the Isle Volmeur as we had been.

"Finally, we decided to turn back. The Idella went first. She was caught by coast-guard men at a pier. The eighty-eight Americans on her had jumped off and dashed for restaurants and for water. And, almost dying of thirst, we Cubans came in.

"We saw the coast-guard men waiting for us, in their boat at the pier. Sixty-five of us went down into the hold again but did not close the hatch. Thirty-eight of us lined ourselves along the rail on the side toward the coast-guard boat, as we slipped in alongside another schooner. Every coast-guard man had a gun of some sort turned on us.

"'Where have you been?' they asked us. 'Out fishing,' we answered. While the thirty-eight men were standing there in a row, the men, down in the hold, crept out along the deck behind the legs of the thirty-eight and got off the boat and safely away.

"The coast-guard men finally marched the thirty-eight to the coast-guard station. One of our group captains turned to look back at the schooner for a moment. The coast-guard men no longer had their eyes on it. He saw those two good Americans, Glum and Slim, creep out from under a tarpaulin, straighten their natty garments, and walk ashore as if nothing had happened.

"Now all our trouble, señor, had been for nothing. The Isle Volmeur was not out there where we had been seeking her. That spaghetti dinner had caused her to move. We can tell the rest, quickly.

"Colonel Collazo and his staff arrived late at the pier. The rum runners put them into a speed-boat and started out to sea. But they had no running lights on the boat. That was against the law. The coast guard fired a small shell through her prow and stopped her. Colonel Collazo and his staff were captured. They showed their passports and papers. They had committed no crime. Only the owners of the fast boat, who had gone without lights, were at fault. So the authorities, almost immediately, turned Colonel Collazo loose. But the newspaper reporters heard of the strange story and so did the United States Secret Service men, who had been at Atlantic City. The news reached Havana before daylight.

It's All a Mystery

"And why, you ask, did the Isle Volmeur leave the spot where we were to meet her? Through all the ether around us, as we suffered out on those schooners, the revolutionists' messages were flying, but we could not catch them because we had no radio.

"The rum runners tried to help Colonel Collazo catch the ship, after all. 'Go up to Greenwich, Connecticut,' they told him, 'and the boys up there will run you out to the ship. And we'll send a message to the ship, by our radio, that she is to move up that way and meet you.'

"So the Volmeur left her spot and moved up north, more than a hundred miles; while we were almost dying in our search for her. But Colonel Collazo and his staff were caught again by the coast guards as they started out from a place not far from Greenwich.

"What was there to do? On shore were all the revolutionists. Out on the ship were thirty-six revolutionists and half a million dollars' worth of ammunition. Also one rum runner named 'Fat,' who had gone out with the ammunition. We don't know who sent the message to the Volmeur, but it went out from the rum runners' radio station.

"None of our leaders has ever admitted sending the message. Our men on the ship saw the message. It read simply, 'Proceed immediately to Cuba.' The steamer obeyed. That message was the last which the ship received from the rum-runners' station or from the revolutionary leaders left behind. The radio operator on the ship pleaded for orders from that bootleg radio station but got no answer. The men on the boat did not know that Machado had discovered the plot and knew that they were heading for Cuba. The thirty-six revolutionists were forced to move ahead blindly. They held a consultation and decided to land at Gibara, where they knew there was a railroad connection and, usually, one or two locomotives and freight cars. They wanted to distribute arms to the uprising country, even if they could not hope to do much fighting.

"But Machado knew that the ship, with its rich load of supplies and its very small band of men, was coming. We do not say that the rum runners, through whose radio station all our messages had passed, had betrayed us. There is much mystery about it all.

The Revolution Ends

"The ship docked at Gibara. The crew, the revolutionists and some of the citizens helped to unload the arms and ammunition on the dock. They were not molested. There were only three soldiers in the town and they ran away. One joyful saloonkeeper gave free drinks to everyone, in celebration.

"The ship was finally unloaded. It moved out to sea and got away safely. On its deck, waving good-by, stood Fat. He had not intended to go to Cuba. He was the toughest of the New York rum runners that any of us had met, a square-built Italian, with a crooked mouth and huge eyes.

"Our shipload of supplies fell right into Machado's hands. Our comrades hid in a railroad tunnel for several hours while Machado's airplanes dropped several bombs which killed several citizens, and then escaped, one by one, into the country from the other end of the tunnel.

The Mystery Belt

"And that was the battle of Gibara—the end of our revolution, which began in the hotels and apartment houses of New York City.

"The next time—well, no bootleggers!"

Our Cuban revolutionists, by first-hand experience, learned more about the United States than most Americans, especially those of the inland, know.

There is a mystery belt extending for about a hundred miles out into the water which edges our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf of Mexico shores. Out there you find no law, no order, no policemen. No one knows all that goes on out there in the world of little boats. Murder is safe out there; only the gun counts. More and more our crime trails lead out into that realm, which is more lawless than our lawless West in its wildest days. It was out there that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was lured into a search for his son in a yacht that was armed to protect him from being himself kidnapped by our criminals who have learned how to hide at sea.

No ocean liner has been held up, out there, as yet. But the Cuban revolutionists know that our coastal waters belong to the pirates who supply our nation with booze.

"Our studio is on fire—boy, what a fire! I wish all of you were here!" *Jack Markow*

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Let's be Crazy

Continued from page 28

"Have you? I hope he gave me a good character!"

"Mmm! The Lord did that," Peter Gale said unexpectedly.

A manservant arrived with the cocktails on a tray. There were familiar sandwiches. Caviar. Anchovy. "It's nice to be civilized," Kay heard herself saying.

"Your job is up tomorrow, Miss Lawton."

"I know it," Kay said.

Gale cleared his throat. "I have another position," he said, "that I hope may interest you. But before I tell you what it is, I'd like to say something about myself."

"Yes?"

"Not in conceit, you understand. I think I have little conceit. But I've been an unusually successful man. I foresaw and prepared for the depression, for one thing. That makes me almost distinguished!" He smiled; and Kay realized suddenly that she liked him; liked him enormously. "I attribute my success," Gale continued simply, "to the fact that I have an instinctive sense of value, whether it applies to property or to—ah—personality. You follow me?"

"Yes, Mr. Gale."

"I know always what is valuable. In things. In people. So you need not be startled at what I have to say to you. Because—my dear Katherine—I have thought it all out, and I've decided to ask you—"

He stopped. She sat with her cocktail glass in her hand, looking at Peter Gale posed against the rosy oblong of a window whose replica had framed her father's figure so many times in the not-so-long-ago. . . . Then the deep, gentle voice went on, telling her what position he had in mind. . . . She listened, vaguely enchanted, incredulous, yet straining to hear every word. Enchanted. . . .

"I'll have to think it over," she said at last, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, of course. I'll say no more about it tonight. Shall we have dinner?"

Afterward he took up his work with her as though nothing unusual had happened. Only when she was leaving did he refer to his extraordinary proposal. "How long shall you want to think it over? When will you let me know?" he asked.

Kay took a deep breath and said, "Tomorrow!"

"Thank you, Katherine."

"Oh," she cried, "I ought to be thanking you, and I do, I do! I'm just a little stunned, that's all. I mean I can't think—"

"I understand. My car's waiting for you at the door. Michael will put you into it. Go home and go to bed."

"I'll call you," promised Kay, "at noon tomorrow."

SHE woke the next morning with a clear brain. Thank heaven she had slept! It was so important to look at life sanely, intelligently and without sentimentality. . . . Barry was a dear boy. She recognized him as the romantic element in her life; she admitted that he was the stuff that lovers are made of. On the other hand Peter Gale was a fact; the sort of fact that fitted perfectly into the scheme of life. She took a cold bath and ate her breakfast and thought dispassionately that this scheme was fixed and inexorable. It was in itself a simple and stupendous fact.

She had shut her window against the early-morning noise; but now she opened it again. Her room had grown stuffy. She stood there, helpless, falsely sheltered, actually exposed to the bombardment of the city, to its crude thunders, to its ruthlessness expressed in pitiless sound. It was understandable, she thought, that people should be driven to desperate measures by such manifest indifference; it seemed quite conceivable to her that individuals should take their own lives; cease to be individuals. Or that they should go to the opposite extreme and grasp at any sure and safe salvation from this howling chaos. . . .

Why wait till noon? She turned abruptly from the window and picked up the crossbar of her telephone. She dialed the number of Peter Gale's office. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

He was not in, the office operator said. He had come in and gone out again. He would be back at twelve o'clock sharp. Kay said, "At twelve?" and put down the receiver.

HER doorbell rang. She knew it was Barry. Somehow she knew it. She went quickly across the room and pushed the buzzer; she opened her door and stood waiting for him to come in. . . .

He came, exuberantly, breathless with his eagerness to see her.

"Kay, darling! How are you? Have you got a new job? Will you lunch with me? Have you—?"

"Barry! Sit down!"

"You haven't kissed me. You—"

"Sit down, sit down, sit *down!*"

"I won't, I can't," he said. "I have so much to tell you. I—"

"Barry," Kay said. "I have something to tell you. Peter Gale has asked me to marry him."

His brown hat went slowly to ruin in his hands. His hands worked on it, crushing it; destroying its usefulness as a hat.

"I see," he said. "Sure, I see. . . . And what have you decided about it?"

"I called his office just before you arrived to tell him that I'd marry him. He wasn't in, but that's what I meant to tell him."

Barry's hands were still. He stood quite still and looked at her.

"Sure. I understand. You'll go back to Park Avenue and have a fine view and a doorman and— Has he really asked you to marry him?"

"Yes. Really."

Barry shrugged his shoulders. The smile stayed on his lips this time. "Kay, dear. You'd be an idiot not to, wouldn't you?"

"Wouldn't I?" Kay said. "What was it you were going to tell me, Barry? Was it something about your trip?"

He shook his head. "It doesn't matter now." He held out his hand to her. "I hope you'll be happy. That's the usual thing to say, isn't it? But I mean it. Good-by, Kay."

"Good-by," she said.

He was going. He was at the door. She had not known how the going of someone whose figure was in your heart could hurt you. He had come back from a funeral and there was something of the darkness and the pain of death in the way he walked to her door. But though it were a sort of death to let him go, she knew that if he turned back he must turn of his own accord. If he took her he must take her of his own will and by the strength of his own mind and body. She could not for both their sakes put out her hand to hold him. . . . But oh, how terribly she wanted him!

Then he turned, with her name like a shout on his lips: "Kay!"

"Barry!"

"I can't do it; I can't let you go!" He came back and caught her hands. "Listen, here's what I had to tell you. My uncle left a will. It was read after the funeral, and I—by the terms of his will I was given the business—his business—*if* I'd agree to take it."

"If you'd agree—?"

"I was given my choice, do you see? That choice is still open to me. I can go home, and settle down, and learn the business and become a rich man in time. Otherwise," he said, dropping her hands, "I'm to be cut off with this."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced a small gold coin about the size of a nickel.

"What is it?" Kay asked confusedly.

"A five-dollar gold piece."

"Oh! Oh, yes, I see. If you don't go back, then that's your entire fortune?"

He nodded, smiling queerly down at her. "I'd thought if you loved me enough we could get married and stay here, in New York. I mean I thought maybe we could fight it out together, and I could go on with my writing and —and that we could make a life that would be our own. But I want you more than I want anything else on earth, and I know it would be hard, and a struggle to stay here. So if you'll marry me, darling, we'll go back home where I can give you what you want. It won't be very exciting, but you'll have all that Gale could give you, and you'll be safe and—we'll have each other. Oh, Kay, please say you will!"

She tried to speak; but somehow she could not find words to answer him. There was an ache in her throat; a mist before her eyes. She turned and walked blindly to the open window. Vaguely she was aware that a street piano had pulled up at the curb. It was in charge of a swarthy Italian who looked up at her grinning and showing his white teeth. . . .

THEN Barry was standing behind her. His hands were on her shoulders.

"You do love me, don't you, Kay?"

"Yes. I love you. And I'm so ashamed—!"

"Ashamed?"

"I've been weak and cowardly. I was going to do an utterly cowardly thing. But you've saved me, my dear. . . . My dearest dear!" She faced around and looked into his eyes. "We're not going to leave New York. We're going to stay here and have our adventure. I *want* the adventure, Barry. I want . . . you!"

"Kay!"

From the street outside, bravely threading the roar of traffic, came the sound of the street piano grinding out its wheezy waltz. "Give me your fortune, please, Barry."

"My what? Oh, yes!" He gave her the bright coin he held in his hand. "What are you going to do with it?"

"This!" Kay said; and chucked the five-dollar gold piece out of the window. "Now you can never say I married you for your money!" she sobbed against his shoulder.

Several seconds later a delirious Italian, his street piano abandoned, stood on the sidewalk wildly waving his cap and shouting up at an open window in which were revealed the figures of a young man and a young woman clasped in each other's arms.

"*Grazie! Grazie, signora—signore!*" shrieked the Italian. "*Molte grazie! Viva l'amore!*"

Which, when you come to think of it, is an appropriate though somewhat superfluous slogan for the human race.

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But Radio Message Brings Ontario Man Back into the Fold—to Stay!

FAR away in North Bay, in Ontario, Canada, Mr. Thomas Hall listened to a radio program from "the States." It seemed to Mr. Hall that an old friend was speaking, a friend he'd long neglected in his search for gold in distant lands. Not five minutes after the close of that program, Mr. Hall was again in touch with his old friend. But let this letter tell you, in Mr. Hall's own words, the story of his happy reunion.

North Bay, Ontario, Canada,
February 18, 1932.

Edgeworth,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

My dear Sirs:

Listening to your excellent broadcast tonight, I cannot resist the urge to write you. This urge is kindled by remorse that I have strayed from the "straight and narrow" path that should have been trodden by me since first I smoked your entrancing weed.

From London, England, by way of Shanghai, Singapore, Mombasa, Odessa, Algiers, Las Palmas, Sydney, N. S. W., and Montreal to this small but busy city is a long route and a far cry. Eventually reaching the lands where the Ogoki joins the Albany, ever in search of the yellow metal, I lost track of Edgeworth. I forgot the delicacy and the satisfaction of the tobacco that once was all to me.

Within five minutes of the closing of your program, I telephoned a good friend and this is what I said, "Hello, Tom, have you any Edgeworth in stock?" And he replied, "Sure I have." Well, I ordered a stock and tonight I shall sleep all the sounder, knowing what the morrow is bringing.

I have returned to the good old "straight and narrow."

Cheerio,
Thomas Hall.

Pipe smokers everywhere will understand Mr. Hall's enthusiasm at the re-discovery of his old friend—Edgeworth. Nearly every smoker, in his search for the right tobacco, has tried numberless brands. It is interesting, for this reason, to note that Mr. Hall's favorite, Edgeworth, has stood the test for more than thirty years.

Are you entirely satisfied with your present tobacco? Is it as slow-burning and cool and flavorful as you'd like it to be? If not, perhaps you yourself should try Edgeworth. Edgeworth is different—a blend of rich burleys in which the natural savor is retained. Your name and address, sent to Larus & Bro. Co., at 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. You can buy it in vacuum sealed tins—or in the famous 15-cent pocket packages in Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice Form. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it.

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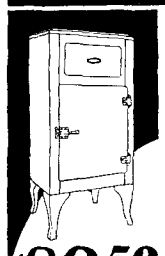

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Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 32

mitted; James Sullivan, head of the national amateur athletic body, was chosen chairman of the commission; *others were named who need not be* named here, and Mr. Charles Harvey was appointed secretary.

During Mr. Harvey's incumbency, there was no scandal of any grave proportions; just the steadily spreading public opinion that the bladeless if not bloodless surgery of the prize ring was not a public asset.

Mr. Harvey had never professed innocence of the vain tricks and dark ways of certain of his associates in the fight racket, but he will tell you in a mellow moment that what he heard and saw during his secretariat was a revelation in pragmatics.

No Art in the Boxing Business

Accepting this general description one finds it illustrated best by the tale of a private little dinner to which Mr. Harvey was invited by a gentleman of large political influence and therefore of some consequence to the boxing commission. Mr. Harvey was mildly chided for looking askance at certain arrangements by which clubs, promoters and managers could obtain favors.

"I like art in any business," Mr. Harvey retorted. "And I don't think it's art to tell a guy to be at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway with a thousand dollars in century notes if he wants to get across a certain proposition."

"Tut, tut," said his host. "You'd better stick to art, Mr. Harvey. I prefer my way of doing business."

"I admire it—in a way," Harvey replied. "But I don't prefer it."

And the business proceeded, with Mr. Harvey a helpless watcher of things as they were done. Mr. Sullivan resigned from the commission, and the then Governor Dix refused to appoint a successor. He couldn't kill the Frawley law, because Mr. Frawley defended his legal offspring energetically. But when the bout between Fireman Jim Flynn and the skyscraper Carl Morris turned out to be a shambles, Mrs. Dix led the public outcry against legalized prize fights —and the Frawley law expired, the last big bout being that between Jess Willard and Frank Moran for the world's championship in the old Madison Square Garden.

William Orr, city editor of the New York Tribune, had watched boxing operations very closely, and wrestling closer still—so that when Charles Whitman became governor of New York, Mr. Orr, who became his secretary, promptly applied pressure to kill the racket.

In all the whisperings, moaning and furtive cries of larceny, holdups and whatnot, Mr. Harvey was only generally charged with being a complaisant, not a conspiratorial, secretary of the commission. He lost his occupation none the less—and to console himself, also to add his personal powers to the upbuilding of sport, he sojourned to the Olympic games — the mustache slightly graying.

It soothed his soul to be a senior among the quipping and frolicking amateurs. Especially dear to his heart were the games of the hammer throwers and discus chuckers who crossed the briny to represent the United States against the picked athletes of Europe. A favorite trick was for heavy athletes to suspend light athletes over the ship's bow by their heels.

So zealous and articulate had been his enthusiasm for amateur sport that the powers that be in amateur sport began to be worried, suspecting that Charley was trying to mustache in—which would be Charley's way of muscling in. His whiskers appeared with such regularity at sectional, national and international meets that the boys expected something might be pulled off. They closed in their ranks and let Charley cheer; but have never encouraged him to do anything else for them or to them.

In the years between the death of the Frawley law and the birth of the Walker law, by which boxing is at present governed in New York State—Charley went on a diet, pugilistically. His chief meal ticket was the alternate welter champion of the world, Ted Lewis; his principal business, digging up fights in states that still stood for the racket. His principal pleasure—chatting with John L. Sullivan.

Strange reversal that, for a man whose entry into the promotional end of prize-fighting was inspired by a dislike for Sullivan.

"Sullivan," Harvey tells it to his friends, "won my admiration when, turning teetotaler, he became about the kindest guy in the ring."

Harvey had what he delicately calls a ham-and-cabbager in a minor club near Boston. The ham was in distress; the poor chap was born to distress. But here he was taking a terrific beating from a colored chap. Just as he was being launched into a long sleep a savage countenance appeared below the base rope.

"The naygur's hitting too low," roared the savage voice of John L.

The Superstitions of John L.

The "naygur" saw Mr. Sullivan, paled, became demoralized—quit.

"I used to sit and hear Sullivan talk for hours of the old days—and most of his first-hand anecdotes varied in degree from those published about him. Always back in my mind, chatting with the old chap—who, incidentally, told me his toughest fight wasn't with Kilrain but with the Englishman Mitchell—always before me was the picture of Sullivan brutally hurling a cat from his path.

"One day I summoned courage enough to tell Sullivan of the fierce dislike I'd conceived for him on account of that cat.

"'I was drinking, of course, then?' asked Sullivan.

"'You were very drunk,' I told him.

"'Very isn't the word,' said Sullivan. 'I was terribly drunk. And just now,' he added, 'I'm terribly sober. Yet, if a black cat crossed my path now, I'd do the same thing. I'm terribly superstitious.'"

Harvey's quest for somebody to beat Sullivan was never fulfilled; but he narrowly escaped achievement more satisfying. This was when, following the war, he took a lad whose name was and remains almost unknown to fight in Jersey. Harvey had great hopes for the boy.

Harvey's man won his bout—and Harvey was interested in studying the styles of youngsters on the rest of a card of new and cheap talent. One gawkish but determined lad looked good to him. He won his fight handily, although Harvey said to somebody that if his opponent had anything of a left he could have dug under the kid's high guard.

"Why don't you grab that kid for yourself?" the man promoting the bouts argued. "You could make something of him, Charley. He isn't in such hot hands now, and I believe he wants to make a change and go to somebody who's managed title-holders."

"I'm too busy with this boy here," Harvey replied. "He's a good prospect —best I've seen since Dempsey."

It's too bad that Charley was so busy. The raw youngster was James Joseph Tunney.

The Harvey mustache has not been overgnawed in hours of retrospect, regretting a missed opportunity to manage Gene Tunney. Mr. Harvey wastes little time in back-thought.

In the midst of his ambitious search for a new heavyweight sensation, Charley had the saddest night of his life. It was when his veteran champion, Ted Lewis, failed to regain his lost laurels from Jack Britton.

As the bout began Britton suddenly held Ted Lewis' griffon countenance in a glove. The referee stepped up.

"Make him take out that mouthguard," said Britton.

The referee yanked at the teeth protector that made Lewis' mouth an undersized anvil on which Britton could crack his fists.

Charley Harvey hopped on the ring edge to protest. Rash tactics, for a magniloquent mug in the gallery roared through the tenseness:

"Take off them whiskers, too! We know you, Mr. Harvey."

Kid Lewis left the Garden and New York to return to his native Whitechapel and have his chin permanently bent by Georges Carpentier. Mr. Harvey, lacking a champion, went to England with the secret ambition to corner Joe Beckett, the falling star of the prize ring. Charley had been eager to get the brittle Bombardier Wells, a boxer and a gentleman. He might have succeeded, for the Bombardier was extremely unpopular in New York and alert for sympathy.

The Bombardier fought Al Palzer. When the Englishman stepped into the Garden ring he was roundly hooted. Palzer looked like a carbon copy of the Neanderthal man compared with the symmetrical and handsome Bombardier. Wells shaped off nicely and boxed his man dizzy for a couple of rounds. Then Palzer smashed one to the stomach. Wells' legs melted away and he was through. Yet the crowd roared him from the ring, a hero. The old capriciousness of the Roman circus mobs survives.

Boosting the Harvey Hopes

Harvey wanted Wells in London. Wells fought Mr. Beckett, and Mr. Beckett and Mr. Wells forgot their decorum. They slugged. Mr. Beckett won. So Harvey wanted Mr. Beckett. Again Mr. Beckett withheld his signature.

Harvey returned home, disappointed —feeling that it would never be his good fortune to grab a foreign candidate for world's championship honors. But a pleasant surprise waited around the corner of a few years for the patient Mr. Harvey.

Before that came he ran across a young man he knew by all the tests to be the logical successor to Jack Dempsey. Charley found the boy up in Maine. His father was a French-Canadian woodchopper, and the lad was named Rosario Boutót.

Harvey built up this lad on soft ones. What a find!—thought Charles. He was so enthusiastic that he wrote letters

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to sports editors everywhere bragging about this marvel. Nineteen years old was Rosario, six feet two inches and 190 pounds of bone and sinew.

Cautiously, Harvey picked a good match to test the lad's real quality. This was with Marty Gallagher, a rough and tough trial horse who took delight in making heavyweight aspirants take to aspirin. Philadelphia became excited over the event. Sports writers from various parts of the country wanted to see a man Harvey called good in action against good opposition.

The fight was a sell-out. Mr. Harvey took Boutót to Philadelphia and left him in a hotel room.

"Stay here and rest, Rosario," he bade. "And don't see or talk to anybody."

A Sad Case of Cold Feet

When Mr. Harvey returned to the hotel in time to escort his protégé to ringside, he found the hotel room empty of Rosario and his baggage. Not a sound had been heard by anybody near by, not a funeral note. Harvey was left with a fight but no fighter. He retired from Philadelphia—the sell-out being outbalanced by a run-out.

The mystery of Boutót's disappearance and his return to the Maine woods can only be explained by a glimpse he had of Mr. Gallagher in gymnasium action outside the ring. This convinced Mr. Boutót that Gallagher might be too unpleasant inside the ring.

A mournful droop marked the Harvey mustache at this stage of his career—when the brightest hopes of years had been dashed, when the high ambition of a long life had been tossed carelessly into the ash-can by a cherished and irresponsible youth.

At an earlier stage of his career Mr. Harvey had made the remark that his soul could rise Phœnix-like. This it proceeded to do one day as he sat fumbling the clipped ends of his once walrus whiskers. There walked in on him a large, beefy young man, accompanied by a smaller but beefier man—Tom Heeney and his backer, John Mortimer, the voluble English bookie.

Heeney had come from New Zealand by way of England. Heeney was not young, as fighters go—twenty-nine; nor rich, as fighters go—he had a stake of two hundred dollars.

Mr. Harvey beheld his ruggedness, saw him perform against a clumsy and extremely cautious Negro named Anderson; observed how Heeney's earnest, plodding style won the hearts of the multitude, for Tom, with a touch of gray at his temples and a tendency to pigeon toes, somehow stirred the sympathy of the fight mobs—and they have it, but it takes stirring.

He steered Heeney carefully—knowing the plodder's gameness. He dubbed Heeney the Hard Rock from Down Under. He was out to get Heeney a fight for the title with Gene Tunney. Two big obstacles stood in the way—Johnny Risko, the Cleveland baker, and Jack Sharkey, the whispering gale from Boston via Binghamton.

Heeney was sent against both. To everybody's astonishment he beat Risko and was awarded a draw with Sharkey—by hard, conscientious plugging. Mr. Risko's ruggedness was outrugged and Mr. Sharkey's brilliance found obstinate beef unbudgable.

Yet Mr. Rickard didn't want to put Mr. Heeney in with Mr. Tunney. He favored Sharkey for that spot. Then, slyly, he told Mr. Harvey that he'd give Heeney a break with Tunney, if Harvey would put Heeney in again with Risko.

Consider how these gentlemen of large fistic affairs reason. Mr. Rickard had secured Mr. Tunney's signature to a contract to fight for Madison Square Garden on the guarantee that Mr. Tunney would receive a minimum of $525,000 for his services. Tunney had beaten Dempsey twice. Dempsey, the biggest gate gatherer on record, was out. Nobody else, with Tunney, looked good for a repetition of the two- and three-million-dollar gates the Tunney-Dempsey parties drew. So canny Mr. Rickard, to break even or as near to that as he could, insisted that there be another Heeney-Risko rumpus—the winner to meet Tunney for the world's championship.

Honest Tom Heeney was willing. Tom had trudged the streets of San Francisco and New York so long and so wearily looking for fights that a spot on any good card was welcome to him.

But Mr. Harvey's whiskers bristled. He knew his stuff. Firmly he bade Mr. Heeney to commit himself to no such engagement. Also, firmly, he approached Mr. Rickard in Miami, backed Mr. Rickard against a wall, after first glimpsing a telegram over Mr. Rickard's shoulder—a telegram from the matchmaker at the Garden warning Rickard to beware of Mr. Harvey and his guff. This inspired Harvey to talk turkey.

"Heeney's won his way to a match with Tunney," he argued. "And he'll fight nobody else."

Rickard made a vague promise, so vague that Mr. Harvey, in behalf of his client, tried a little more guff. He scuttled back to New York and talked to Mr. Tunney. Although nobody was fully aware of it, the elegant Gene, being the first heavyweight champion in years possessing anything that might be called an intellect, was practically the dictator to the powers that were in boxing. Mr. Tunney considered matters, and suddenly advised Mr. Harvey over the telephone:

"I'll box Heeney and nobody else."

Mr. Harvey had scarcely hung up that telephone when it rang again. Rickard was on the wire.

"We've decided to put Heeney on with Tunney," said Mr. Rickard.

The fight took place as Mr. Tunney had dictated. Gene got his $525,000. Heeney got $110,000—and the Garden got a lesson in making overweight guarantees to heavyweight fighters who couldn't draw fabulous gates.

In the ninth round Mr. Heeney's right eye was rendered useless by Mr. Tunney's left fist. Two rounds later the half-blinded Heeney was out on his feet. Harvey approached Champion Tunney.

Back with a "Champ" Again

And so Mr. Harvey found himself again with a heavyweight championship prospect gone for good. He had done well by Heeney, but Heeney had not done well enough. Mr. Harvey went into retirement behind his mustache. Sport, of which he had been a pillar, had pilloried him with its bad breaks, and left him a futile, limping figure—for he was smashed up in an automobile accident on his way back from the Heeney-Tunney fight and will wear a brace for life.

Yet he emerged after a year or two in doleful contemplation. He found a football player of startling dimensions at Penn State—Mr. Steve Hamas. Mr. Harvey trimmed his whiskers, looked younger and talked bigger than ever before.

"This boy," he told newspaper men who would listen to him talk, "is unquestionably cut out to be the next heavyweight champion of the world. Clean, hard-hitting and with a capacity to assimilate punishment. Watch him, boys."

The boys did. They went back to their desks and wrote nice, neat reports to an interested world that Mr. Harvey had clipped his whiskers.

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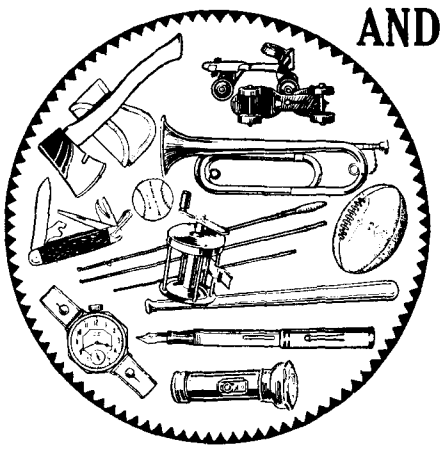

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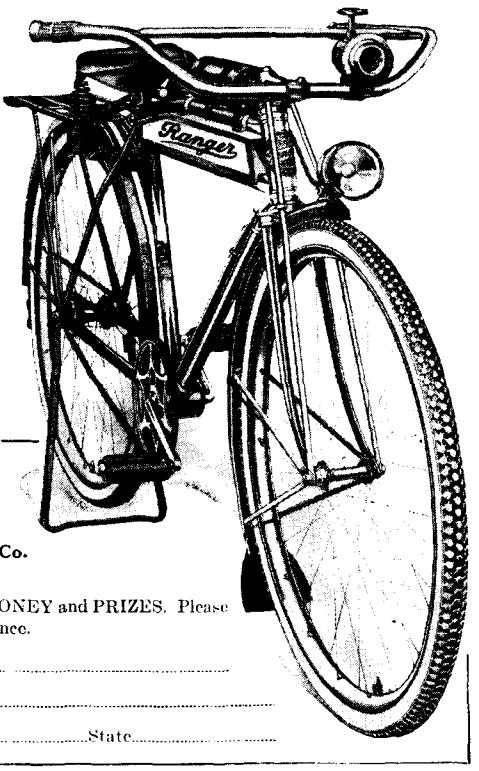

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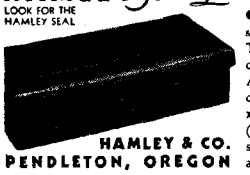

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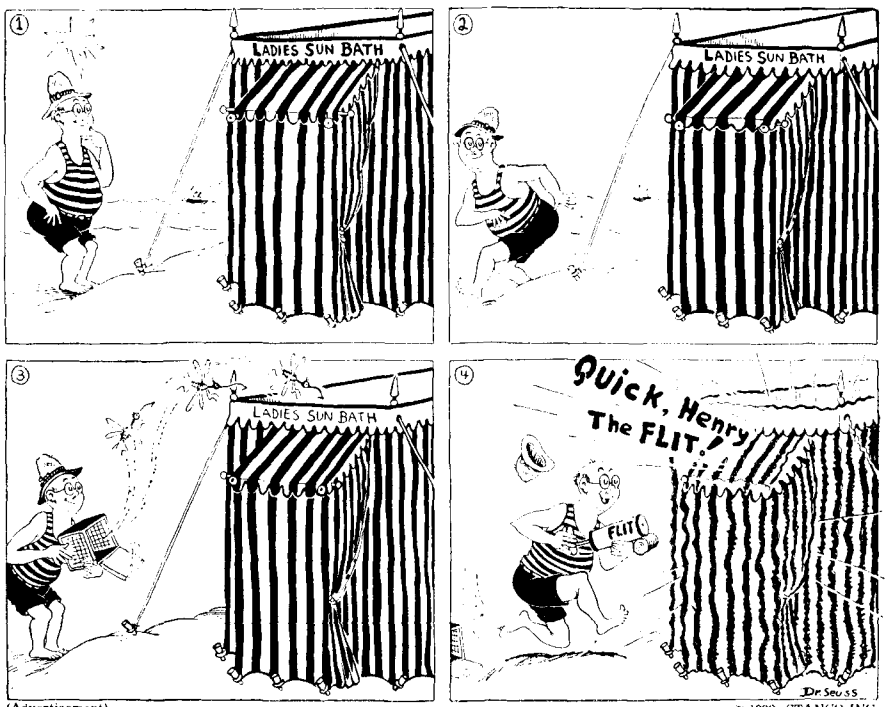

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

This cartoon appeared in Collier's for October 3, 1925, with one of a series of articles based on our Prohibition Poll of that year, which revealed chronic unenforcement of the prohibition law. Dry protests, even threats, were received in the thousands

Ride the Tide

WITH profound satisfaction good Americans realize that national prohibition is on the road to swift oblivion. The change has come more quickly than seemed possible. The only questions remaining are how a lawless traffic is to be tamed and brought under reasonable legal control.

In the general feeling of relief Collier's shares. In 1925 this magazine began to make a comprehensive study of the actual operations of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Our representatives went into every section of the country seeking a cross section of national opinion and talked with 263,583 men and women in American homes.

68% of those visited were not satisfied with existing conditions.

61.2% of them said that prohibition was not being enforced in their neighborhoods. But 60.9% believed that the law was enforceable. The weight of disagreeable facts has changed that belief.

Our reporters went into the so-called dry and wet areas and found that everywhere the law was being nullified. Without prejudice we presented the facts, shocking as were the conditions uncovered.

From many influential quarters the articles and editorials we published were opposed and resented. Bitter letters were written to us. We were denounced as paid agents of the liquor ring.

The truth was and is that Collier's consistently fought the saloon until it was abolished and steadily advocated temperance. Collier's now opposes the return of the saloon and Collier's still advocates temperance. Collier's, however, was not and is not in favor of the bootlegger or of the secret illegal traffic in beverage alcohol.

From the very outset Collier's pointed out that just three courses were available: Prohibition could be obeyed and enforced. The law could be nullified. The Amendment could be repealed.

We said that if the American people were willing to obey and enforce prohibition, the issue would be settled. Investigation, however, produced overwhelming evidence that the prohibition law was being neither obeyed nor enforced.

When first presented our findings were challenged and our good faith was impugned. When, later, the Wickersham Commission appointed by President Hoover confirmed in every essential the facts Collier's had presented, the situation could no longer be denied.

We said that nullification was more sinister than the movement to spread slavery had been. We showed that nullification entails corruption, bribery, violence and general contempt for law.

The only possible refuge was repeal and revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. Many said that repeal was impossible and nullification inescapable.

Collier's has too much faith in the inherent strength, sanity and decency of the American people ever to have accepted such a doctrine of despair. We knew that once the facts were clearly understood by the voters rational action would be taken.

Republican and Democratic politicians alike know that the Eighteenth Amendment is dead. The task ahead is to provide a Constitutional burial.

In their wisdom, or caution, the makers of our Constitution provided two ways for amending that document:

First, Congress by a two-thirds vote may propose an amendment. This becomes effective when ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the states or by state conventions summoned for the purpose.

Second, on the application of the legislatures of two thirds of the states, Congress shall call a convention for proposing amendments. These become effective when ratified by three fourths of the states.

Prohibition emphatically is not a matter which can be dealt with slowly. Once the votes are recorded in favor of a change, enforcement will be more difficult than ever.

Concerted action is vital in order to escape an interim of indescribable lawlessness.

In every state plans should be carefully worked out as quickly as possible for handling the situation between November next and the time of the formal repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

We shall manage affairs differently in the sundry states. What is satisfactory in Georgia won't meet the views of the people of Illinois or Rhode Island. Whatever plan is adopted must be so well fitted to state conditions as to be practicably administered.

We are in the throes of a great revolution in public sentiment. Never have we had a greater opportunity to demonstrate our capacity reasonably to manage our affairs.

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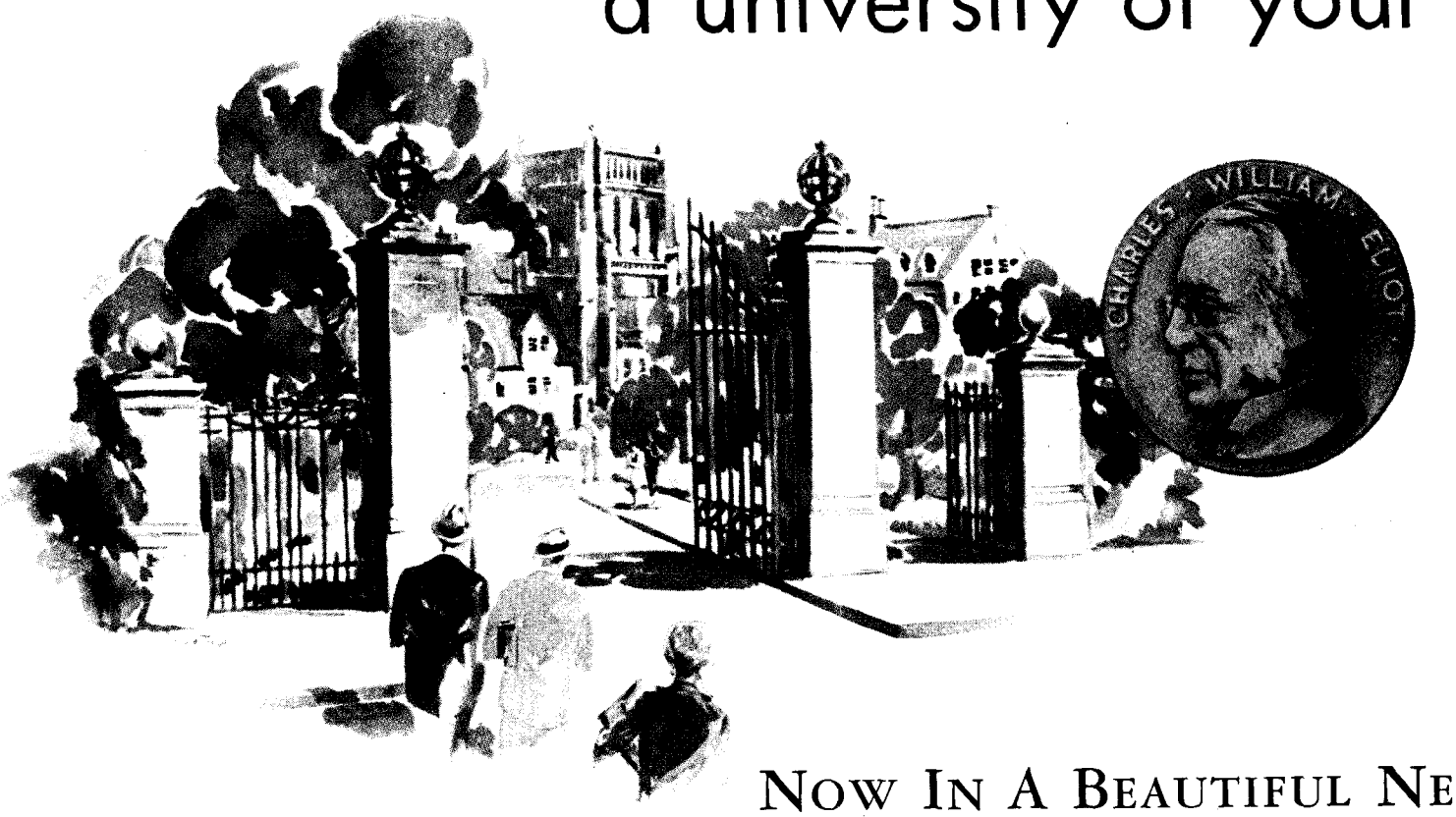

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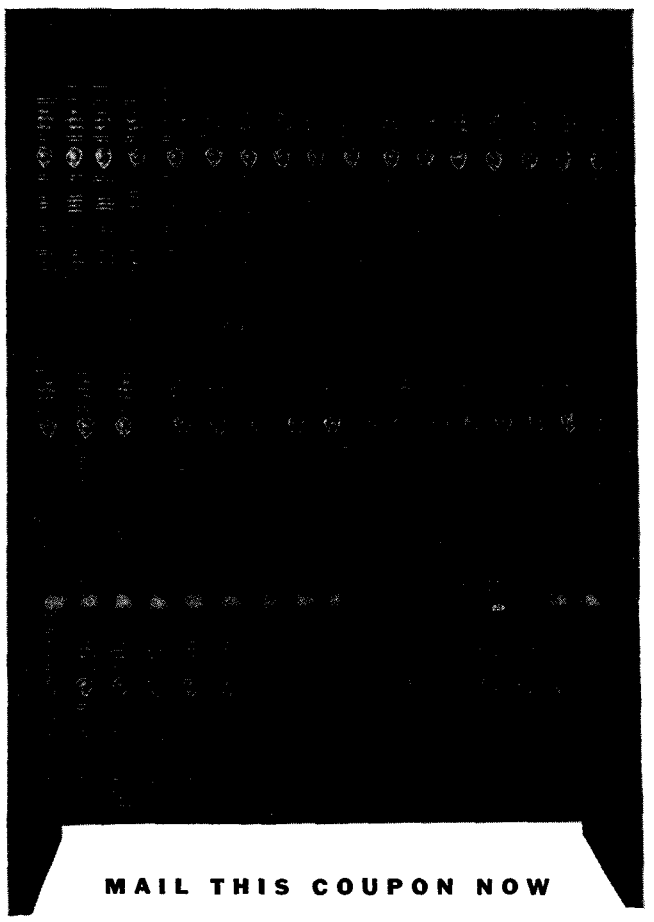

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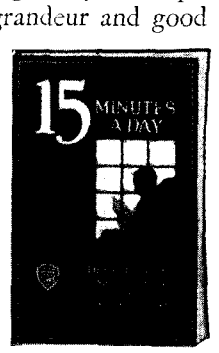

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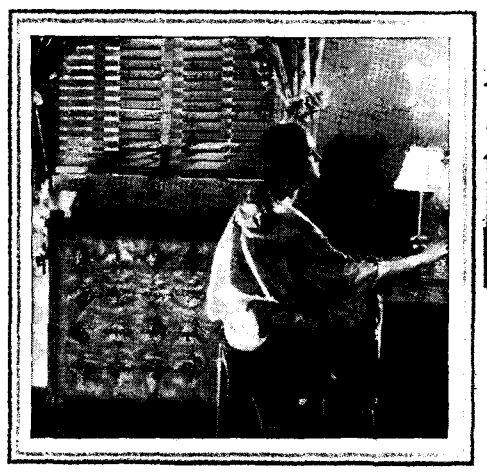

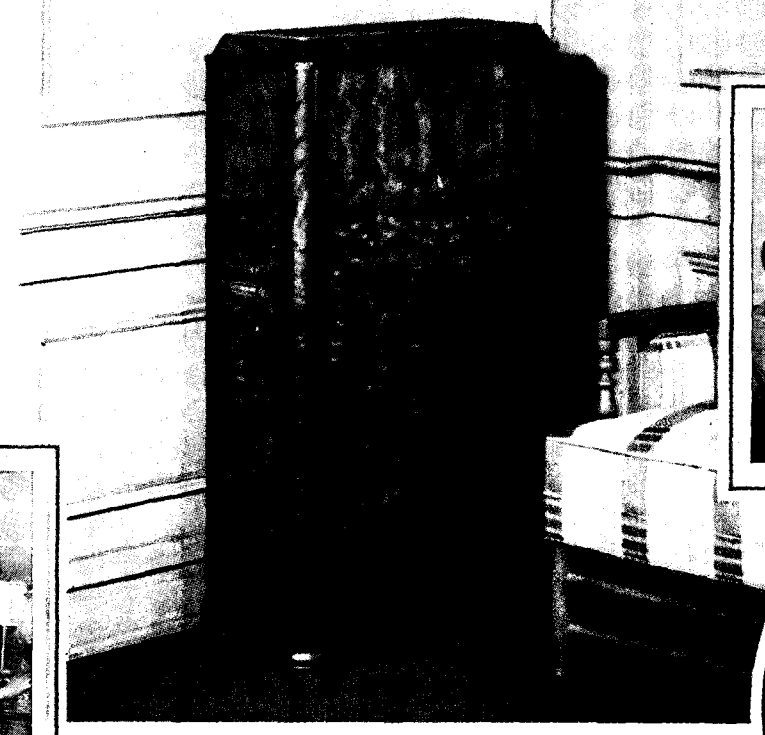

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